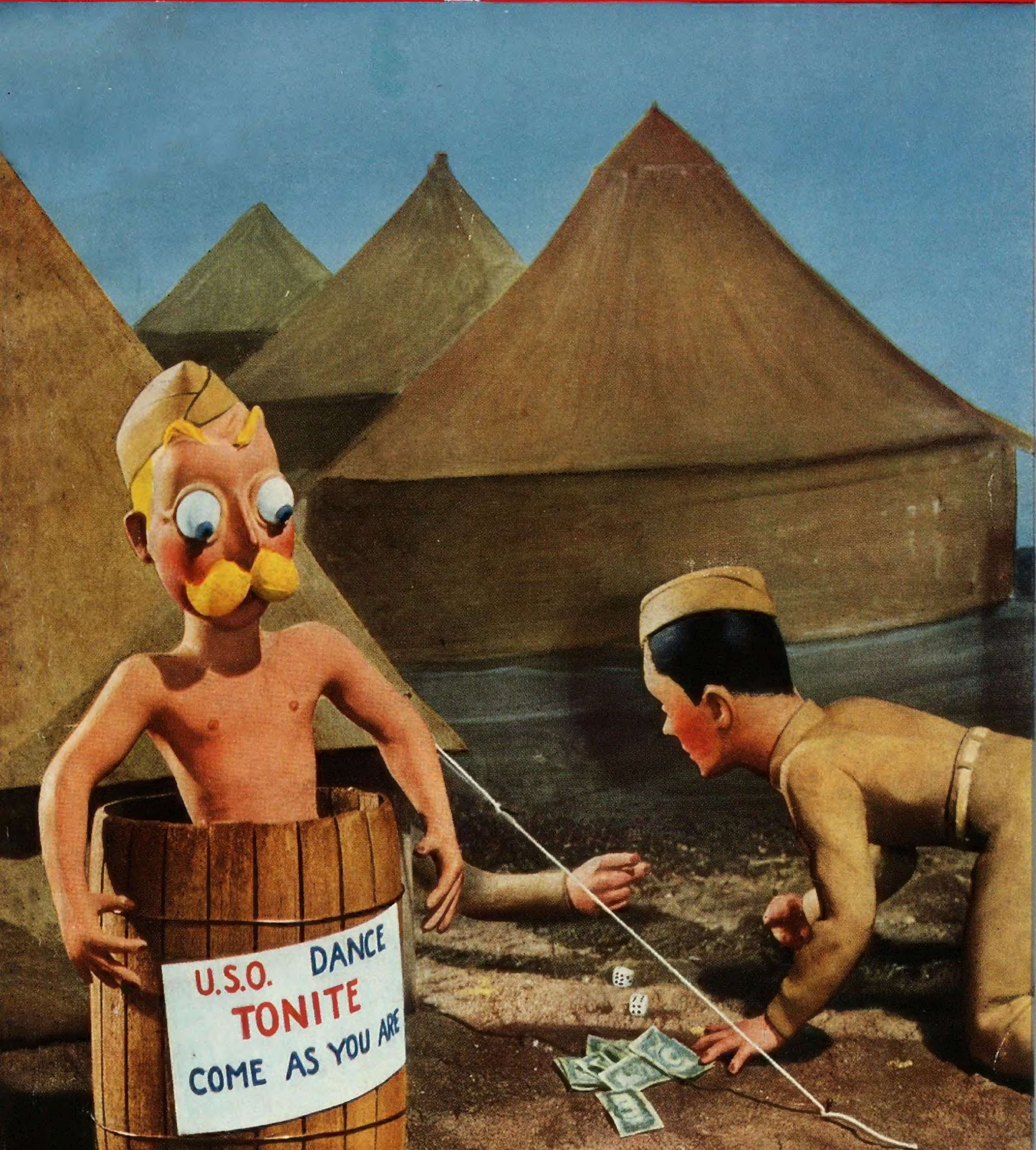
THE LARGEST SELLING FIFTY CENT MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD · THIS PRINTING 620,000

JUNE
1942

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



ARTICLES
ROBERT M. YODER
GEN. JOHNSON HAGOOD
TOM MAHONEY
JOHN McCARTHY
HARRY SALPETER
ALBERT R. WETJEN
ROBERT W. MARKS
GEORGE F. BROWNE

FICTION
MANUEL KOMROFF
LOUIS PAUL
WALTER BROOKS
JOE ABRAMS
LIEUT. GEORGE STERN
SIDNEY CARROLL
R. W. DALY
NELSON ALGREN

ART
ZOLTAN SEPESHY
ARTHUR SZYK
WALTER E. BOHL

PHOTOGRAPHY
GEORGE HURRELL
ERWIN BLUMENFELD
HENRY WAXMAN

VERSE
PHIL STACK

SPORTS
O. B. KEELER
AL WESSON
BEN EAST
GORDON MACQUARRIE
BILLY EVANS
HERB GRAFFIS
RALPH CANNON
LEO FISCHER

DEPARTMENTS
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
GILBERT SELDES
WM. LYON PHELPS
LAWTON MACKALL
ILES BRODY
O. E. SCHOEFFLER

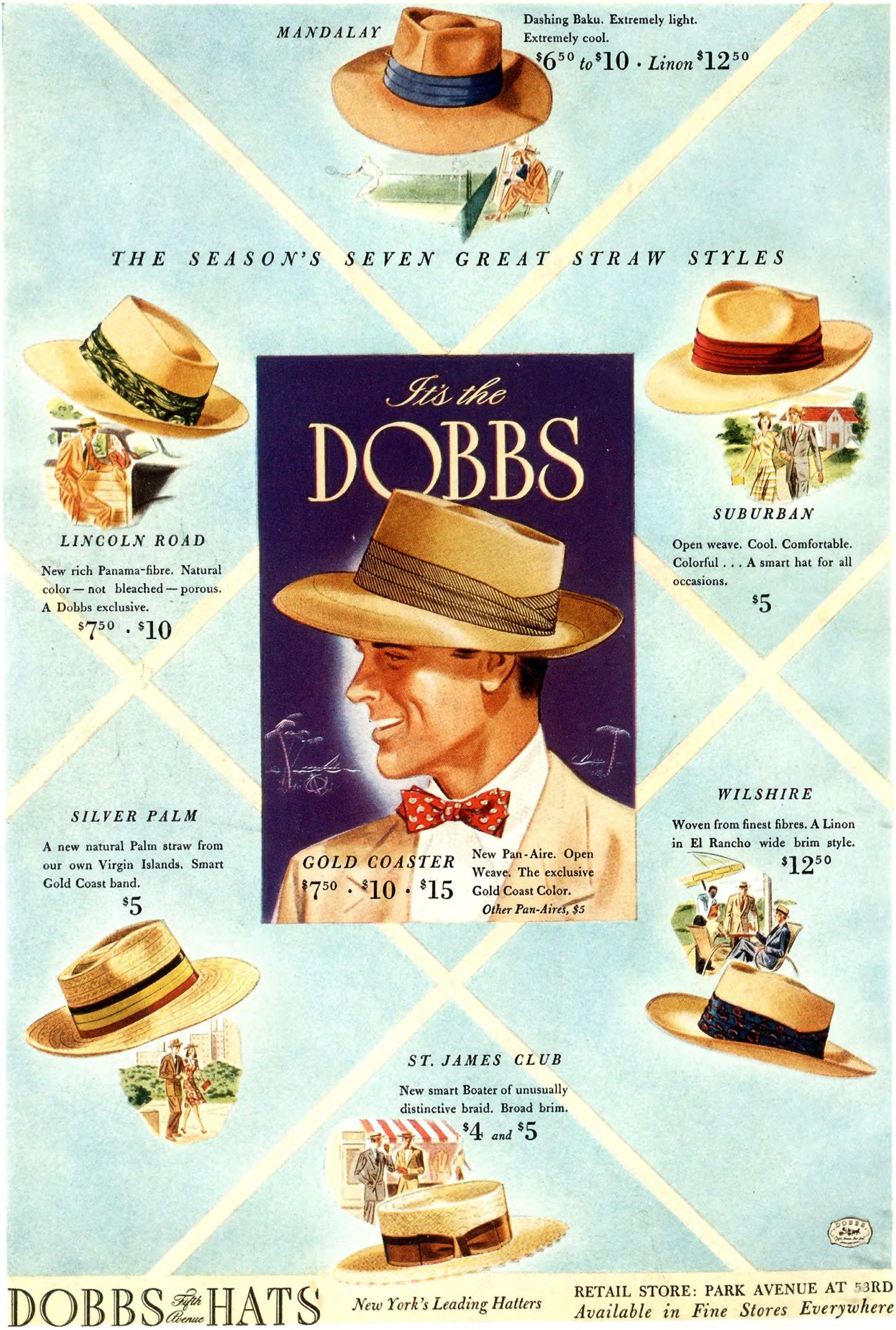
CARTOONS
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
VARGA
HOWARD BAER
PAUL WEBB
WILLIAM PACHNER
D. McKAY
B. SHERMUND
NED HILTON
BILL O'MALLEY
GEORGE WOLFE
ERNIE GARZA
A. JOHN KAUNUS
ELDON DEDINI
BRUCE PATTERSON
ED HUNTER
L. S. SODERSTROM
(COVER)

INDEX ON PAGE 5
ADV. INDEX ON PAGE 180

FICTION · SPORTS · HUMOR
CLOTHES · ART · CARTOONS

BUY
UNITED STATES
DEFENSE
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
CANADIAN PRICE FIFTY-FIVE CENTS



MANDALAY

Dashing Baku. Extremely light. Extremely cool.
$^{\$}6^{50}$ *to* $^{\$}10$ · *Linon* $^{\$}12^{50}$

THE SEASON'S SEVEN GREAT STRAW STYLES

LINCOLN ROAD

New rich Panama-fibre. Natural color — not bleached — porous. A Dobbs exclusive.
$^{\$}7^{50}$ · $^{\$}10$

SUBURBAN

Open weave. Cool. Comfortable. Colorful . . . A smart hat for all occasions.
$^{\$}5$

SILVER PALM

A new natural Palm straw from our own Virgin Islands. Smart Gold Coast band.
$^{\$}5$

GOLD COASTER

$^{\$}7^{50}$ · $^{\$}10$ · $^{\$}15$

New Pan-Aire. Open Weave. The exclusive Gold Coast Color.
Other Pan-Aires, $5

WILSHIRE

Woven from finest fibres. A Linon in El Rancho wide brim style.
$^{\$}12^{50}$

ST. JAMES CLUB

New smart Boater of unusually distinctive braid. Broad brim.
$^{\$}4$ *and* $^{\$}5$

DOBBS *Fifth Avenue* **HATS**

New York's Leading Hatters

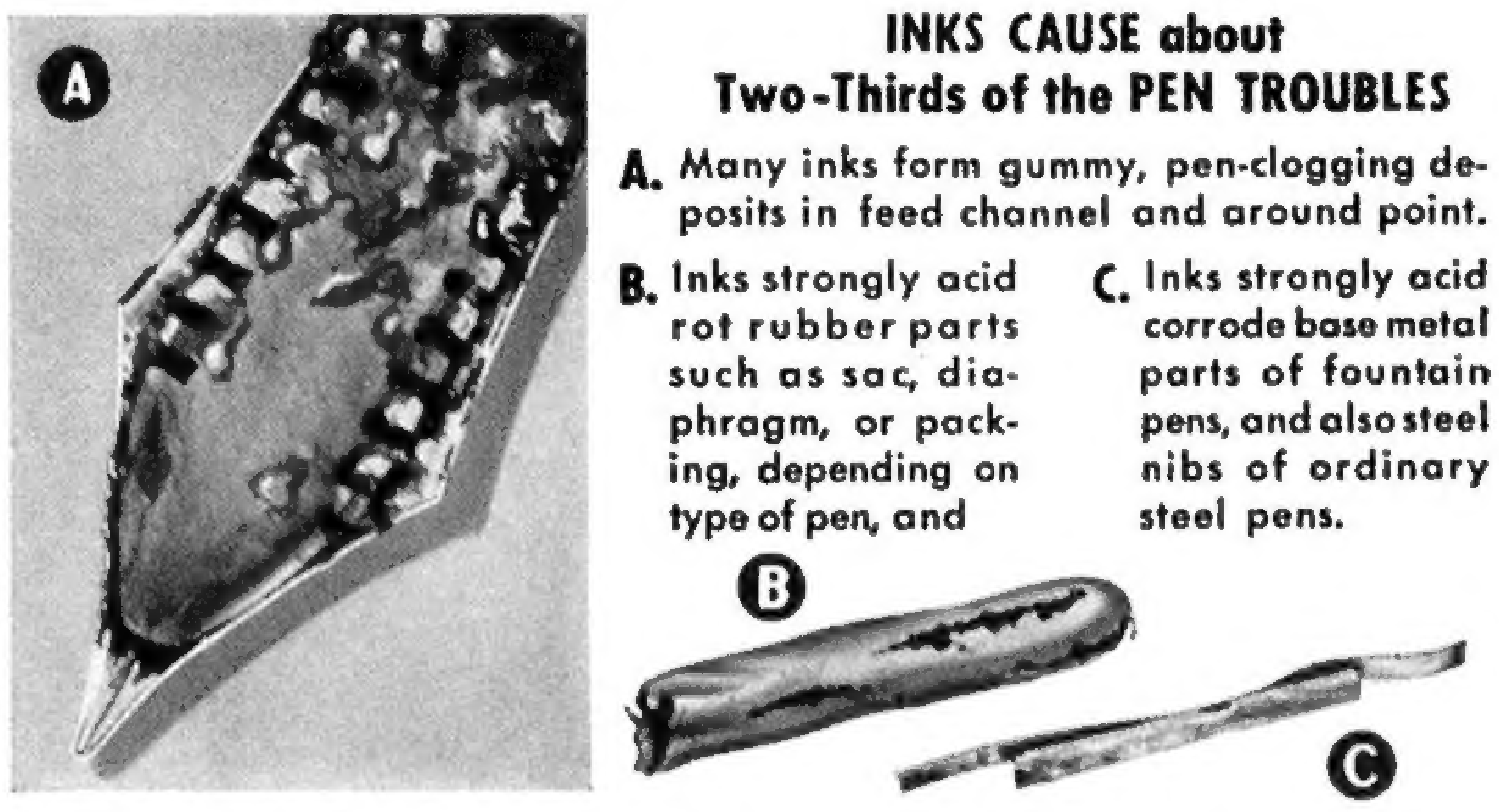
RETAIL STORE: PARK AVENUE AT 53RD
Available in Fine Stores Everywhere

Empty Your Pen Today

and fill it with Parker's New Ink Containing solv-x!

Save it from Wartime Failure

due to inks that clog the feed, gum the point, corrode the works, rot the rubber

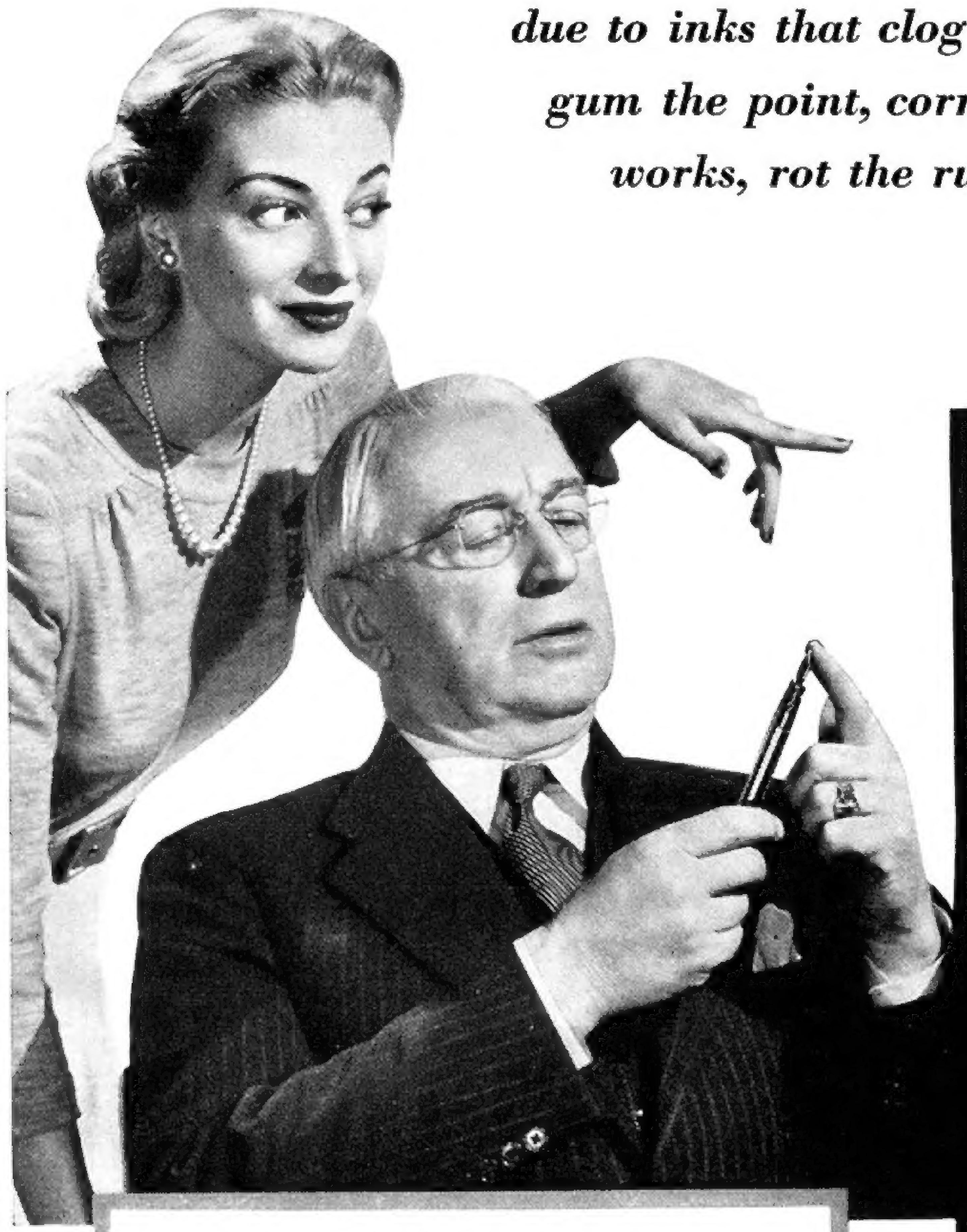


INKS CAUSE about Two-Thirds of the PEN TROUBLES

A. Many inks form gummy, pen-clogging deposits in feed channel and around point.

B. Inks strongly acid rot rubber parts such as sac, diaphragm, or packing, depending on type of pen, and

C. Inks strongly acid corrode base metal parts of fountain pens, and also steel nibs of ordinary steel pens.



By adding magic solv-x, Parker makes Quink

AN INK THAT CLEANS ANY PEN AS IT WRITES

Helps beat the shortage of repair parts by protecting pens from going down and out!

How Qu*ink* Excels

1. *Contains solv-x*—cleans a pen as it writes.
2. *Quink dries 31% quicker* on paper than average of four others.
3. *In both FOUNTAIN and STEEL* pens, works like a charm.
4. *PERMANENT Quink* is as permanent as the paper! In colors most popular* it equals or excels U.S. Government specifications in 8 major ways.
5. *WASHABLE Quink*, for home and school, washes out without a trace.
6. *Quink checks corrosion* and rubber rot.

SHORTAGE of rubber and other pen replacement parts makes it urgent that you take *extra* care of your fountain pen in wartime. You may find repair parts long delayed, if not impossible to get.

The way to save your pen—the best protection you can give it—is to empty it today and fill with Parker QU*INK*, the brilliant new writing ink containing *solv-x*. For *solv-x* is a magic ingredient, developed by Parker Pen chemists, which makes QU*INK* an ink that CLEANS YOUR PEN AS IT WRITES—*yes, actually makes a pen clean itself!* And QU*INK* alone contains *solv-x*.

You wouldn't fill your motor with oil-bearing sediment. But, you do a like injury to your expensive fountain pen when you load it with inks that clog, gum, and corrode it, and rot the rubber!

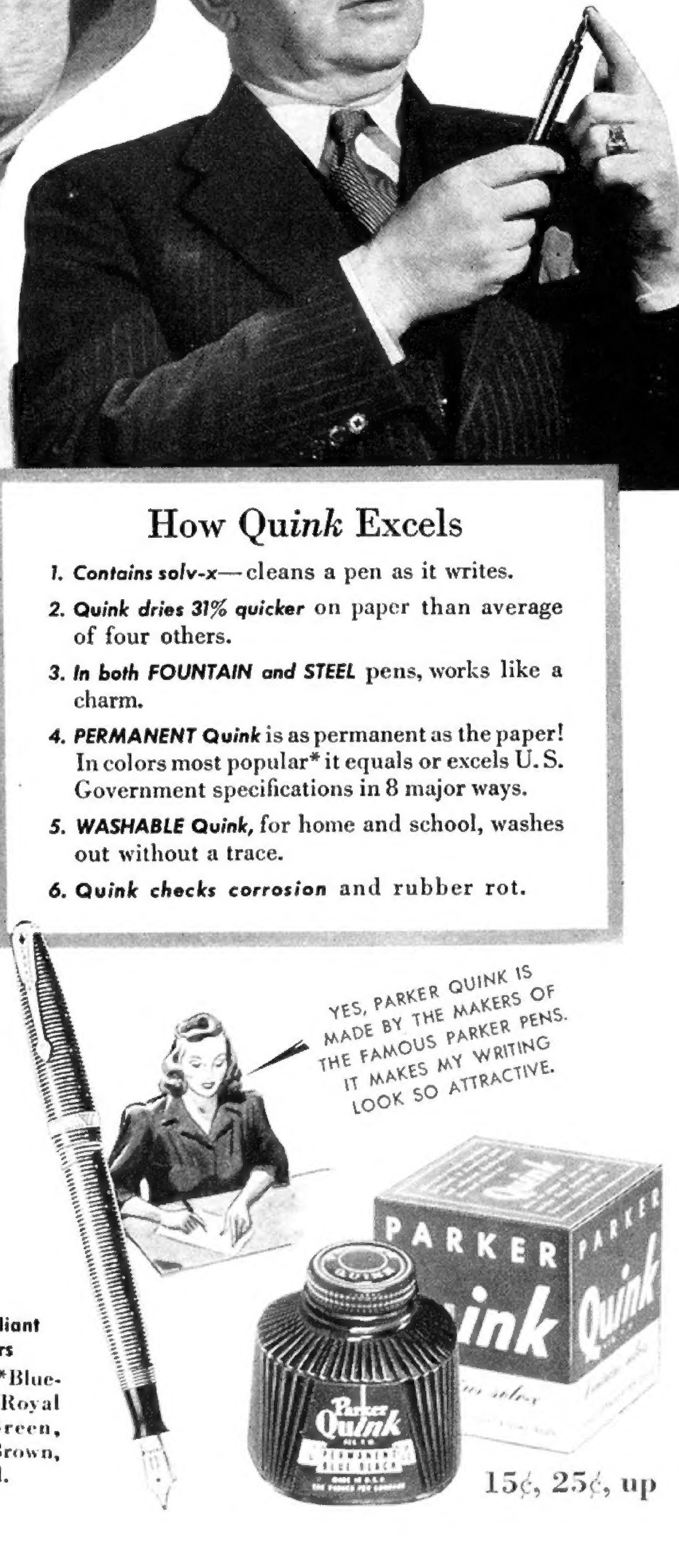
Qu*ink*, containing *solv-x*, dissolves the gum and sediment left by pen-*clogging* inks. It keeps the feed channel clean as a whistle, makes it flow like a charm. And Qu*ink* checks corrosion and rubber rot caused by inks strongly acid.

Parker Qu*ink* is adapted equally to STEEL pens and FOUNTAIN pens. This means you don't need two kinds of ink if you use QU*INK*.

The simplest and quickest way to try it is to get a bottle for only 15¢ from any store selling ink. Do this *right now*—save your fine pen from the hazard of going down and out because you failed to change to Parker Qu*ink* quick enough.

The Parker Pen Co., Dept. E-6, Janesville, Wis.

COPR. 1942, THE PARKER PEN CO.


YES, PARKER QUINK IS MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS PARKER PENS. IT MAKES MY WRITING LOOK SO ATTRACTIVE.
PARKER
Quink
Parker Quink
PERMANENT BLUE BLACK

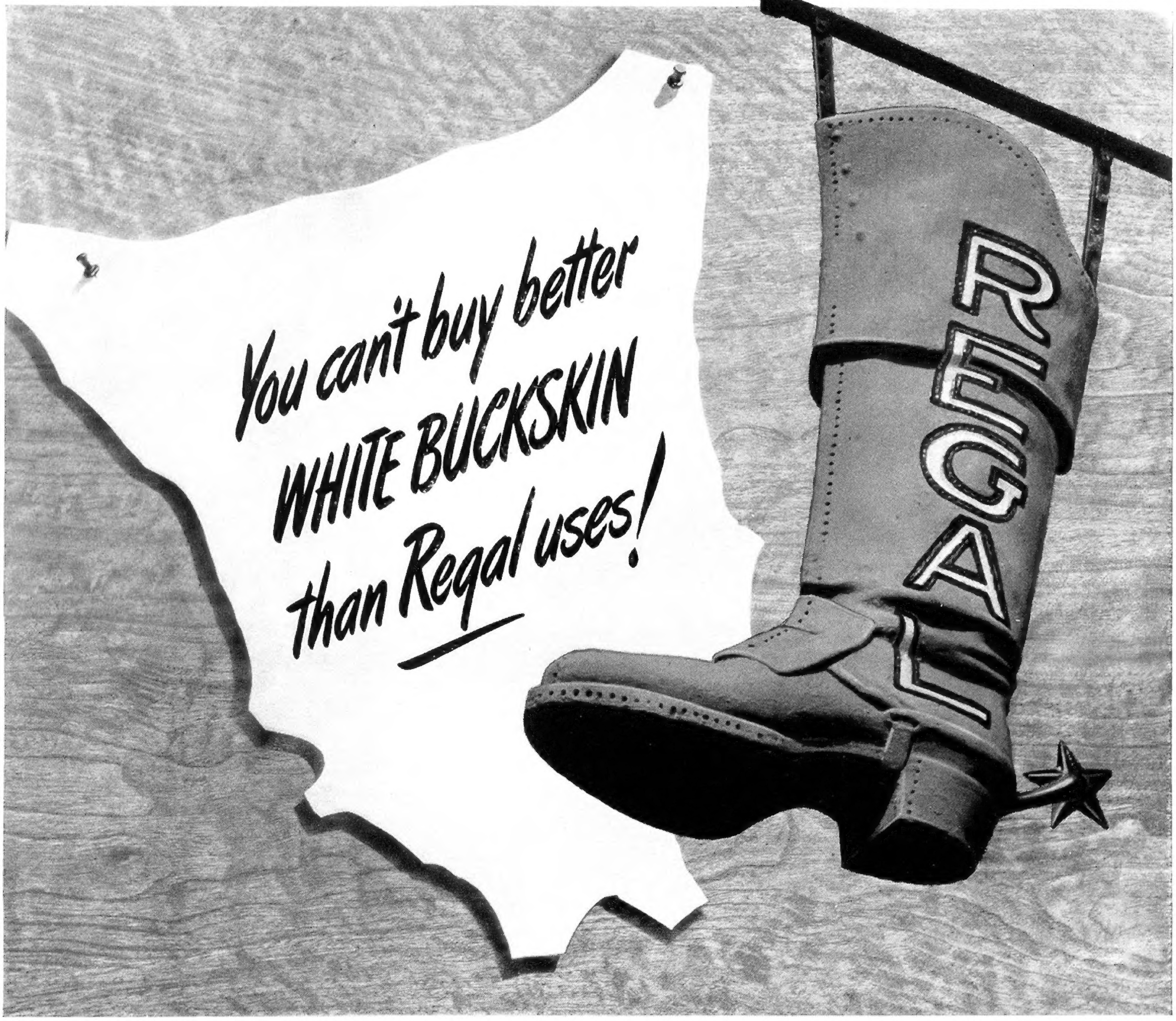
15¢, 25¢, up

All Brilliant Colors
*Black, *Blue-Black, *Royal Blue, Green, Violet, Brown, Red.

Empty Today and fill with

Parker Qu*ink*

containing magic solv-x . . . cleans a pen as it writes



. . . the coolest, most durable, and most expensive summer leather!

IF YOU went into the shoe business, and wanted to make the finest white buckskin shoes in the world, you'd soon learn that it's impossible to buy better Genuine White Buck (one of the most expensive of all leathers) than Regal uses!

The same is true of Genuine Shell Cordovan, and many other types of fine leather. But *high quality* is only one part of Regal's amazing value story. Slow, careful workmanship is another. Most Regal workers have been with us for twenty years or more, and skilled craftsmanship is second nature to them. What's more, Regal Shoes *remain on the last* long enough to give them permanent shape and style.

Regal value is made possible by Regal's unswerving policy: (1) The complete output of the Regal factories is sold direct to you through Regal Stores* exclusively. (2) We buy for cash, sell for cash, and pass the savings on to you. (3) One high quality — one low price — Boston to Hollywood, just $6.60 for every pair. (4) *The finest shoe-fitting service in the world.* Stop in and see for yourself.

WRITE FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED STYLE FOLDER

ONE LOW PRICE
$6.60
FOR ALL STYLES

Style No. 4912, one of the 26 Regal styles featuring Genuine White Buckskin

REGAL SHOES

FACTORIES AND MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT AT WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

*81 REGAL-OWNED RETAIL STORES IN

Atlanta; Baltimore; Birmingham; **Boston (4)**; **Brooklyn (8)**; Buffalo; Cambridge; **Chicago (3)**; Cincinnati; Cleveland; **Detroit (7)**; Hartford; Hollywood; Houston; **Jersey City (2)**; Kansas City; **Los Angeles (2)**; Milwaukee; Newark; New Haven; **New York (30 stores in Greater New York)**; Norfolk; Oakland; Paterson, New Jersey; **Philadelphia (4)**; Pittsburgh; Portland, Oregon; Providence; Richmond; Rochester; St. Louis; **San Francisco (2)**; Seattle; Springfield, Mass.; Syracuse; Tacoma; Utica; **Washington (2)**; Worcester.

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publisher: David A. Smart
Edited by Arnold Gingrich

Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union. Copyright 1942 by Esquire, Inc., Title Registered U. S. Pat. Off. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner, is prohibited. Printed in U. S. A. Use of person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1942

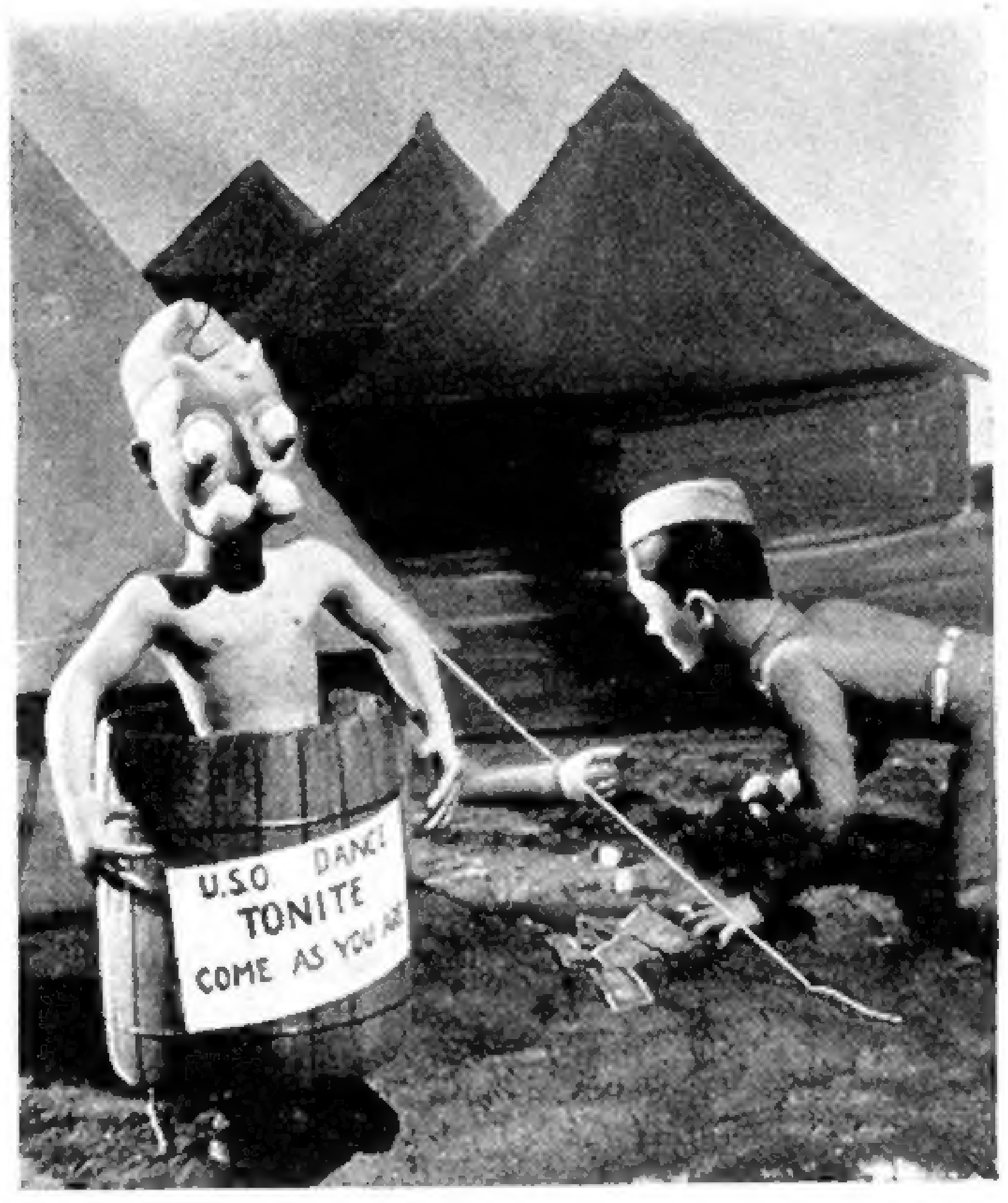
Page

ARTICLES

Adjusting Your Nerves to War. . *You may not feel like a hero yet psychological experts have confidence in the untried bravery of average men* . . . Robert M. Yoder 23
"Mistera" Goes South . . . . *How Yankee females, regarded as nothing short of colossal by Latins, established their own Pan American relations* . . . . Anonymous 24 R
But War Isn't Sport . . . . . . *While competitive games help morale of troops, men who carry athletics too far are no good for anything else* . . . . General Johnson Hagood 30
Songs for This Time . . . . . . *Martial airs, love songs, even tunes composed for air raid shelters help both soldiers and civilians to carry on* . . . . Tom Mahoney 38
Trill on the G-String . . . . . . *Your reporter makes a valiant attempt to probe the highly differentiated personality of Gypsy Rose Lee* . . . . Robert W. Marks 47
The Place Where Good Sailors Go. . *Windship sailors had a strange credo, including The Midnight Leadsman, and the Phantom Ship* . . . Albert Richard Wetjen 59 R
Playing Poker to Win . . . . . *You don't have to be a mathematical genius to take advantage of the MacGregor Equation's fine points* . . . . George F. Browne 74
The Eagle Spreads Its Wings. . *Air-minded at last, our country is building the most formidable air fortresses the world has yet seen* . . . . Robert W. Marks 87

DEPARTMENTS

Correspondence: The Sound and the Fury . . . . . *A time to speak* 10
Contributors: Backstage with Esquire . . . . *"The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne"* 20
The Lively Arts: What Every Woman Hater Knows. . *The immoral* Woman of the Year . Gilbert Seldes 54
Theatre: First Nights & Passing Judgments . . *Concerning wartime drama* . . . . . George Jean Nathan 64
Wearables: Streamlined Suits by Uncle Sam . . *Designed by the W.P.B.* . . . . O. E. Schoeffler 76
Books: Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf . . *Sigrid Undset's* Return to the Future . . . . William Lyon Phelps 81
Edibles: Man the Kitchenette . . *Talking smoked turkey* . . . . Iles Brody 83
Potables: Cocktails for Hitler . . *Let's give Carrie Nation the ax* . . . . Lawton Mackall 93
Records: Esquire on the Record . . *Listing current Best Sellers (page 165) and Campus Choice* 171



FICTION

Masters' Conference . . . . . . *The Commander warned the captains of the convoy ships there mustn't be the slightest suspicion of a light* . Lieut. George Stern, R.N.V.R. 29 R
The Name of a Dog . . . . . . *A grandfather who doesn't hold with modern theories of child psychology recalls his triumphant tilt with a spoiled brat* . . . . Joe Abrams 35
Ambuscade in the Andes . . *Col. FitzPatrick knew the Royalistas must be taken or destroyed and the local custom was to take no prisoners* . . . . R. W. Daly 40
The Captain Is a Card . . . . *Killers, panderers, confidence men, petty thieves and bums tell their shadowy stories under the hard light of a police show-up* . . Nelson Algren 50 R
Tattooed Forehead . . . . *He had been told the very first day of his life was marred with something that hung on with a bulldog grip* . . . . Manuel Komroff 57
Mr. Beasley's Caller . . . . . . *Fred Beasley had done some vanishing in his time and so he wasn't so astonished by Silvia as most people would have been* . . Walter Brooks 60
Like Something in a Book . . *The very sophisticated writer was accustomed to browse in bookstores and so it was that he came upon a treasure* . . . . . Sidney Carroll 70
A Song in His Heart . . . . . . *Corp. Ortwingle figures his war learigs and love ballots will wring their way into the hearts of the American people* . . . . Louis Paul 72

PERSONALITIES

Ambassador from Arizona . *The senatorial investigation looked bad for the movie industry till Ernest W. McFarland raised his urbane head* . . . . John McCarthy 52
Sepeshy: At Home in Two Worlds . . *How a homesick Hungarian became an American citizen and made solid contributions to this country's art* . . . . . Harry Salpeter 88

PICTORIAL FEATURES

Cover Design . . . . *Esky, pariah of the dance floor* . . . . *Modeled by* L. S. Soderstrom
Varga Girl . . . . *Victory for a Soldier* . . . . *Verse by* Phil Stack—*Painting by* Varga 33
The Picasso Girl . . . . *Geometrically speaking* . . . . *Kodachromed by* Erwin Blumenfeld 55
"Il Duce . . ." . . . . *A sorry Caesar* . . . . *Painting by* Arthur Szyk 56
Jane Russell . . . . *In 20th Century-Fox's* The Outlaw . . . . . . *Photograph by* George Hurrell 79
A Group of Paintings . . . . . *Courtesy of the Midtown Galleries, N. Y. C.* . . . . *by* Zoltan Sepeshy 89
English Springer Spaniel . . *Both durable and quick* . . . . *Color Photograph by* Henry Waxman 101
"Evening at Togatic Lake" . . *Vespers on the wing* . . . . *Water Color by* Walter E. Bohl 102

SPORTS

Golf for the Nation's Sake . . *Like war, golf has its good breaks and bad, and the guy who can take the bad breaks wins in the long run* . . . . O. B. Keeler 26
Maker of Champions . . . . . *Dean Cromwell, outstanding track and field coach at Southern Cal., kids his boys into thinking they're good* . . . . Al Wesson 37 R
Brown Dynamite—Short Fuse . . *No other game trophy in the two Americas can compare with the clownish-looking, fearless brown bear of Alaska* . . . . . . Ben East 42
Cut Yourself a Piece of Muskie . . *Once a muskellunge gets a sucker between his teeth, it's amazing what a fisherman can do with him* . . . . . Gordon MacQuarrie 49
Baseball's Thirteen Best Batters . . *Big-League umpire reviews leading batsmen from Ty Cobb to Joe DiMaggio, concludes they're born, not made.* . . . Billy Evans 62
The Sporting Scene . . . . *Army and Navy disagree about sports, Iowa has Commandos' school and Golf club facilities are offered for war* . . . . Herb Graffis 69
The Esquire Sports Poll . . . *Dancing and boxing voted beneficial to soldiers; wartime measure to abolish golf-course hazards vetoed* . Herb Graffis & Ralph Cannon 84
World's Greatest Athlete . . *Profile of Fido Murphy, sports phenomenon, who has excelled in baseball, football, basketball, coaching and umpiring* . . . . Leo Fischer 95

TRENDS IN DRESS

New Clothes, Accessories, *sketched by* Pachner, Goodman, Fellows, Saalburg, Hughes, beginning on 31

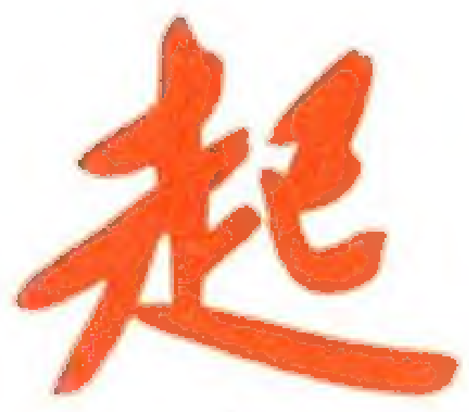
ESQUIRE
June, 1942
Vol. XVII, No. 6
Whole No. 103 T.M.REG.

ESQUIRE is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred R. Pastel, Vice-President in charge of sales; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15th, 1933 under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or provision for carrying charges if their return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Central America (except British Honduras) and South America (except the Guianas), $5.00; in Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

EDITORIAL: Way of atonement for all late sleepers

Seldom have we had so much mail in response to anything appearing on this page as the aftermath of our remarks in these colums three months ago concerning the prescient life and the untimely death of "a magazine that said too much too soon." And while the volume of that mail was swollen by the number of letters that simply asked us to confirm or deny their writers' guessing of the identity of that magazine, almost every last one of those letters sounded, somewhere, a wistful note of "had we but known." A great many of those letters went far beyond our own recital of that magazine's predictions and pronouncements, especially as concerned the wars in Spain and in China, recalling how it had always persisted in referring to those wars simply as different fronts of the same war, that is to say, as the opening rounds of the second world war. And many of the writers of those letters said they wished they had some way, at this late date, of paying off for their own wrong guesses, because they had considered that magazine crazy and hysterical and propagandistic when it first said things that later turned out to be truisms, and now they wished there were some tangible way of being good sports about admitting that they had been wrong. Quite a few of these letters mentioned, specifically, that magazine's horrific story of the rape of Nanking, and how it had been jeered at as rank propaganda, although later proved to be totally and terribly truthful.

We couldn't think of a good answer to those letters at the time. But now we've thought of one, three months later, and here's the best place we can think of to put it. Why not settle all your lost wagers with destiny by a check to the United China Relief? Since those far-away days of '37 and '38 Spain is a lost cause, but China is still fighting what has now, at long last, openly and officially become our own battle. What better way is there left, then, now that it is still not too late, to say we're sorry for having so long been sound asleep, than with a check to the United China Relief?



Before you decide that this has degenerated into just one more of the now multitudinous appeals for funds, and turn the page without reading on, stop just long enough to ask yourself, in all honesty, a couple of fair questions. If you can answer them in the affirmative without a qualm, then turn the page and you're excused from reading on, because your score is perfect. But if you can't, then stick around.

Are you doing all you can do? That's Question One, and unless you're in the armed forces the chances are that you can't score much above 80% in your answer.

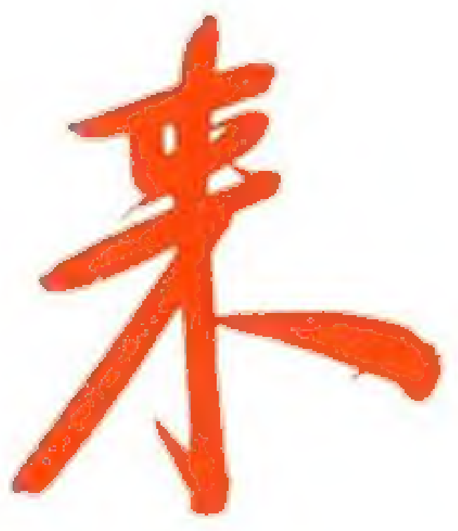
Are you giving all you can give? That's Question Two, and your answer to it is apt to be weighted with worry over next year's income taxes and the fact that, by last year's standards of comfort and convenience, your life has already reached a point where you're tempted to feel sorry for yourself. But very few of us, by the standards we will undoubtedly have to employ before this war's won, can now answer it fairly and frankly in the affirmative.

As this is written, news of the fall of Bataan has just come in. By the standards of the boys on Bataan, how do you score your own answer to those two questions?

By the time this achieves print, unless all signs are meaningless, the war news may well have reached its darkest depth before the dawn of victory. And as a logical consequence of the simplest rules of cause and effect it should by now have begun to occur to all of us, whatever our age, race, sex or station, that this year we must expect to *give more and get less*, all down the line.

And if we haven't, of our own common sense and simple perceptions, awakened to this realization by now, then we should listen, as if to an alarm clock, to the words of the poet who wrote in those middle years between wars that now seem so long ago: *Hurry up please it's time!*

Because the simple truth is, now that the hour is so terribly late, that if we don't look after all those who stand between us and destruction, then there'll be nobody left to look after us, should our own need ever equal theirs!



The two Chinese characters on this page, together, spell "Arise." That's the title of a stirring Chinese marching song that has gone on sounding, unwavering and undaunted, over there on the other side of our world, throughout five long years of Japanese aggression. Since Pearl Harbor, since Singapore and Java and Bataan, we all know now what Japanese aggression means. And we all must realize, by now, that nobody has a better right than the Chinese to tell us to "arise," to wake up and get up and do our damnedest. For as Wendell Willkie said, in opening the current intensive three months' drive for funds for the United China Relief: "It must be obvious to every American that our fate may be decided in the battles of the Orient."

Maybe it's obvious by now, but it wasn't obvious to very many of us, back in July of '37 when the Shanghai incident occurred. Or when that big department store was bombed. Or when Nanking suffered a fate that was even worse than that of Guernica.

We didn't feel touched, at the time, as deep as our pocketbooks, by these far away events, did we? If we didn't then, shouldn't we now, now that it's still not too late?

Of course, since then, the calls for our help have multiplied. But China's is the earliest call, of all those that are as yet unstilled. And nowhere in the world is there so much suffering directly due to war conditions as there is in China today.

Is China far? Let Paul McNutt answer that one: "No farther than the tires of your motor car, the mica of your spark plugs, the glowing crucibles of your mills. Let China fall and the open door will be closed forever . . . Now is the time to help."

Or hear it from Paul G. Hoffman, the President of Studebaker and the Chairman of the Board of Directors of the United China Relief: "Sustained by the friendship of America, China will keep on fighting. That means we can win this war in two to three years rather than in seven or eight years. But the services through which the friendship of the American people for the Chinese people has been expressed must be expanded, not by some of the people but by all of the people, who must contribute so that China will have unmistakable evidence that we, the people of the United States, are their friends."

Of course, you're paying bigger taxes than you've ever dreamed of in the past. But that's a privilege, because it's a direct contribution to our own war effort. Of course, you're buying Defense Bonds and Stamps. But that's an investment, and the best investment you can make in the world in which we live today. And of course you're besieged, on all sides, by the pleas of a dozen worthy charities—to a point where you're beginning to feel inclined to reply to all of them with the stock answer that charity, in your case, had better begin at home.

But have you, honestly, given all you can to all of them? Have you, for simple instance, given all you can to the United China Relief? At first blush, nothing could seem more remote from your daily concerns. And yet, looking back over these past five years has anything really been closer to your own interests, as of today, than that struggle against the omnivorous Jap, half a world away?

Whether or not the drive for funds for the United China Relief is officially over in your community, this is a permanent organization, with a need that's never over, at least until long after this war has been won. The nine private relief agencies that have heretofore been sending money and goods to China are now pooled as the United China Relief, Inc., 1790 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Checks may be sent there, or in care of this magazine, in case you forget that address, whenever you may feel the perfectly normal impulse to kick yourself in the pocketbook for not having felt *personally* concerned, away back there in '37, when things were booming over here and the Jap first cut loose, on his still unhalted mad dog rampage, over there.

Will it come to this?

—you've thought of everything else

Now give a thought to your furnace

WINTER is still a long way off . . . but you had better get prepared for it now. Your furnace has had to take a lot of punishment, 24 hours a day, month on end . . . and it probably needs some attention.

The soot that has accumulated should be cleaned out, lest it choke the furnace and cause a hazardous explosion. The cracks that may have developed should be repaired as a safeguard against treacherous gas leakage.

Today, it is doubly necessary to give your heating plant a thorough check-up. Neglected, it becomes the enemy of conservation. It wastes fuel. It burns itself out. It makes of you a saboteur of our much needed resources.

So put your heating system into the best possible condition. Have the job done right . . . by an expert. Let him make a complete inspection . . . then act upon his advice. You can entrust this important matter to the Holland heating man. Back of him is the experience of serving Holland's six million heating customers. He has both the specialized skill and the right equipment for this essential service. Making warm friends is his full-time job . . . call him in today! Phone your Holland Furnace factory branch; ask for the Service Department. Don't delay . . . you never know what tomorrow might bring.

How About NEW Furnaces?

The times being what they are, anything we might say about the availability of new furnaces today would be subject to correction tomorrow. For the latest authentic information on this subject, consult your local Holland Furnace factory branch . . . listed in your local phone book.

Active in the arms production program, Holland Furnace Company is also rendering an essential war-time service in helping the home front keep its present heating systems in proper working condition, in the interest of fuel and metal conservation.

HOLLAND
FURNACE COMPANY
HOLLAND • MICHIGAN
World's Largest Installers of Home Heating Equipment

HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF YOUR HEATING PLANT

LET US SEND YOU THIS ESSENTIAL WARTIME BOOK

A DEFECTIVE FURNACE IS A DANGEROUS HAZARD . . . MAKE IT SAFE — GAS-PROOF

A DIRTY FURNACE IS A WASTEFUL MENACE . . . GET IT CLEANED — STOP THIS WASTE OF FUEL

Fires occurred in 182,000 homes during 1940 due to defective heating plants, causing damage totaling $50,000,000.

Holland Furnace Co.,
Service Department B,
Holland, Michigan.

To help me do my part in saving fuel and making our heating plant give better service, send me . . . free . . . your public service book on furnace care.

Name....................

Address....................

City.................... State....................

the ensemble with the convertible collar

Seven Seas
BY MOYER

Ask for "Seven Seas" if you want a shirt-slack ensemble you'll really enjoy wearing. *The convertible collar can be worn with or without tie . . .* and the shirt comes in 5 sizes, not the usual 3, for *better fit!* Pleated slacks, with Kover-Zip fly and Dot fasteners!

Trousers $5
Short Sleeve Ensembles, $8.95
Long Sleeve Coat Ensembles, $10.95

If your store can't supply you, write
MOYER MFG. COMPANY
Youngstown, Ohio

NOW.. FATHER CAN TIE A PERFECT KNOT BLINDFOLDED

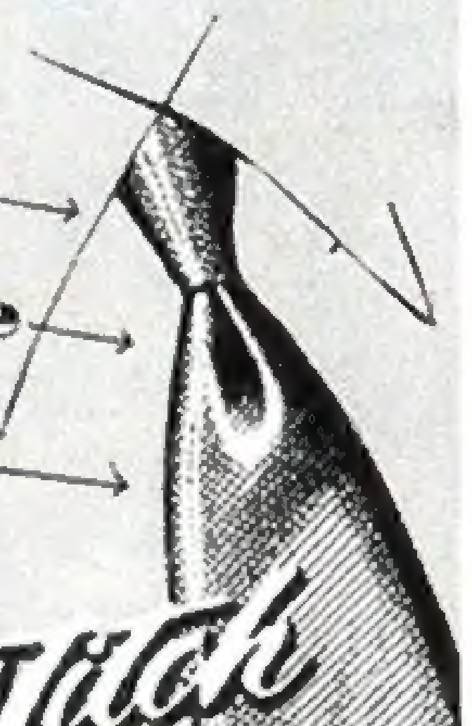
. . . providing the tie is made with Drapestitch . . . a remarkable new, *patented* Inner Construction. Ties made the Drapestitch way cost no more!

perfect knot
perfect dimple
perfect drape

Drapestitch does it automatically!

Look for the Drapestitch tag on all the ties you buy. If you can't find it, write us.

Dimple Tie Corp., 50 East 42nd St., N.Y.C.



Talking Shop with Esquire

HEADLINE MAP. The ordinary wall map of the world isn't too helpful today in following the news, chiefly because it's difficult to see the relationship between the Eastern and Western theatres of war and the United States. A wall map that is *not* ordinary, and therefore a good thing to have around, has been evolved to give you the necessary two-way perspective on world events. The right-hand portion, which includes Australia, China, Burma, Japan, and the East Indies, is reprinted on the left-hand side of the map. Air and naval bases are indicated.

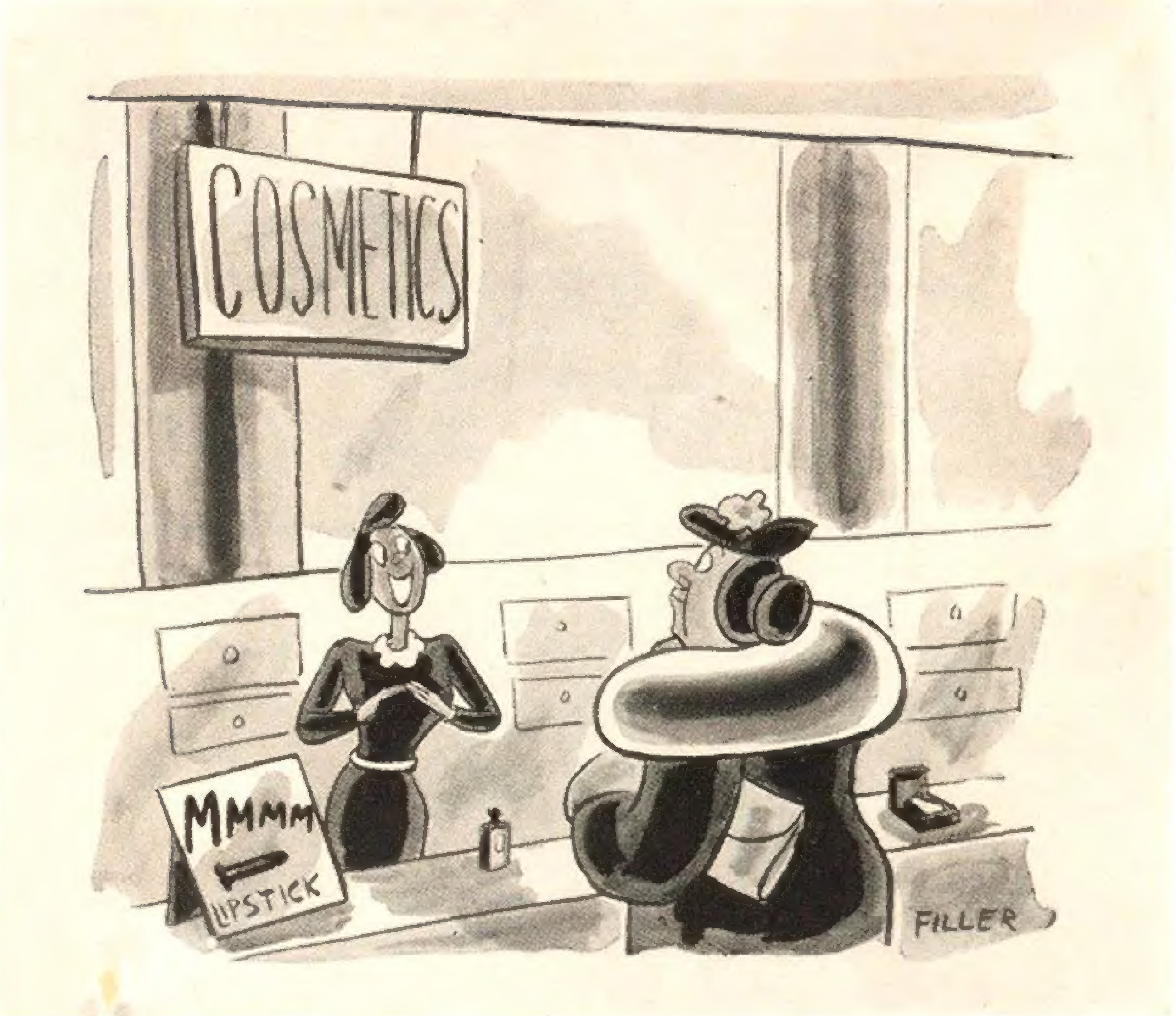
PERMANENT WITHOUT PRIORITIES. This isn't for you, it's for the woman whose beauty parlor bills you pay. She can set her well-manicured head at rest if the permanent wave situation has been bothering her due to priorities on metals and chemicals. Wooden curlers do the trick in this case, and the permanent wave of which they are a feature requires none of that weird electrical heating equipment. Seems they just do up her locks with the curlers, apply a mild lotion, tie her head up in a smart turban, and send her out to shop for an hour or so. When she returns, they put on some more lotion, remove the curlers, and there she is, all permanented.

MATCH THEM UP. Also for the gal friend, and also in the interests of keeping what she's got. It's those stockings again; or, how to salvage odd pairs and thereby double her stocking wardrobe. This time the idea is to tint all the mismates a uniform color. A new product just for this purpose consists of a package of color remover, and another to tint the hosiery to an identical, attractive shade.

SILVER THREADS. The relationship of vitamin deficiency to gray hair has been given considerable publicity of late, and those who felt that their own silver threads represented unfair treatment on the part of Fate have been champing at the bit to try the vitamin out on themselves. Tablets can now be obtained in bottled form. We can't, of course, guarantee you back your raven locks if you take the pills regularly, but research with the same product has achieved remarkable results for many grizzled souls.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.



"Surely, Madam isn't satisfied with what her mirror throws back in her face"

WHAT MAKES YOUR WHISKERS TOUGH?

Whiskers are tough because they are covered with an oily coat that keeps out water. That's why in the New Brisk Shave Cream we use Tritanol . . . it removes the oily coat from each little whisker . . . quickly penetrates and softens tough beards . . . makes your blades last longer.

Brisk is creamy and lather-like . . . contains no wax or grease . . . doesn't clog your razor because it mixes with water.

You can sink a duck by simply rubbing Brisk on its feathers . . . the Tritanol in Brisk takes out the water resistant oil.

HELP! SCUTTLED AGAIN!

Brisk comes in 60c jars, 50c and 25c tubes. If your dealer can't supply, order a jar direct from:
THE ARMAND COMPANY
DES MOINES, IOWA

"PRONTOS" GENUINE HAND-SEWN NORWEGIAN MOCCASINS

for Men and Women. True one-piece construction. They're Slippers indoors; Shoes outdoors. Fine all-leather, Hand Toned to a rich mellow Brown. The perfect gift! Give exact shoe size. **$5.75**

On mail orders add 25c mailing charges

FELLMAN, LTD. 6 E. 46th STREET, N. Y. C.

The Art of HANDGUN SHOOTING

Civil Defense Units, home guards, Americans—be ready for any emergency! *The Art of Handgun Shooting*, by Captain Charles Askins, Jr., tells how to become an EXPERT marksman. How to buy gun, grasp, adjust sights, slow fire, anchor shot groups, moving targets, .45 automatic, etc. 99 photos. At book or sporting goods store, $2.50. Or send check, money order to:

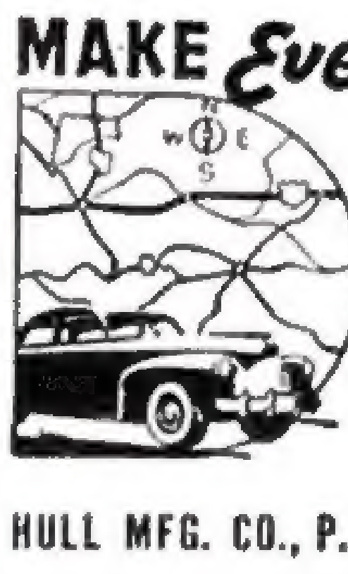
A. S. BARNES & CO.
Dept. E., 67 W. 44th St., N.Y.

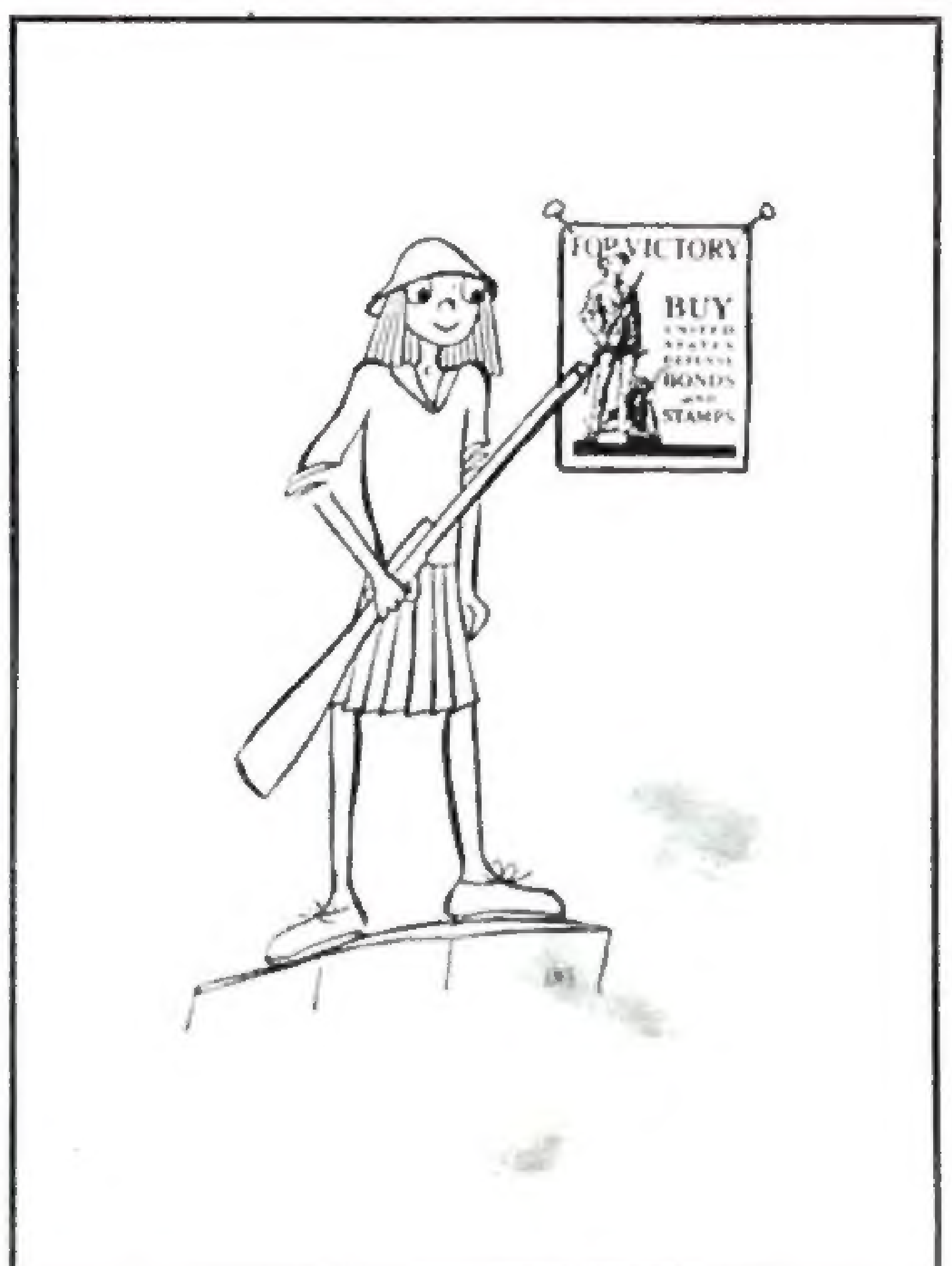
The Art of HANDGUN

MAKE Every MILE COUNT!

Your Hull Streamline Auto Compass saves wasted travel. Choose the shortest route and drive by compass.

HULL MFG. CO., P. O. Box 246-G6, WARREN, O.





FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS

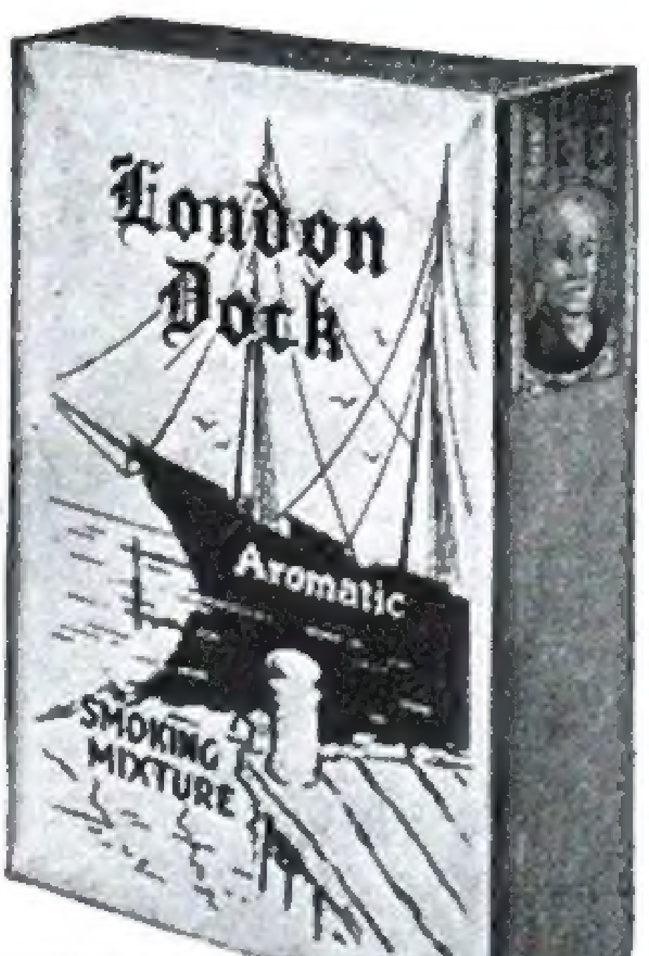
New!
COSMETIC BRACELET

Complete with Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, 3 Puffs and 2 Mirrors cleverly hidden within the bracelet. A turn of the gold-decorated band transforms this unique bracelet into a complete make-up kit. Ultra-smart! $2 Postpaid complete with extra refills. Exclusive with the
House of Gifts, Box 2008-E8, Miami Beach, Fla.

Hollywood WHITE Shoe Soap
or liquid is right for white shoes. Does not rub off, no painted look, no streaks. Keeps white shoes looking new all summer long, cleans and whitens. 25c at **Flagg Bros.** stores in principal cities, or other leading stores; **ship service** stores, **post exchanges** or send us $1 direct for season's supply.
Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.
Frenchee Chemical Co., Richmond Hill, N.Y.

5¢ EACH LITTLE BLUE BOOKS
Great Books — new books — famous books. Over 200,000,000 have been sold. List includes modern fiction, mystery, love, adventure, humor, science, psychology, poetry, history, drama, law, biography, philosophy, and other subjects at only 5c per book. Send postcard for **free** catalogue of thousands of bargains. Address:
HALDEMAN-JULIUS CO.
Catalogue Dept. Desk M-889 Girard, Kansas

OF COURSE HE'S AN OFFICER! CAN'T YOU TELL THAT'S LONDON DOCK TOBACCO?



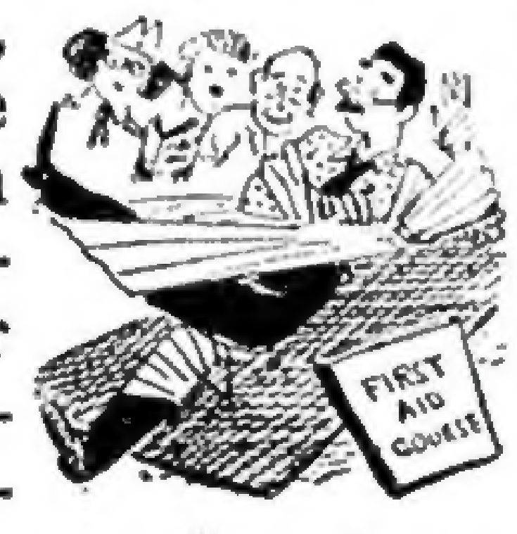
AMERICA'S FINEST AROMATIC
2 Ounce Package
40¢
$3.00 per lb.
Sample 10c
Send 10c to
London Dock Div.
128 Delmar Blvd.
St. Louis, Mo.
Christian Peper · St. Louis
Fine Tobaccos Since 1852

Talking Shop with Esquire

PAPER SOAP. Cakes of your wife's favorite soap melt away when you wash up after grubbing in the garden or tinkering with the car. The helpmate will thank you, therefore, for putting her on to a new way of hand-washing; to wit, squares of soap-impregnated paper. These are installed in an attractive plaskon dispenser, to be hung near the wash-basin in kitchen, bathroom, or workshop. Moisten your hands, give them a once-over-lightly with a piece of the paper, and face the world with clean hands, if not a pure heart.

DARN! Conservation makes a new, inexpensive sock darner even more timely, and a "natural" for service men. Basic ingredients are a paddle-shaped affair with a knob at one end, and a package of stockinet patches in all likely sock colors. These patches are treated on one side with a thermoplastic substance. The sock goes on the paddle, the hole over the knob, and the patch is sealed on with a warm iron. New socks can be reinforced with the patches.

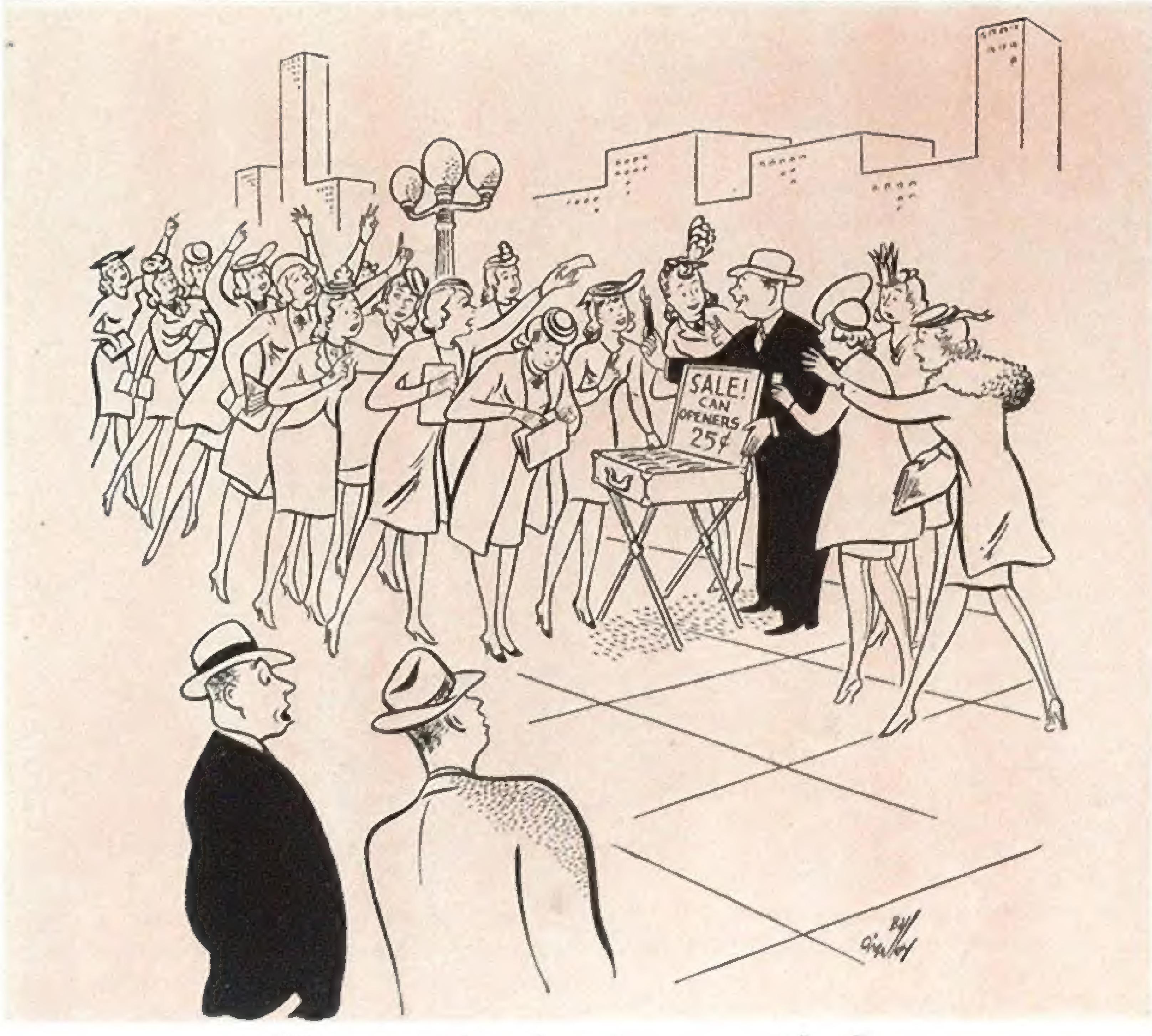
THE EDUCATED PALATE. You couldn't say "Thanks for the weekend" any more effectively than to order up your hostess this delectable gift. It's an assortment of brandied fruits to compliment the most avid gourmet's taste. There are six silver-labeled jars containing brandied dates, dates with walnuts, brandied cherries, brandied apricots, prunes in rum, and baked oranges in grenadine. These are packed in a redwood box that can be used for jewelry or handkerchiefs long after the original contents are gone, which should take place with considerable rapidity.



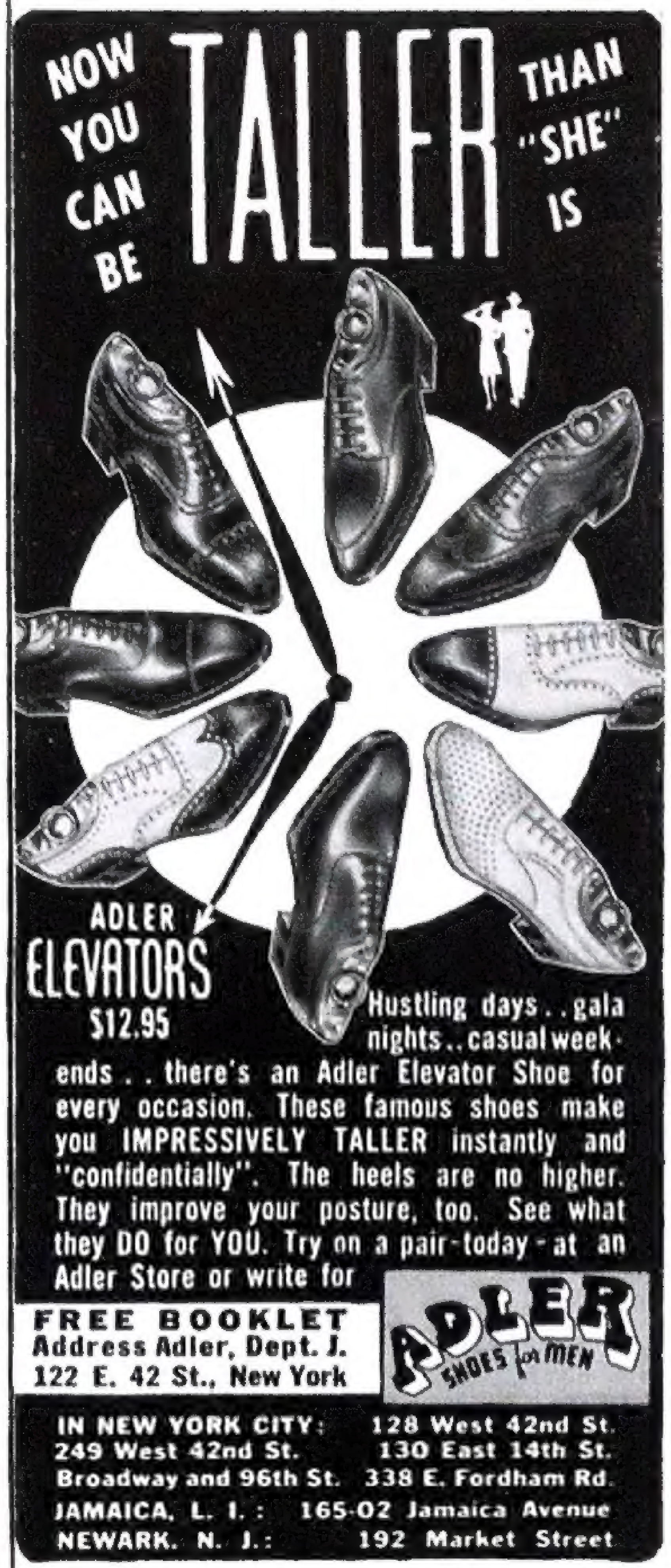
FIT TO BE TIED. The banner of the First Aid student appears to be a triangular piece of unbleached muslin, to be tied on the damaged human frame in an incredible number of ways. An enterprising concern, taking pity on the struggling student of bandaging, has printed the muslin triangle with diagrams of all the basic bandages. If you want to do a neat job on a sprained ankle or a bunged-out shoulder, just concentrate on the instructions printed on the bandage and then follow through with same.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

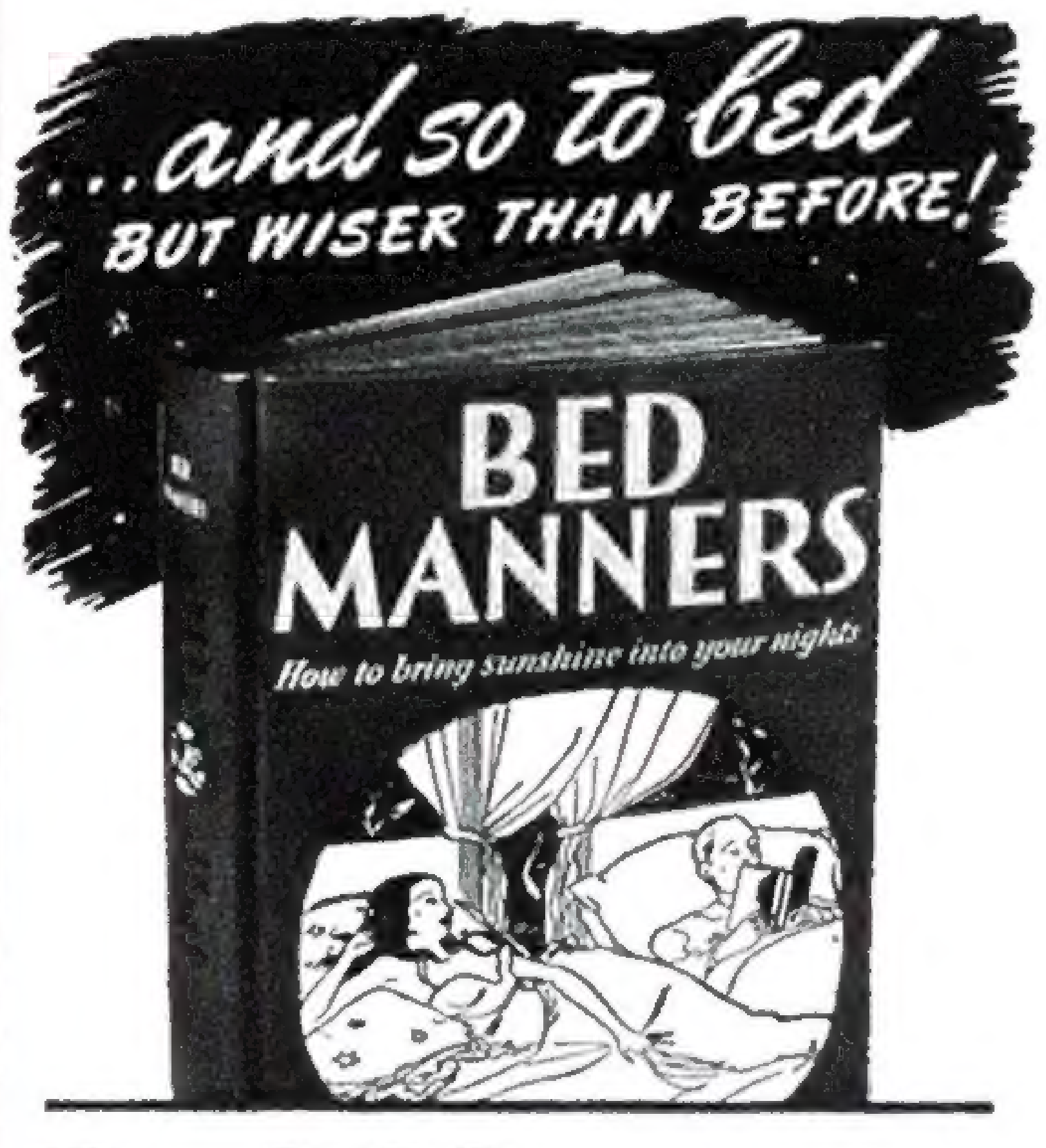


"He must be cleaning up with the little overhead he has"



$12.95
Hustling days . . gala nights . . casual weekends . . there's an Adler Elevator Shoe for every occasion. These famous shoes make you IMPRESSIVELY TALLER instantly and "confidentially". The heels are no higher. They improve your posture, too. See what they DO for YOU. Try on a pair-today-at an Adler Store or write for
FREE BOOKLET
Address Adler, Dept. J.
122 E. 42 St., New York
IN NEW YORK CITY: 128 West 42nd St.
249 West 42nd St. 130 East 14th St.
Broadway and 96th St. 338 E. Fordham Rd.
JAMAICA, L. I.: 165-02 Jamaica Avenue
NEWARK, N. J.: 192 Market Street

GUNS & SWORDS
Are you a collector? A game-and-rumpus-room decorator? Your treasure hunt ends in our catalog, listing hundreds of authentic items. Typical values: *U. S. Civil War Cavalry Sabre* . $4.75
Old U.S. 45-70 breech loading musket . $6.75
To get your catalog (New Spring 1942 Edition) send 20c to cover postage and handling, to **Robert Abels, G-860 Lexington Avenue, New York City, N.Y.**


. . . and so to bed BUT WISER THAN BEFORE!
BED MANNERS
How to bring sunshine into your nights

Bed Manners
HOW TO BRING SUNSHINE INTO YOUR NIGHTS
by Hopton & Balliol; *with many amusing illustrations*
Here is a masterpiece that will make you *well-bed* in easy lessons. Do you know, for instance, how to get into bed? A simple problem, but full of niceties and distinctions! . . . Do you know the polite use of Pullman berths? . . . or the stateroom of a friend's yacht? Do you wake up nights . . . screaming . . . or snoring?
Now presenting in one volume:
BED MANNERS and BETTER BED MANNERS
247 bedlam pages—37 enthusiastic chapters!
For the strangest adventure of all is to find yourself locked in a bedroom with someone of the opposite sex with whom you are required to go to bed and get up for thousands of nights. This is called marriage. It may have just happened to you or it may happen just when you least expect it and are least prepared. This book, then, is for you — a book of Bediquette for married people! **Mail Your Order Today.**
Only $1.98 postpaid
ARDEN BOOK CO., Dept. 176
45 Astor Place, New York City
Rush me a copy of BED MANNERS. It'll delight or my money back in 5 days.
( ) I enclose $1.98. Send it postpaid.
( ) Send C. O. D. I'll pay $1.98 plus postage.
Name________
Address________
City & State________
(Canada and Foreign no C. O. D.; $2.50 with order)

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

PUTTING AND KEEPING THE RECORD STRAIGHT

In an article entitled *Inside The Funny Page* by Charlie Plumb, featured in the April issue of Esquire, the following excerpt appeared:

"Gus Edson, who took over the Gumps after Sid Smith's death, works best with his drawing board on his lap, leaning way back in his swivel chair with his feet on the desk. In the process he uses up more liquor than ink—but let who is without a breath among us throw the first corkscrew! . . ."

This is a ridiculous falsehood and while no bluenose, I resent the statement and its connotations. For the record and for the information of Charlie Plumb, my work is invariably done in my Connecticut home with my wife and three children nearby. Such time as I spend at the office consists in business conferences with executives of the Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate. Needless to add, I have never taken a drink while working and even my social imbibing is limited to an occasional cocktail.

Charlie Plumb, an old cartoonist, should be reminded that an article which purports to state facts is not a comic strip.

Stamford, Connecticut Gus Edson

Editor's Note: *Sorry Mr. Edson, neither Esquire nor Charlie Plumb ever intended reflections on you or on your work. We are glad to be advised of this correction.*

STRICTLY PUBLIC DOPE ON STRICTLY PRIVATE LEE

Several of my friends have called my attention to the letter that heads your April *Sound and Fury* page and as there must be some strange mistake somewhere I should like to acquaint you with a few salient facts regarding Strictly Private Guy Lee.

By some strange coincidence there may be two Guy Lees at Camp Sibert, Boulder City, Nevada, but that hardly seems likely. I have known Guy Lee for five years and on January 23rd of this year he asked me to marry him. On February 11th he came to Los Angeles and gave me a gorgeous diamond ring. I have been writing to him two and three times weekly since he returned to Camp Sibert and he has been writing to me so there is no dearth of correspondence for him.

Incidentally, the sketch you show of him is not like him at all. You depict an emaciated, long-faced, sad looking creature. Since Guy entered the service a year ago he has gained 30 pounds and now weighs 214.

Please print this letter as soon as possible so that all the females who are thinking of writing to him will realize that Strictly Private Guy Lee is strictly and privately mine!

Thank you.

Sincerely,

Los Angeles, Calif. Leona Lash

SPLITTING A HAIR WITH GILBERT SELDES

Gilbert Seldes writes with such boyish abandon that you feel like a cad for checking his reasoning. But his climactic paragraph in *Restatement about Liberty* is so illustrative of what is wrong with the national intelligence that it should not be allowed to pass without comment.

Seldes says: ". . . we'll fight even for filth if that's what we want. It's our wanting that makes things good—not their goodness that makes us want them. And getting what we want . . . is liberty". Well, Mr. Seldes Hitler is getting what he *wants*—French, Dutch, Belgian, Norwegian, British blood and soil. And please stop criticizing him, because, to follow your own line of reasoning, *getting what he wants is only liberty*.

What Mr. Seldes is really writing about is license. Now, while there is a resemblance between liberty and license, the difference between them is the difference between order and chaos. As a matter of fact, the present world stew is the direct result of Hitler's exercise of liberty as this word is understood by Mr. Seldes.

There is no fundamental difference between Mr. Seldes' attitude toward life and Mr. Hitler's. It's all a matter of taste. Mr. Seldes and Mr. Bertrand Russell, whom Mr. Seldes so much admires, defend the liberty to choose filth. Mr. Hitler exercises his liberty by choosing blood.

Sincerely yours,

Montreal, P. Q., Can. F. Bertrand

MECHANIC BOILS AT BOB MARKS

Who this chump Robert Marks is, or what his racket is, I don't know. His article about *Keep 'Em Perking* sure takes the cake. He must be sore at all the car owners.

He mentions spacing spark plugs at .025. There is only one make of car that uses that spacing. They range from .025 to .040. If some cars were set at .025 they wouldn't idle under 1000 R.P.M.'s. If an engine hits on all cylinders at all speeds a whole new ignition system won't improve it any, except incorrect timing.

The distributor is a thing that should be left alone, unless you have it checked by an experienced mechanic. Because you change the timing when you change the point clearance. Marks mentioned a clearance of .020 for points. That is for six cylinder engines. Eights have a gap of .015.

Oil viscosity is a thing that is not stressed half enough. It can be explained very easily. Use the lightest grade that will stay in your engine and not cause it to overheat.

He says you should stand over the mechanic with a pitchfork and see that he carries out your instructions. That is the screwiest thing he could do. Because he asks foolish questions and gets in his way. He knows how to skip over things right under your nose and most of them will if you stand around and watch them, just to get even. He doesn't want to be bothered by anyone. Of course a mechanic is supposed to be a superman and not supposed to forget anything or make a mistake. The average person never considers that a mechanic turns out ten perfect jobs before yours, that he made the mistake on. If they were as bad as some people think there wouldn't be any mechanics. I could write a book on the foolish car owner, but I don't make enough fixing the precious cars to buy the ink.

Yours very sadly,

The poor sap that screwed up your car yesterday.

Toronto, Canada

SIMPLE FORMULA FOR G. J. NATHAN

Wouldn't it be easier just to put 'English actors—phooey!!' whenever you review an offering in which they have taken part?

In that way you could eliminate a lot of sentence structure torn out of your brain, and I don't think you can afford the effort!

'Fed up with the anti-English-actor attitude,'

Barbara Scott Jordan

Tenafly, N. J.

NONE SO FUNNY AS THOSE WHO DON'T TRY

Since *Puck* and *Judge* have gone to rest and *Life* has gone to pot as a Luce picture catalog (*Punch* was never funny anyway), *Esquire* has become my favorite humor magazine. Never is it more humorous than when the act is unconscious. It was excruciatingly funny some months ago to read in one of the stories about a person cast overboard from a ship in the Gulf of Mexico, swimming ashore, and finding he had come to land at New Orleans. Of course he had to swim more than a hundred miles up the Mississippi River to accomplish this feat, but that made the item all the more delectable, Then, in another story, a man tried to take a short cut across a hot southwestern desert of the United States; had to cross a low range of mountains that were really higher than they seemed; and froze to death in the Arctic snows of the upper ridge. The comic part about this is not merely the excessive change in temperature (nowhere so violent in the Western deserts) as a result of the change in altitude, but the fact that a streamlined train was negotiating the arctic ridge with ease and impunity. Also, in one of the articles an insouciant globe trotter called Melbourne the largest city south of the Equator, apparently hoping that his article would never be read in Buenos Aires or Rio de Janeiro. Also, there are the comic horror stories, like that by Donald Wandrei in the April, 1942, number. None of the ten-cent pulps can beat that for side-splitting humor.

NEW ORLEANS 100

But the real theme of this screed is the comic art, and especially the Varga girls. I do not suppose that Mr. Varga ever studied anatomy, and it is to be hoped that he never will. To do so would spoil the main charm of the subtle humor of the drawings. Again, I do not refer to the clothing-store-dummy faces and profiles, but to the bizarre feats of contortion that are perpetrated. For example, take *Love Cries "Uncle"* in the current number of Esquire. The way that dame cut her left leg off and cleverly concealed the stump under the flap of her skirt should put all other devotees of Terpsichore to shame. The model could make far more money for herself posing in a museum of freaks than squatting for an artist.

I am just a fellow who enjoys a hearty belly laugh, so I am just saying for your private eye alone, not even caring whether you reply, that I certainly get lots of entertainment in the least expected of places.

Very truly yours,

Champaign, Ill. Fred A. Shannon

OLD FASHIONED FAN LETTER

The April issue of Esquire arrived several days ago, and was immediately pounced upon and read from cover to cover by myself. I don't know when I've read better articles and stories or have laughed over cartoons that were more screamingly funny. You are to be congratulated upon keeping the high quality of Esquire in the face of impending disaster and a shortage of both chemicals and paper; here's hoping future issues will be as vivid and enlightening as ever!

Of the articles, I enjoyed the most the reprint *Ten Rules for Saving Tires*, which aided me materially in devising ways and means for prolonging the life of my own tires; *Inside The Funny Page*, which was certainly made to order for all artists, gag men, and anyone else interested in such fascinating work; *Colds Are Curable*, that left me with more than just a ray of hope for what might be called a chronic indigestion cold of mine; and last but not least, *Keep 'Em Perking*, that certainly could give any ol' driver with a grain of sense enough facts to keep him hoppin' to the garage for regular checkups hereafter, too.

As usual the *Man the Kitchenette* of Iles Brody whetted my appetite so that I could scarcely keep from drooling over his article, while Lawton Mackall's *J. Barleycorn, Draftee* was to my liking as no other liquid refreshment article could ever hope to be. Mr. Mackall has a knack of presenting cold drinks and their recipes and background in such a way as to give even a complete teetotaler a desire to kick over the traces and have a "quickie."

Hail to a new king of weird fiction: DONALD WANDREI! His tale *It Will Grow On You* gave me such chills that for a moment or two I seriously thought I was getting another relapse from the flu. Let's have many more such stories by this master craftsman! I also sincerely enjoyed Manuel Komroff's excellent Biblical narrative *Told In The Stars* and Stuart Cloete's *Number 4 Gun*. Louis Paul's *There's No Place Like Home* made me look again at my draft card to make double sure of my old classification.

The best cartoons were by Corka (more power to 'em), McKay, Szyk, Hilton, Johnson, and Roir. Don't ever, ever reduce the number of cartoons by these extremely clever cartoonists!

Looking forward to the next issue with bated breath, and with best good wishes for your continued success, I shall remain

Most respectfully yours,

Fred John Walsen

Denver, Colorado

AID AND COMFORT TO THE MIDDLE EAST

Once, far back in "civvie street," I was a regular reader of your excellent magazine Esquire. Being unable to obtain any copies out here, you can imagine what a blow that is. I would think it a great favor if any of your readers would forward any old copies to the address below, and I can assure you they would be highly appreciated not only by myself, but by many of the lads also.

Yours sincerely,

R. Wright

Ex 2335 Marine R. Wright,
Royal Marines, R. N. 3A,
Middle East Forces.

AMENDE HONORABLE

Our attention has been called to Robert Buckner's *America's Greatest Soldier* which appears in the March number of Esquire.

A very serious error occurs in the article. The statement is made (March number, page 149, column 2, conclusion of last paragraph) that the sword reputedly made for Peter Francisco by General Washington's order and presented to him *"is now a forgotten exhibit in the Museum of the Virginia State Historical Society at Richmond"* (italics ours).

Please let us correct this misstatement. Evidently Mr. Buckner's reference is to "The Virginia Historical Society" which is not an institution of the state government and does not have the word "state" in its name. Regardless of any statement made in any source whatsoever to the effect that the Peter Francisco sword in question ever was in the possession of The Virginia Historical Society, that sword has never at any time been in our collection; not even as a loan, much less a gift.

Will you kindly give this correction place in your column.

Very truly yours,

Richmond, Va. Clayton Torrence
Corresponding Secretary

Continued on page 145

Relax and Enjoy it...

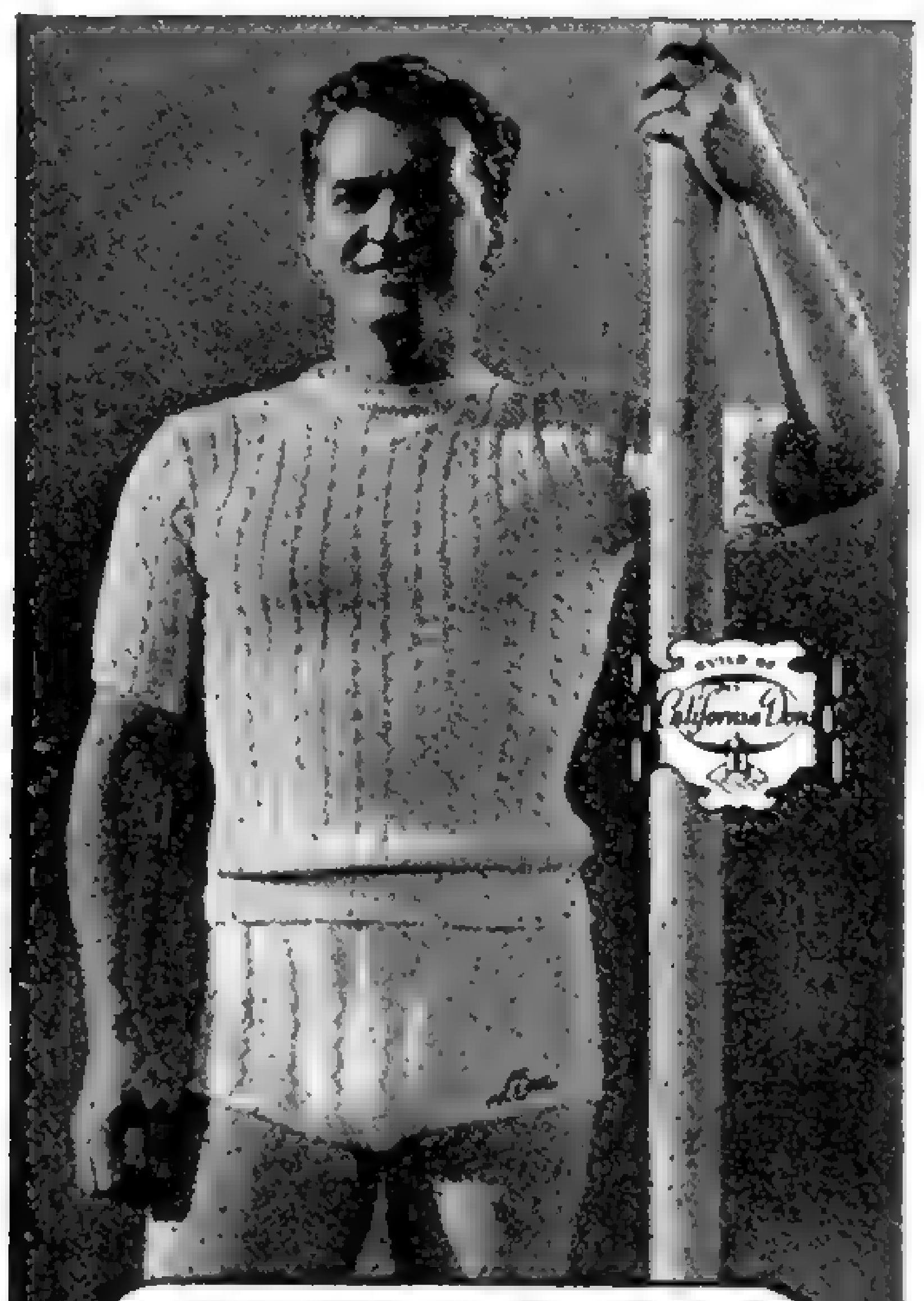
Smart is the man who keeps cool and calm when the world about him seems most hectic. The secret of this kind of success is relaxation.

Through the generations, gracious Californians have developed the perfect formula for good looking, practical clothes for informal activities. Complete your wardrobe now with informal wear designed and manufactured by members of the Guild of California Dons.

The Guild of California Dons is an organization of California Men's Wear Manufacturers who have banded together to maintain the highest standards of workmanship, design and material. Look for the California Dons' insignia. It is your guarantee of a quality product. These and many other Guild of California Dons styles are available at better stores everywhere.

CASUALS, INC.
M. JACKMAN & SONS
GEORGE S. BAILEY HAT CO.
SCULLY BROS., INC.
HOLLYWOOD ROGUE SPORTSWEAR
McKEEVER'S SPORTSWEAR
SPORTCLOTHES LIMITED
CATALINA KNITTING MILLS

GUILD OF
California Dons



CABLE NEWS

King of polo shirts, of string cotton cable, quality finish to insure lasting fit, $3.50 • Matching two-way stretch Lastex and string cotton cable, beltless, swim trunks with built-in support, $4.00

At Better Stores

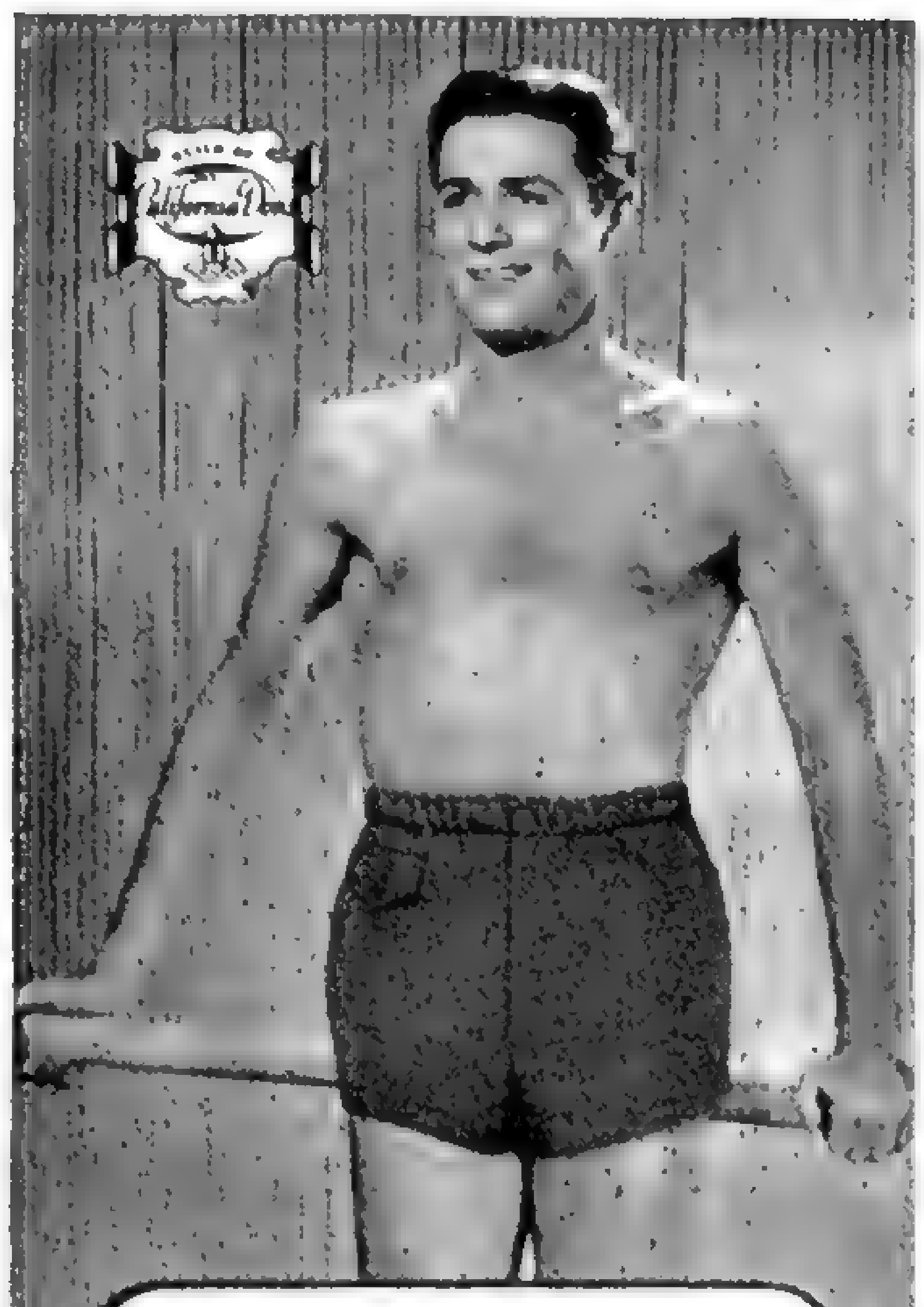
CATALINA KNITTING MILLS
443 S. San Pedro St. • Los Angeles, California

FOOT REST

Hobo, a Cooke in Hogskin, original loafer type for all casual occasions. Also available in Shagg and Duratex . . . . . . about $6.00

At Better Stores

CASUALS, INC.
224 E. 11th St. • Los Angeles, California

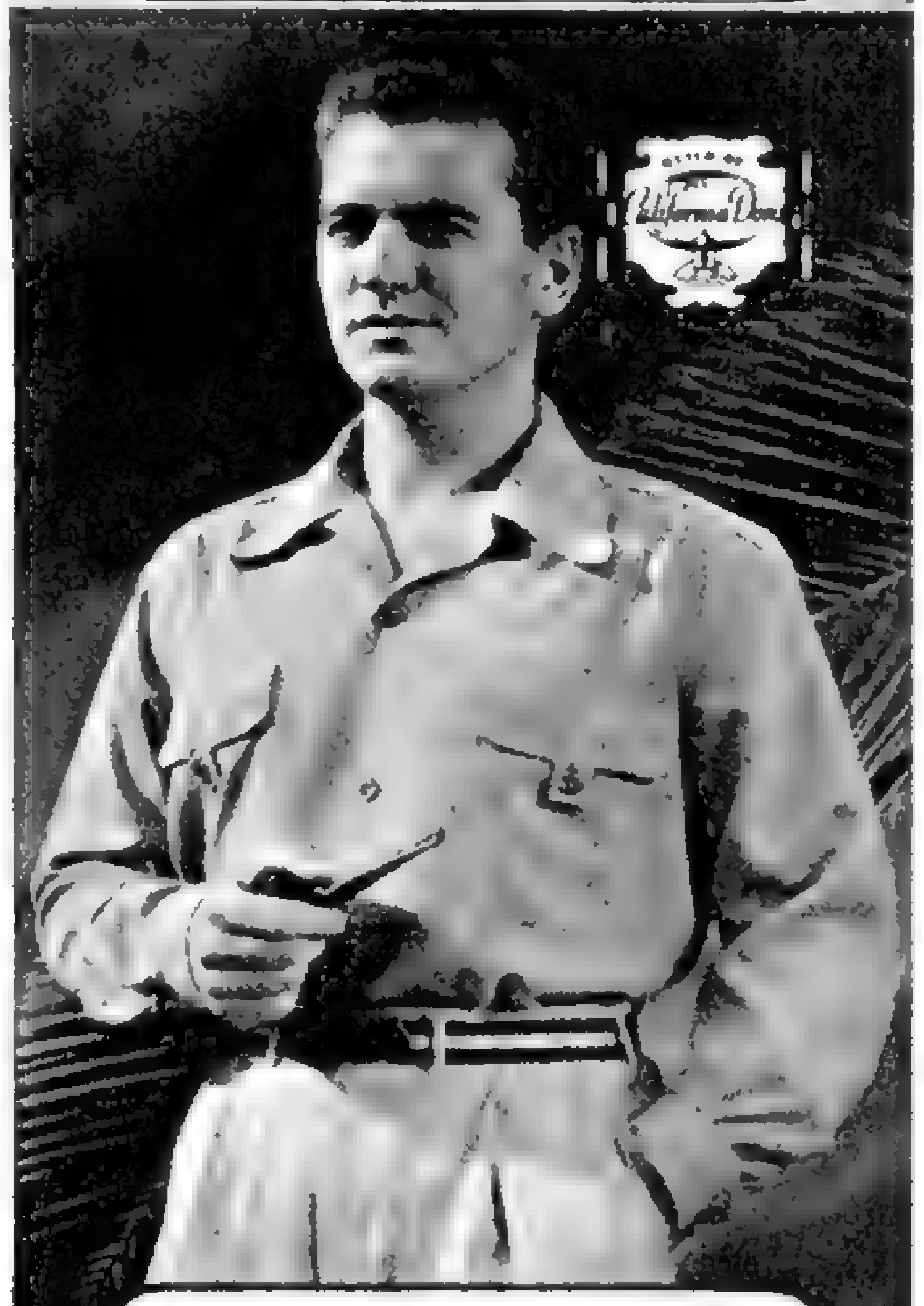


VACATION ESSENTIAL

McKeever's original creation, U S Pat 2088302 Patented feature separate elastic waist band and specially constructed Lastex 2 way stretch supporter insuring perfect fit

At Better Stores

McKEEVER'S SPORTSWEAR
613 West 11th Street • Los Angeles, California



COMFORT CLASSIC

Rogue West-Coaster, the perfect shirt for informal activities, comes in a variety of fabrics for all seasons and a variety of prices for all pocketbooks

At Better Stores

HOLLYWOOD ROGUE SPORTSWEAR
1041 N. Highland Ave • Los Angeles, California

COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Del Mar Shirt Forstmann gabardine, [illegible]

At Better Stores

M. JACKMAN & SONS
309 E. 8th Street • Los Angeles, California

THE PLAINSMAN

Authentic western inspired sport hat of saddle tan royal suede cloth with embossed leather band $5.95

At Better Stores

GEORGE S. BAILEY HAT CO.
716 South Los Angeles St. • Los Angeles, Calif.

ALL YEAR FAVORITE

The indispensable jacket in Strook's barley weave [illegible] gora... leather stitched by hand about $[illegible]

At Better Stores

SPORTCLOTHES, LIMITED
1212 Stanford Ave. • Los Angeles, California

TAILORED EASE

[illegible]

At Better Stores

SCULLY BROS., INC.
725 E. Washington Blvd. • Los Angeles, California

KOMFIT
by Forstner
...THE FLEXIBLE WATCH BAND

IF you really want the *smartest* thing in watch bands, here it is! Thin as a dime—flexible from tip to tip—*stainless* steel lined—non-corrosive in any climate or season. *Adjustable* — just *slide* to fit. There's nothing that compares with Komfit by Forstner!

Absolute Satisfaction Guaranteed

Gold filled, stainless steel lined $8.50 and $12.50. 14 Kt. gold stainless steel lined $80.00. All stainless steel $3.50

At better jewelers or write to

FORSTNER CHAIN CORPORATION
Dept. 129, Irvington, New Jersey

Please send descriptive booklet giving full information.

NAME ____________

ADDRESS ____________

35mm. PERFECTLY PROCESSED 90c

36 exposure rolls (except "Mercury") fine grain developed (Eastman DK-20) and beautifully enlarged to 3″ x 4″, 90c. Cartridge reloaded with Eastman Plus X, 25c. 18 exposure rolls, 55c, reload 20c. Films permanently protected by revolutionary CRYOLYTE Process. Fast service. Satisfaction guaranteed. Free mailing bag, sample print. Write:

TECHNIFINISH LABORATORY
35mm Candid Camera Specialists
665 Brown Street, Rochester, New York

RUM MAPLE
BLEND 53
Original

FREE! Package of TOBACCO

America's Most Distinctive Pipe Mixture. Postcard brings you FREE sample-package Original Rum & Maple Tobacco, Blend 53. Address Rum & Maple, 191F Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.

GIVE DAD A BETTER TIE!
LONGER WEAR AT THE "KNOT AREA"

PARTRIDGE CLOTH is definitely the tie for Dad. Longer Wear at the "knot area" plus authentic social register patterns make it a Better Tie . . . a grand present for Dad.

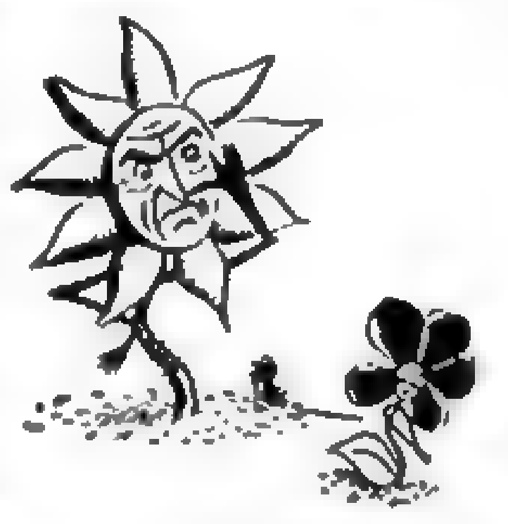
PARTRIDGE CLOTH TIE $1
PARTRIDGE • 58 WEST 40th STREET, N. Y. C.

Talking Shop with Esquire

HAIR-SPLITTING. If you're proud of your carving prowess, you won't use anything but a really sharp knife; if you still have something to learn about severing a joint, a hair-splitting blade is even more essential. How to keep your carving knives in topnotch sawing trim is managed nicely by a sharpener that gives a razor edge without marring a polished finish or leaving scratch marks. The sharpener fastens quickly to the kitchen table or shelf; you adjust a gauge to the thickness of the blade, turn a handle, and the knife is ready to tackle the most unfortunate steak. You can take care of your entire supply of knives, from the paring variety up, in a very few minutes.

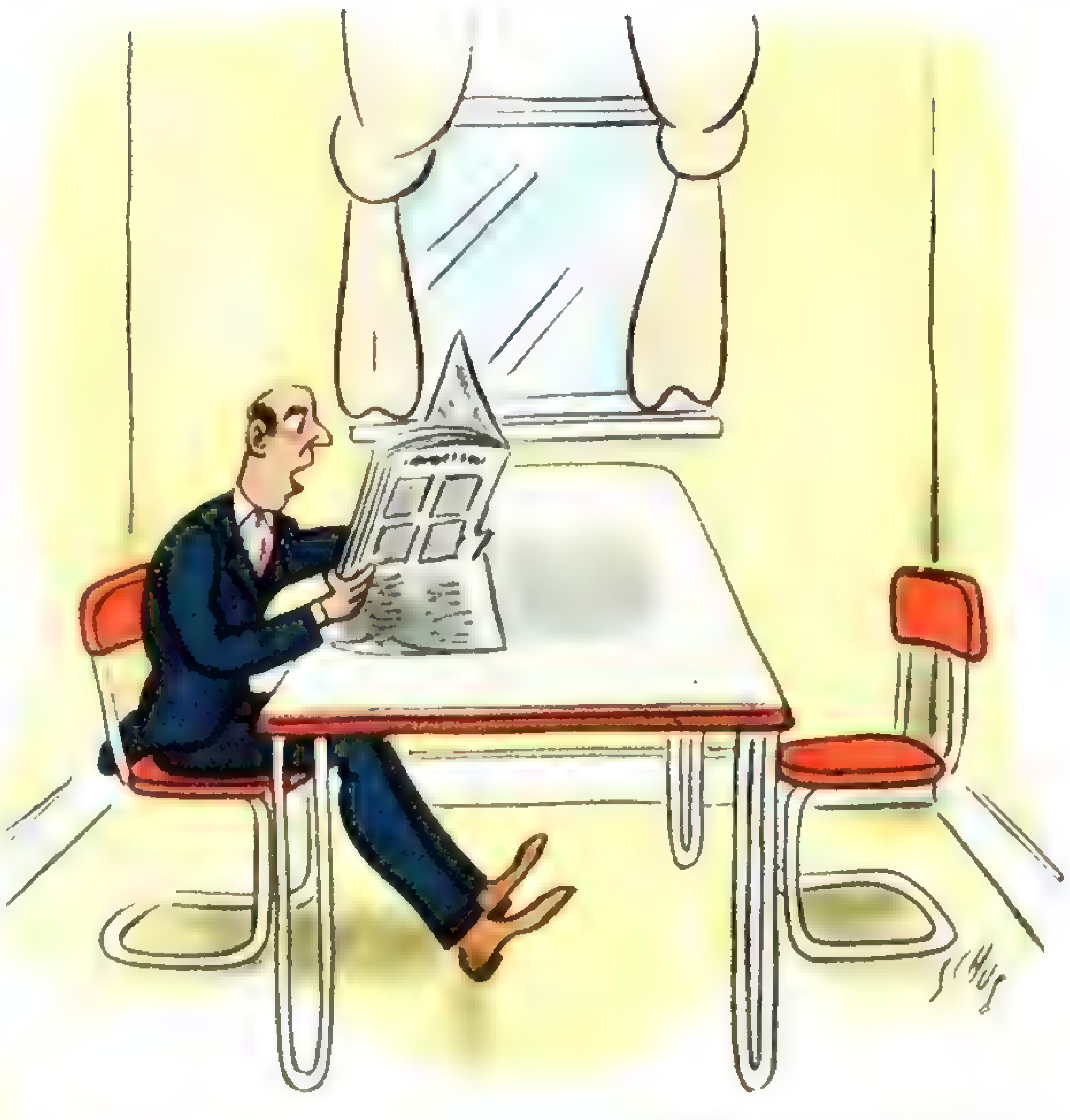
BACK TO THE BARBECUE. Now that the great outdoors becomes invitingly warm, you might look over your outdoor eating accessories, and catch up on what's been happening while you were fighting frostbite. Here's one new barbecue must—a condiment set that supplies elegant flavoring to anything that can be cooked over an outdoor grill. The good-looking log cabin tray contains eleven sauces and spices; for instance, there's a big bottle of barbecue sauce, smoked meat essence, hot pepper sauce, horseradish mustard, roast meat seasoning, sneeze-proof black pepper, and vegemine powder. All are high-quality products, keyed to the connoisseur's taste.

HARD ROW TO HOE. Gardening won't be merely a hobby this year, but a useful defense occupation. Good tools help you get twice as much work done, and here are two new ones. First is a weeding implement that is actually fun to operate—it has "fingers" at the business end that dig in and grip the weed firmly. When you press the handle, the weed is literally fired into wheelbarrow or basket . . . The man with the hoe will have an easy time of it with a revolutionary version of this gardening essential. This one has a semi-hexagonal shape; the inside is hollow. Once it gets a grip in the soil, all you have to do is walk along (without bending over) pulling it after you.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.



"Here's an interesting item by Winchell, dear—it says you've left me!"

WARDROBES need this sweater

☆ Make your suits last longer! Wear this smart Lamb's Down sweater on week ends, in the country and after work. Soft and silky, tailored to hold its shape . . . definitely superior in wearing ability. Gently brushed, 100% wool in your favorite color. Moderately priced!

AT BETTER DEALERS EVERYWHERE

THE Lamb KNIT GOODS CO.
COLON, MICHIGAN

Scotland sends a perfect gift for the pipe-smoking man!

WORLD'S FINEST IMPORTED TOBACCOS

GIFT KIT OF 6
Famous T & P Brands
$2.50
Postpaid

For Father's Day, for the Service Man, and for Men in General, tobaccos blended by Thomson & Porteous in Edinburgh . . . unsurpassed in flavour and aroma . . . unequalled in smoking satisfaction. Gift Kit includes T&P's finest: Cut Golden Bar, Richmond Mixture, Thistle Flake, MacKenna's Mixture, 2 Hours Mixture and Old Banner Mixture.

Mail Orders Filled — Write for FREE Catalogue

MacGREGOR TOBACCO CO.
45 Church Street Paterson, N. J.

HOW TALL IS HE?

Staturaids increase height up to 2¼″ more than ordinary shoes

Cleverly concealed buildup is Staturaid feature. Custom made in more than 50 styles. Style illustrated in black, brown or tan, with 1″ buildup, $14.50. Buy direct from maker, and save.

The Wing
CUSTOM MADE
from $14.50

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG
Joseph Burger, 2067 Third Avenue
(near 113th St.) Dept. 83, New York City

Name ____________

Address ____________

Talking Shop with Esquire

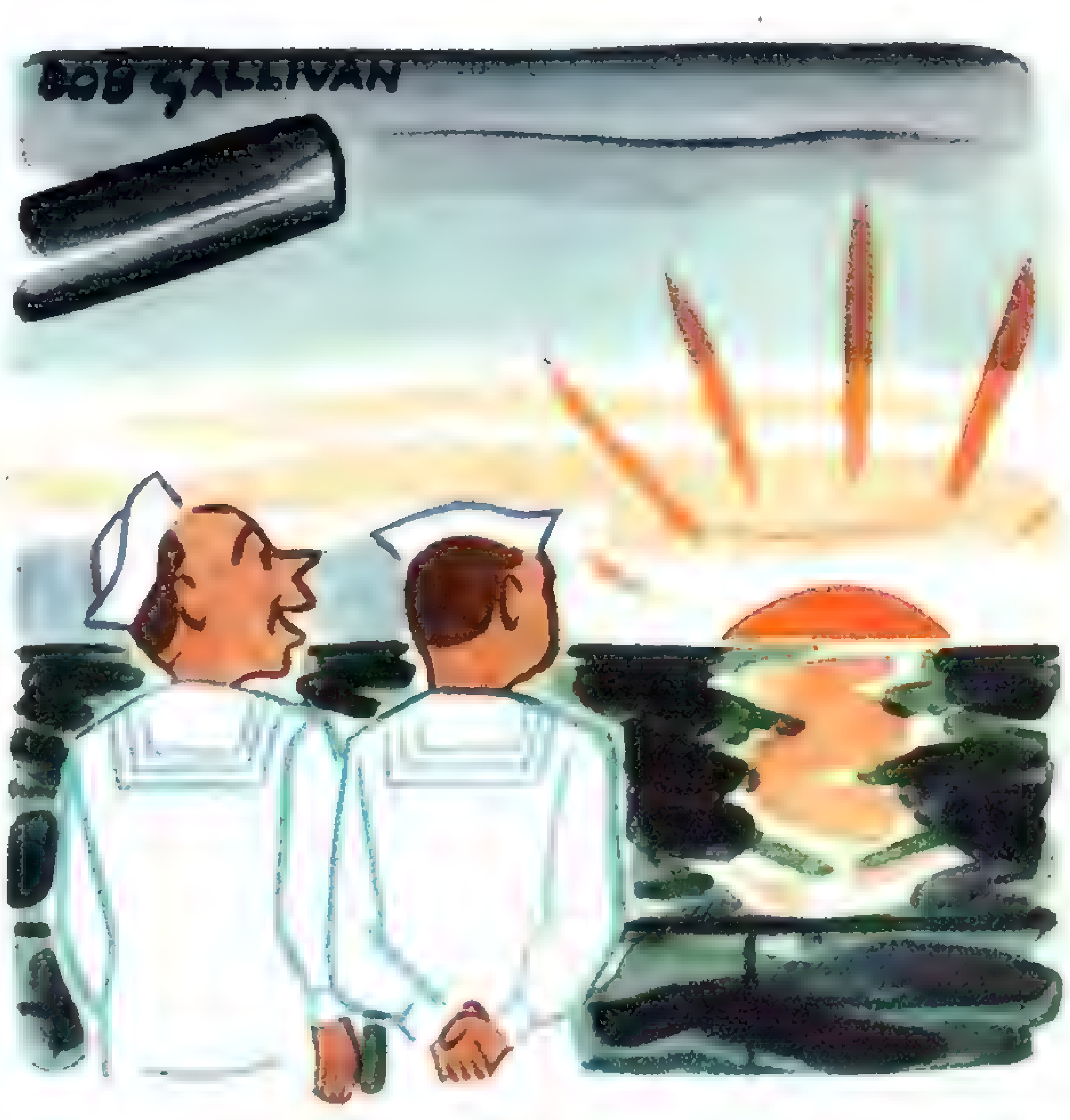
TIME OF DAY. We had supposed that nothing would ever be able to solve the problem of what time it is somewhere else when it's noon in New York. Then came into the picture a wristwatch with an international dial, that gives simultaneously the time in New York, San Francisco, Hong Kong, and London. All this is accomplished—and planned for easy reading—on a regular-sized dial, via a series of concentric circles, each with its own geographical label. Practically a must as you read the headlines these days. The price is surprisingly low, even for an ordinary watch. 7J movement, steel construction.

SWEATER GIRL. You've heard her curse at the drop of a stitch and the loss of a needle. So here's your chance to establish yourself in her heart's A1 position. Give her a heavy rayon faille tailored kit that holds all the paraphernalia necessary for Red Cross-specified knitting, plus some new time- and nerve-savers. There are red, white, and blue knitting needles for socks and sweaters, a useful implement for holding the stitches she's not using at the moment, and a special needle for seam-sewing.

CRACKERS IN BED. Our armed forces are the best fed in the world, but there's always room for more edibles on the inside of a soldier, sailor, or marine. So food is one of the best gifts you can send him. What kind of food, how and where to send it, are all taken care of with great satisfaction to you and the recipient by a firm which sent food packages to armed forces all during the last war. This firm has gotten up a wide selection of food gift assortments to appeal to every man's taste, whether it tend towards the sweet or salty. The most inexpensive contains crackers, several kinds of candy, jam and jelly. Super is the one that runs the gamut from nuts and crackers to dates and figs, cheese, jams, and jellies. Our own favorite is the delicatessen package. It contains two salamis, a loaf of pumpernickel, and several jars of caviar, olives, jelly, and relish. Prices, of these and all the other assortments, include shipping costs; money is refunded if the package can't be delivered.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.



"Probably just Japanese propaganda"

FOR OUTDOOR APPETITES

Folding Picnic Grill for all kinds of savoury open-air cooking. Stows easily into car, takes but a minute to set up *anywhere*. Sizeable cooking surface 11"x22", removable warming shelf. Stands 24" high. Sturdily constructed. Folds to 1¾" thickness! $4.25

Postage Extra

Send for booklets: Garden and Barbecue "E5"; Summer Furniture "E4"; Quality Housewares "E-1".

HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER
145 E. 57th ST. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Mows and Trims Lawns in One Simple, Easy Operation

Save Time and Labor with a MONTAMOWER

Tired backs and aching arms just don't happen to users of MontaMower. All the drudgery and noise of lawn mowing is done away with. No dead weight to push and pull. Instead, just 7 pounds of live mechanism that first gathers, then cuts the grass closely, smoothly, and to the correct height; no matting; no streaking; no clatter; no rattles. Cuts a 16" swath through long grass, dandelions, spike grass and weeds. Cuts right up to walls, fences, trees or posts; leaves no fringes to be trimmed by hand. Cutters are self-sharpening. Built to last many years. Many thousands in use. Sold direct from factory. Costs little. Write at once for guarantee information and literature.

MONTAMOWER DISTRIBUTING CO.
347 HOUSEMAN BLDG. GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

WAKE UP YOUR Scalp

THE SECRET OF HEALTHY HAIR Hair getting thin? Bothered by dandruff? Don't waste time moping or doping your hair. Wake up your scalp, see the difference, *feel* the results. Let the new electric driven VITABRUSH answer your worries. 5000 vitalizing strokes per minute. Restful. Pleasant. Satisfying. Takes only 3 minutes a day. Recommended by scalp authorities. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write now for full information and money-back offer. Hershey Mfg. Co., 195 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago.

OFF WITH THEIR HEADS! yelled the Queen of Hearts

ZIM JAR OPENER

Removes cap from ANY bottle, glass, can, Mason or other jar. Screw cap, pry-up, friction, vacuum, crown or any other style cap comes off with simple twist of wrist. No bruised fingers, no frayed tempers, no glass breakage. Also tightens screw caps. Zim is a handy, compact, kitchen wall or cabinet fixture that swings out of way when not in use. Lasts a lifetime. See at stores or order on money-back guarantee. In White, Red, Green or Cream finish $1.35. Silver finish $1.00.

ZIM MFG. CO., 3051 Carroll Ave., Chicago, Illinois

Get this Great Catalog of MAGIC

Amazing tricks, mystifying and spooky stage and party illusions. Easy to do—no skill—perfect instructions. Fool your friends. Loads of fun. Add "life" to any party. 256 pages. 600 illustrations. Mail 50 cents for catalog, credited on your first order for $3.00 or more.

NATIONAL MAGIC COMPANY
119 S. State St., Chicago, Ill.

ACCEPT THIS Gift from GLOVER'S
For DANDRUFF, ITCHY SCALP and EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
GLOVER'S Imperial SARCOPTIC MANGE MEDICINE and Hair Application
MAIL COUPON TODAY! A GIFT!
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

JIMMY ELLISON, prominent screen star, uses GLOVER'S

Men, take a tip from the stars—if you've been using *scented* hair preparations without success, switch to the **MEDICINAL** treatments used by millions! *Try* **GLOVER'S**, with massage, for Dandruff, Itchy Scalp and excessive Falling Hair! You'll actually *feel* the exhilarating effect *instantly!*

Regular size bottles at Drug Stores everywhere. Send for complete gift application of GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE and the New GLO-VER Beauty Soap SHAMPOO, in hermetically sealed bottles, by COUPON only! Useful booklet, Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair, included FREE!

GLOVER'S

GLOVER'S, 460 Fourth Ave., Dept. 816, New York
Send *Gift* samples, Glover's Mange Medicine and new Shampoo. I enclose 10c to cover packaging and postage.

Name
Address

ORDER BY MAIL
Sizes 5 to 13
A
B

Adler "LEE-ZURE" Knockabouts $2.79

BUY SEVERAL PAIR . . WEAR ANYWHERE!—Most have genuine Rubber Soles and Heels . . ALL are ideal with slack suits, jacket ensembles, sports outfits. You will want at least three pairs. COLORS: Brown, Navy, Green, Rust, Maroon, Beige, White, Natural, Maize, Lt. Blue; in smart new Fabrics, Leather, Corduroy. America's Great Casual shoe value. Order your regular shoe size.

D. Medium or Dark Brown Leather Only.

ADLER SHOES

Mail Coupon to Adler Shoes,
122 E. 42 St., New York, N.Y.

Send the following Knockabout Shoes at $2.79 per pair
(This includes postage and handling. Pay postman C.O.D. charges)

STYLE	SIZE	COLORS

☐ C.O.D. ☐ Check or Money Order Enclosed

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE

The producers
of the world-famous
Great Western
AMERICAN
Champagne

. . . suggest
Wine and Vermouth Cocktails

For smart, satisfying drinks, the extra fine qualities of Great Western Table Wines and American Vermouths are easily made into scores of combinations that are exquisitely palatable.

Try a
SHERRY
DELIGHT

⅔ Great Western Sherry
⅓ Great Western Dry Vermouth
Dash of Bitters and Lemon Juice
Maraschino Cherry if desired

NEW LEAFLET: "Enjoy these Wine Classics" containing vermouth, wine and cookery recipes for daily use or for special occasions, sent on request.
Pleasant Valley Wine Co., Rheims, New York

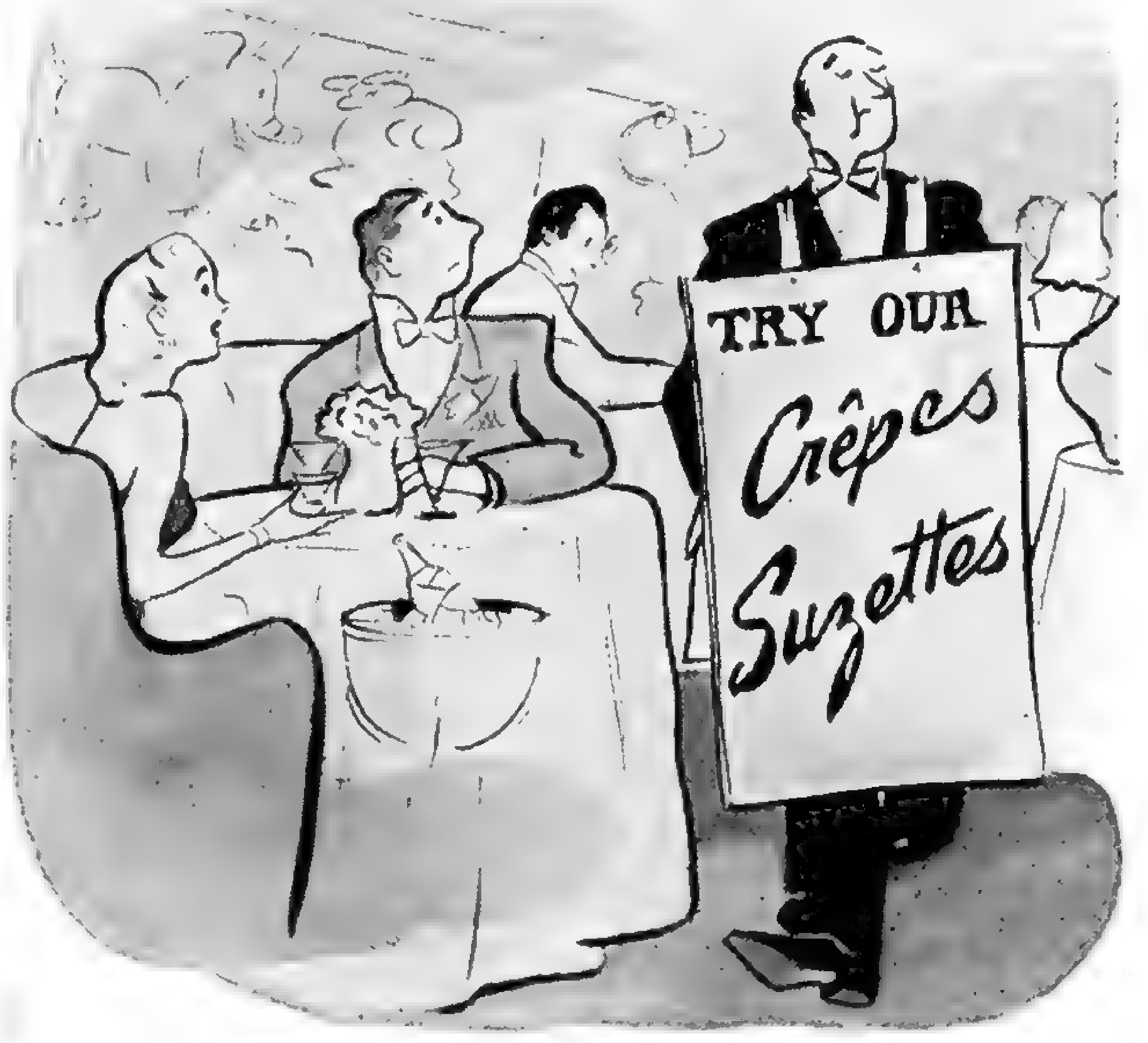
BY APPOINTMENT
BOOTH'S
HOUSE
OF
LORDS
Britain still delivers the world's finest
DRY
GIN
100% GRAIN
NEUTRAL SPIRITS
86 PROOF
IMPORTED
PARK & TILFORD
IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.

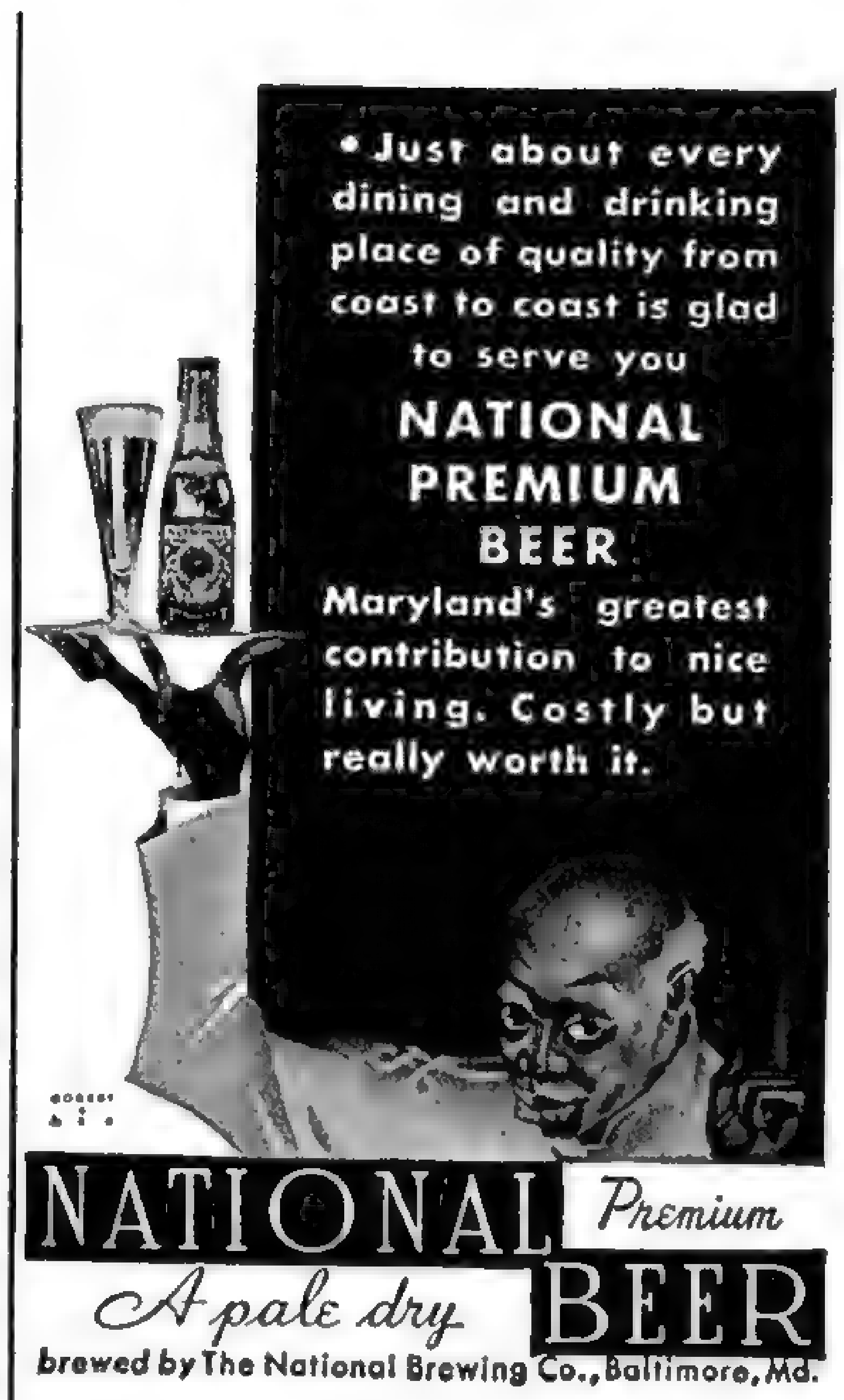
Painting the Town with Esquire

SUNDRY REASONS why this roundsman keeps rounding, and I don't mean my waistline: Hotel which has been serving Bouillabaisse (the real Marseilles McCoy) every Friday for a quarter of a century with addicts lapping it up—the McAlpin. (Pretty nearly enough to fill the handsome cavernous Marine Grill) . . . Only fistic champ to score a definite success as a café-restaurateur—Jack Dempsey . . . Oldest Chinese eatery (gone modernistic without a letdown of its cherished cuisine)—Lee's at Mott and Pell Streets . . . Oldest Italian restaurant, good as ever—Villa Penza, 198 Grand Street . . . Amiable dean of smart dance maestros—Joseph C. Smith, rhythmic fixture at Larue, 45 East 58th St. . . . De luxe restaurateur who calls himself merely a confectioner—Henri le Confiseur, 15 East 52nd Street.

PRESENT WHEREABOUTS of the cellar of the French Pavilion Restaurant at the World's Fair —J. D. Massoletti's Tower Restaurant ("Tower" my foot, this expansive place is in the bowels of the building), 70 Pine St. . . . Manhattan's reigning fish-queen, Gallic good scout Madeleine, chatelaine of Le Poissonnier, 121 East 52nd St. these four years; for eight years before that, she chez madeleined at one address and another, always genially and hospitably, with the same able Charles Wilson Trio (polite Sepians) songing around the tables of admirable chow . . . Sole hotel to name a quenchment room after one of its employees—the Ritz-Carlton with its George's Bar, where George himself mixes 'em and serves 'em to his ensconced congregation of regulars.

NOCTURNAL ZOO: Stork Club and its Cub; Game Cock (14 East 44th), Griffon (77 Park Avenue), White Turkey (3 of these albino gobblers— White Turkey Town House, 1 University Place; White Turkey-Murray Hill, Madison Avenue at 37th; White Turkey Inn on Route 7 near Danbury, Connecticut), Coq Rouge (65 East 56th), L'Aiglon ("Eaglet" to you, 13 East 55th), Old Russian Bear (645 Lexington Avenue), Canari d'Or (golden songbird that Thomas Cat consumed smilingly, 132 East 61st), sidewalk Jardin du Perroquet, (Fifth Avenue Hotel, 5th Avenue at 9th), Perroquet Suite (Waldorf-Astoria), Chanticler (Millburn, N. J.), Bird & Bottle (Garrison, N. Y.), Monkey Bar (Hotel Elysée, 60 East 54th), Penguin Club (244 East 51st), Drake Hotel (440 Park Avenue), Manny Wolf's (201 East 49th), Jack Lyons (102 West 50th), The Lobster (145 West 45th), Pink Elephant (6th Ave. just above 43rd). And seems to me there is a place with zebra stripes, isn't there, called El Morocco or something?





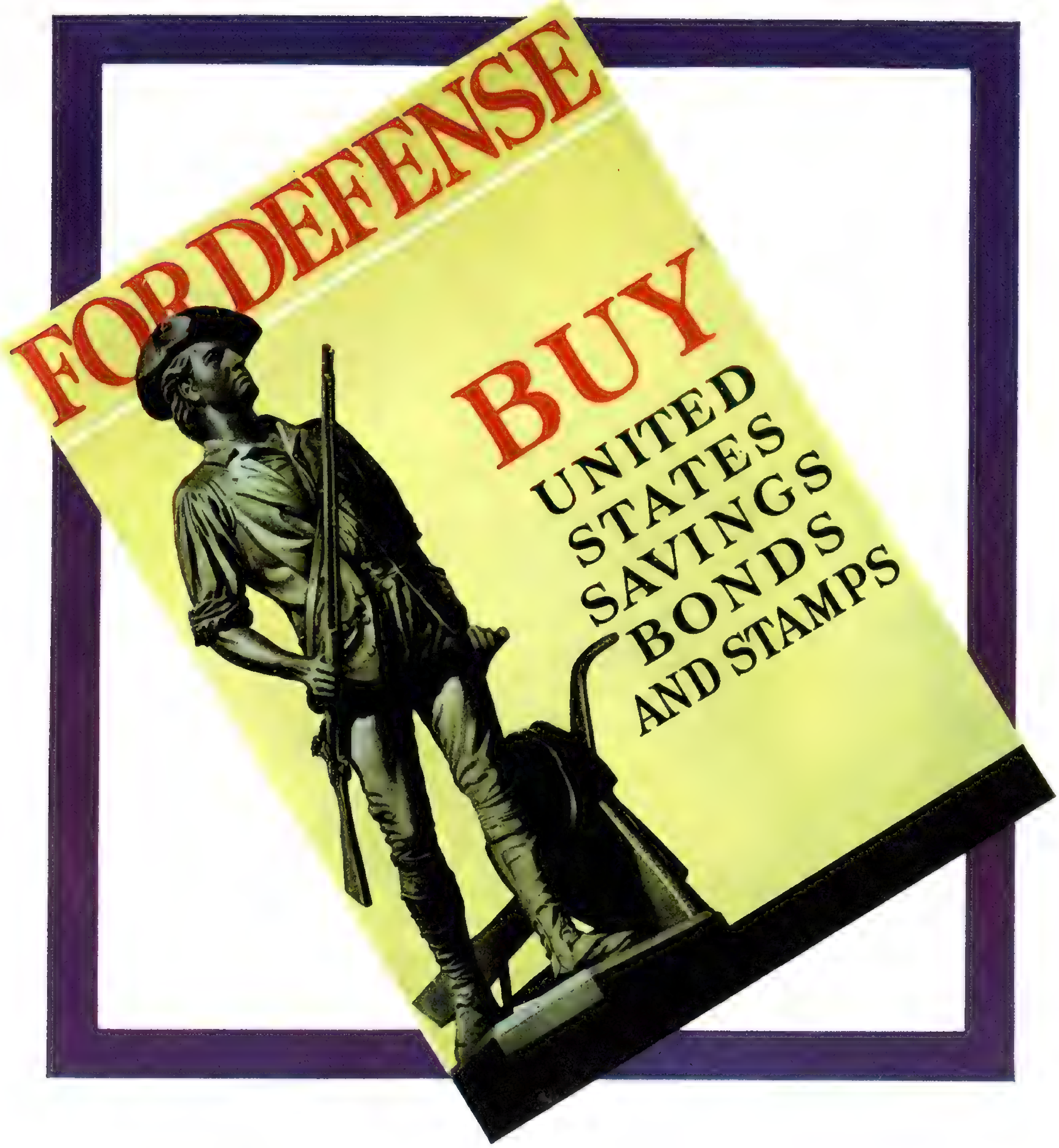
• Just about every dining and drinking place of quality from coast to coast is glad to serve you
NATIONAL
PREMIUM
BEER
Maryland's greatest contribution to nice living. Costly but really worth it.
NATIONAL Premium
A pale dry BEER
brewed by The National Brewing Co., Baltimore, Md.

YOU'LL BE PROUD TO SERVE IT!
MEIER'S
DRY
VERMOUTH
alc. 19% by vol.
MEIER'S WINE CELLARS
SILVERTON, OHIO
OWNING VINEYARDS ON
ISLE ST. GEORGE, LAKE ERIE

EAT—DRINK too much?
THE WORLD'S PICK . . . ME . . . UP
FERNET
BRANCA
SINCE 1845
At good bars, hotels, restaurants, grocery and delicatessens everywhere
FRATELLI BRANCA & CO., Inc., N.Y.

Johnny
Long
IS AT THE
HOTEL
NEW YORKER
Plus a new ICE SHOW that's terrific!

AIR CONDITIONED
NO COVER OPEN SUNDAYS
Jimmy Kelly's
The Montmartre of New York
REVUE 8:45 11:45 2 AM
181 SULLIVAN ST. AL.4-1414
DINNER $1.25


FOR DEFENSE
BUY
UNITED
STATES
SAVINGS
BONDS
AND STAMPS

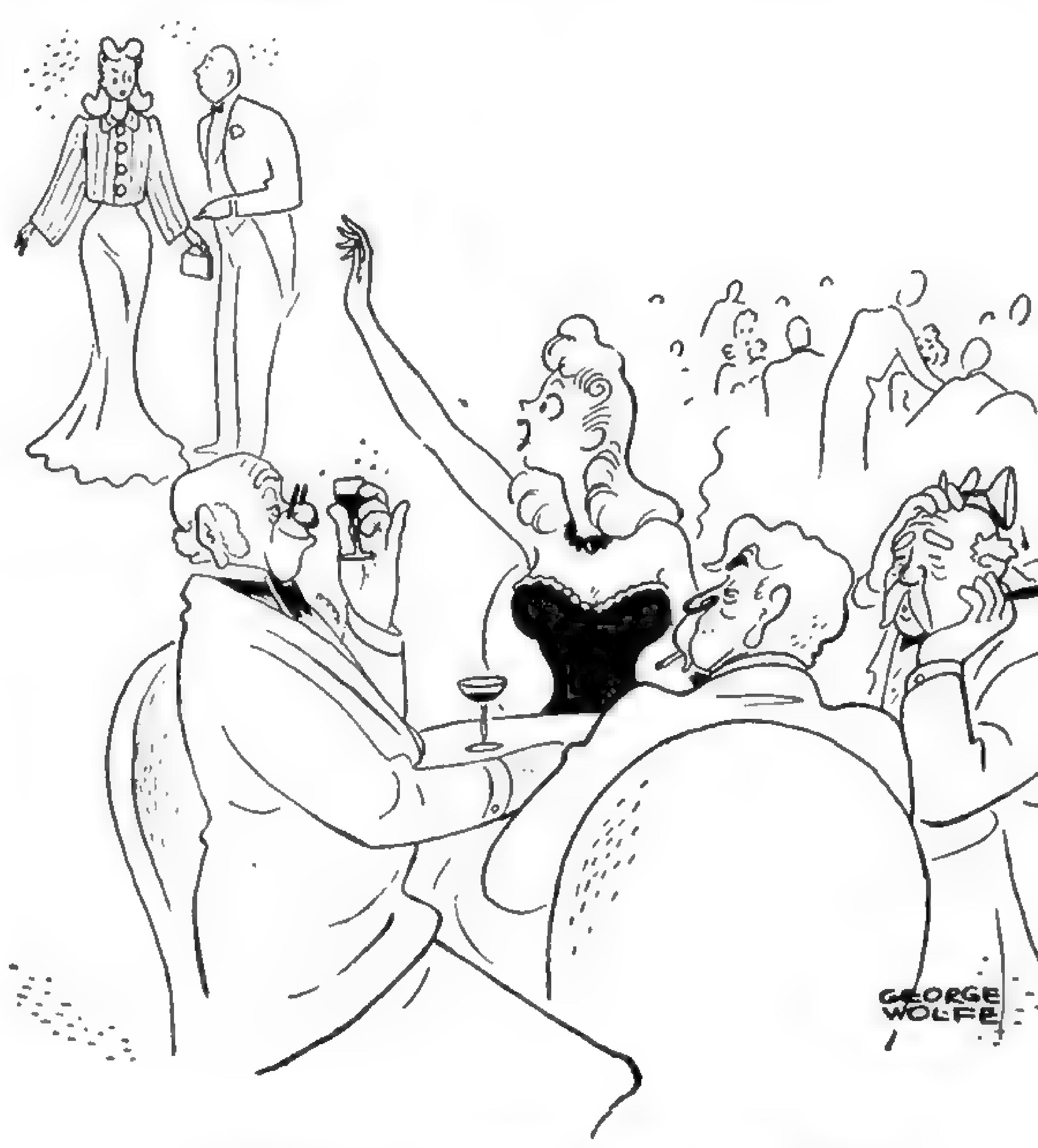
. . . AND FOR VICTORY —

Painting the Town with Esquire

FRIENDSHIPS have been the life hobby of Joe (The Markee) Madden—ex-pug, ex-gob—who presides at the bar in the trusty steak house bearing his name, 16 West 56th. Joe never went to college, being strictly an alumnus of the Mt. Loretto Home for homeless children, founded by the late Father Drumgoole on Staten Island. But the college world, especially Yale, Princeton, and Harvard, has been his in a big way ever since he opened his first "chateau" on West 51st Street and unleashed his vivid vocabulary which never came out of books but has gone into three of them—*What'll You Have Boys?* by Joe Madden; *The Back Room* by Joe Madden; *Set 'Em Up* by Joe Madden—each tome pithy with philosophy that packs a punch on your kisser. Ring-the-belles lettres crop up, too, on his menu in the form of a sort of magna carta, among the provisions of which are: "If you are sick we will help you, but if you are stewed scram the hell outa here," "We ain't awed by important people, we don't care who you are, so don't get doggie," "That's right Padner we don't like to hear about the traveling salesman them jokes stink." Cookery is Afro-American with chefs Dan Johnson and Bill Felder functioning in full view in the tiled department at the rump end of the room. Opening time is 2:30 P.M.; closing time occurs whenever Joe and his coterie of football coaches, sports writers, college professors, and bang-tail enthusiasts finish their fat-chewing session.

TAKE AN OLD brownstone house in a block off the beaten path, turn loose over its walls from ground floor to attic the fertile drollery and nostalgia of carefree artist Ludwig Bemelmans; talk a clique of congenial business barons into angeling the establishment; put in a well-chosen cellar; a gifted Viennese chef, a first-class Continental major-domo, and a white-whiskered, green uniformed old doorman who looks like a reincarnation of the Emperor Franz Josef in hunting mood. Result: that unique hobby maison the Hapsburg House, 313 East 55th.

THE AMERICAN THEATRE Wing Stage Door Canteen for Service Men, installed in the basement of the 44th Street Theatre will be remembered by old-timers as the habitat of Justine Johnstone's Little Club, scene of the celebrated activities of Wilbur C. Sweatman's Dixieland Jazz Band. Wilbur would be goggle-eyed to see it now, staffed by top stage and screen stars patriotically doing the chores to feed and cheer the boys in uniform. Everything free gratis, including $100,000 worth of talent to watch and dance with.



"Yoo, hoo—here I am—over here in the Petrified Forest!"

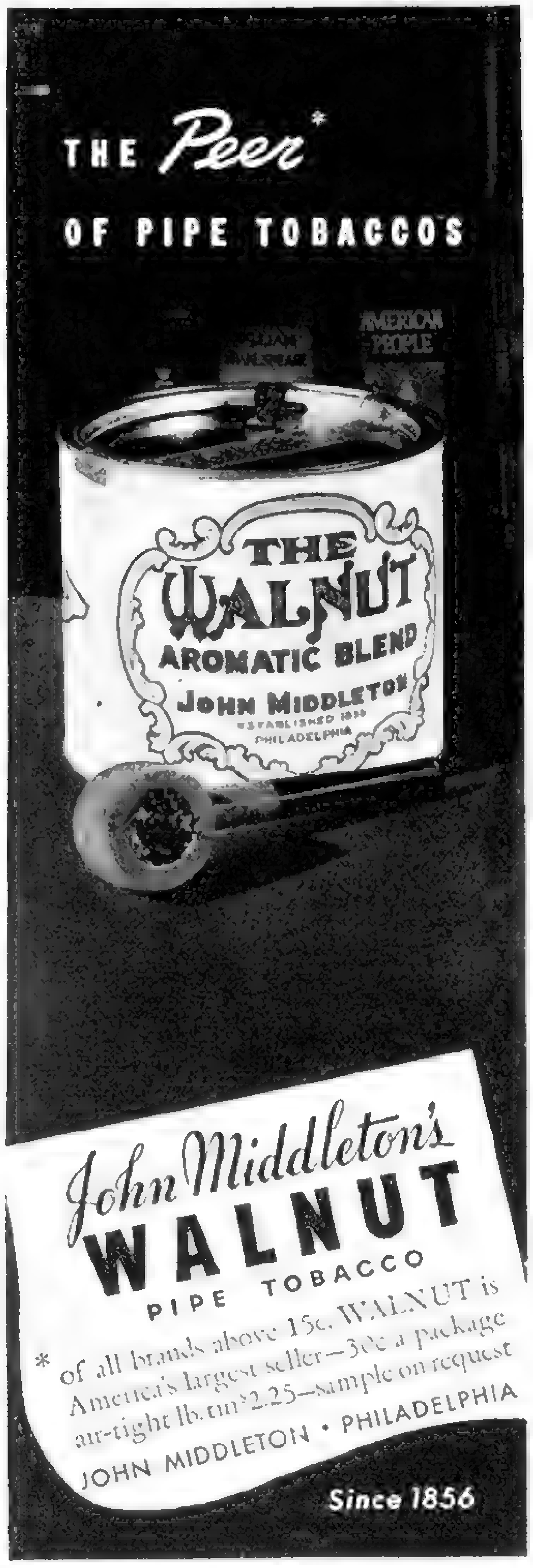
Make way for an expert!

(He mixes *his* drinks with DARK JAMAICA RUM)

Your Rum Cocktails, Rum Collins and Planters' Punches will always be in demand—if you make them with Myers's, the *dark* Jamaica Rum. For that extra wealth of flavour

The Rum Must be
MYERS'S
"Planters' Punch" Brand
100% Fine Mellow Jamaica 97 Proof

Write for new free recipe booklet to
R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc.
Agents in the U. S. A.
Dept. F-6, 57 Laight Street
New York


THE *Peer** OF PIPE TOBACCOS

John Middleton's
WALNUT
PIPE TOBACCO

* of all brands above 15c. WALNUT is America's largest seller—30c a package air-tight lb. tin $2.25—sample on request

JOHN MIDDLETON • PHILADELPHIA

Since 1856

PRIORITY ON ENERGY

Save Time and Effort When You Come to New York

Make Your Home at the SAVOY-PLAZA

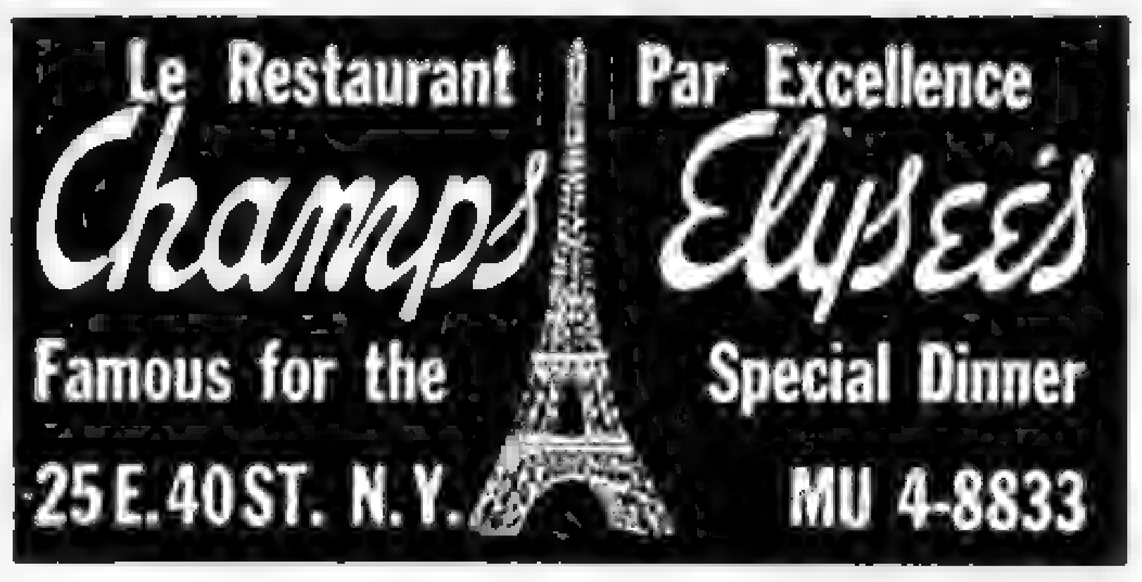
Walk to Business, Shops, Theatres

Overlooking Central Park, the Savoy-Plaza offers its patrons immediate contact with all attractions of the metropolis, now the fashion, amusement, cultural and business center of the world. Friendly welcome pervades the Savoy-Plaza. It cannot be described or defined but you will feel it the moment you enter the lobby. Reasonable rates in keeping with the times.

CAFE LOUNGE AND SNACK BAR
Luncheon, Cocktail Hour, Dinner & Supper
HILDEGARDE
BOB GRANT and his Orchestra
Harold Cooke and his Cafe Loungers

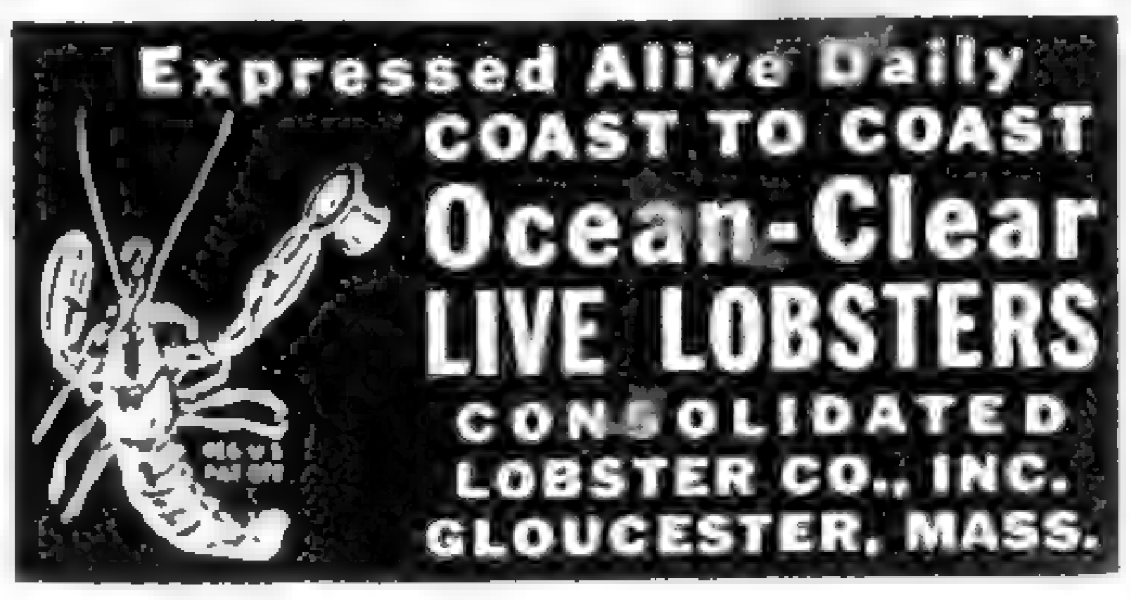
SAVOY-PLAZA
FIFTH AVENUE • 58TH TO 59TH STS.
NEW YORK

EDDIE DAVIS
N. Y's No 1 CAFE STAR
LEON & EDDIE'S
33 W 52 NEW YORK CITY


Le Restaurant Par Excellence
Champs Elysées
Famous for the Special Dinner
25 E. 40 ST. N. Y. MU 4-8833

RENAULT
AMERICAN *Champagne*
Sparkling Wines
Still Wines
Vermouths

L. N. RENAULT & SONS, INC.
EGG HARBOR CITY, N. J.
Since 1870


Expressed Alive Daily
COAST TO COAST
Ocean-Clear LIVE LOBSTERS
CONSOLIDATED LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

KEEP FATHER YOUNG WITH COLOR!

McGREGOR

Spectrumized Sportswear

SCIENTIFICALLY COLOR-BLENDED

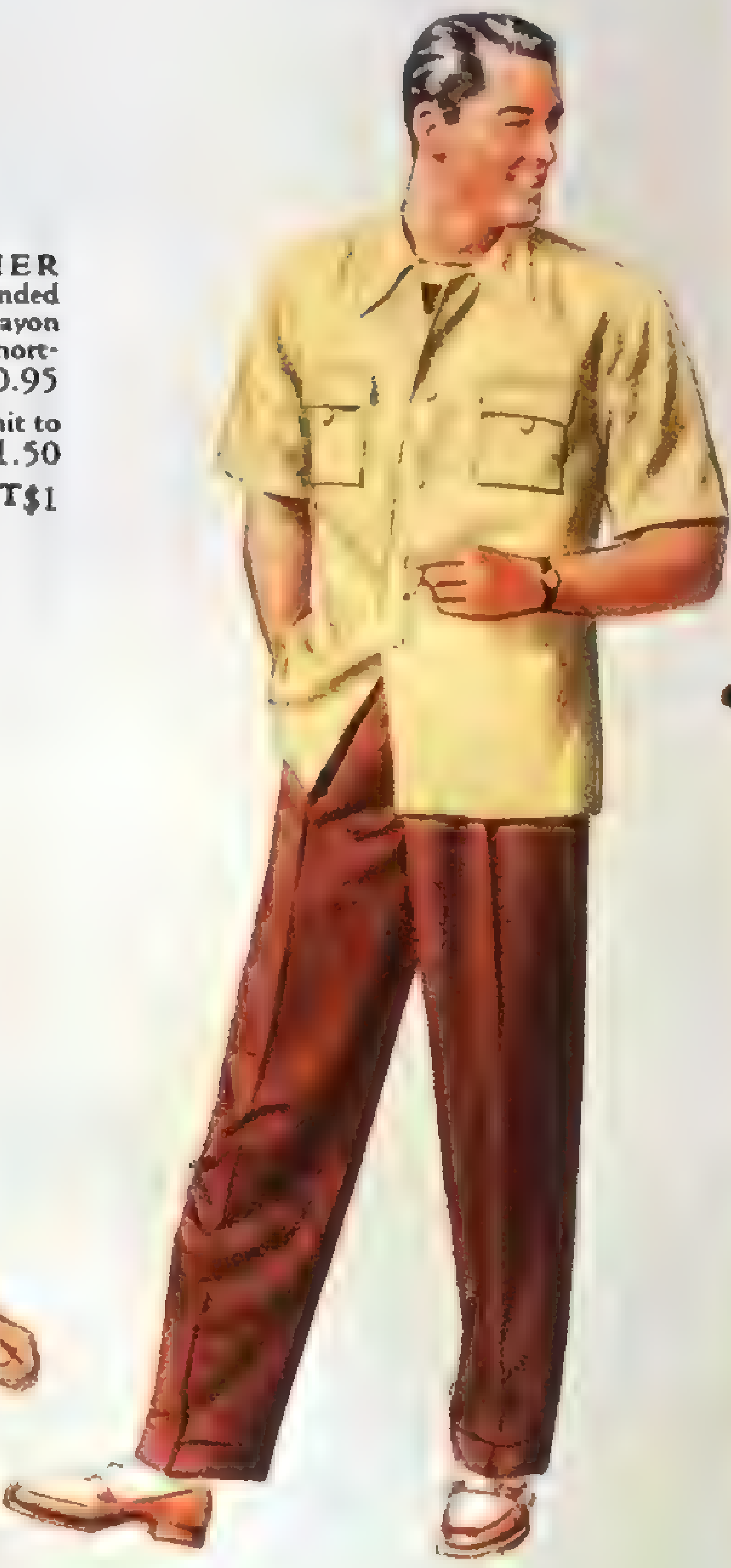
All colors go together always because all the colors are keyed in the same color-spectrum or wave length.

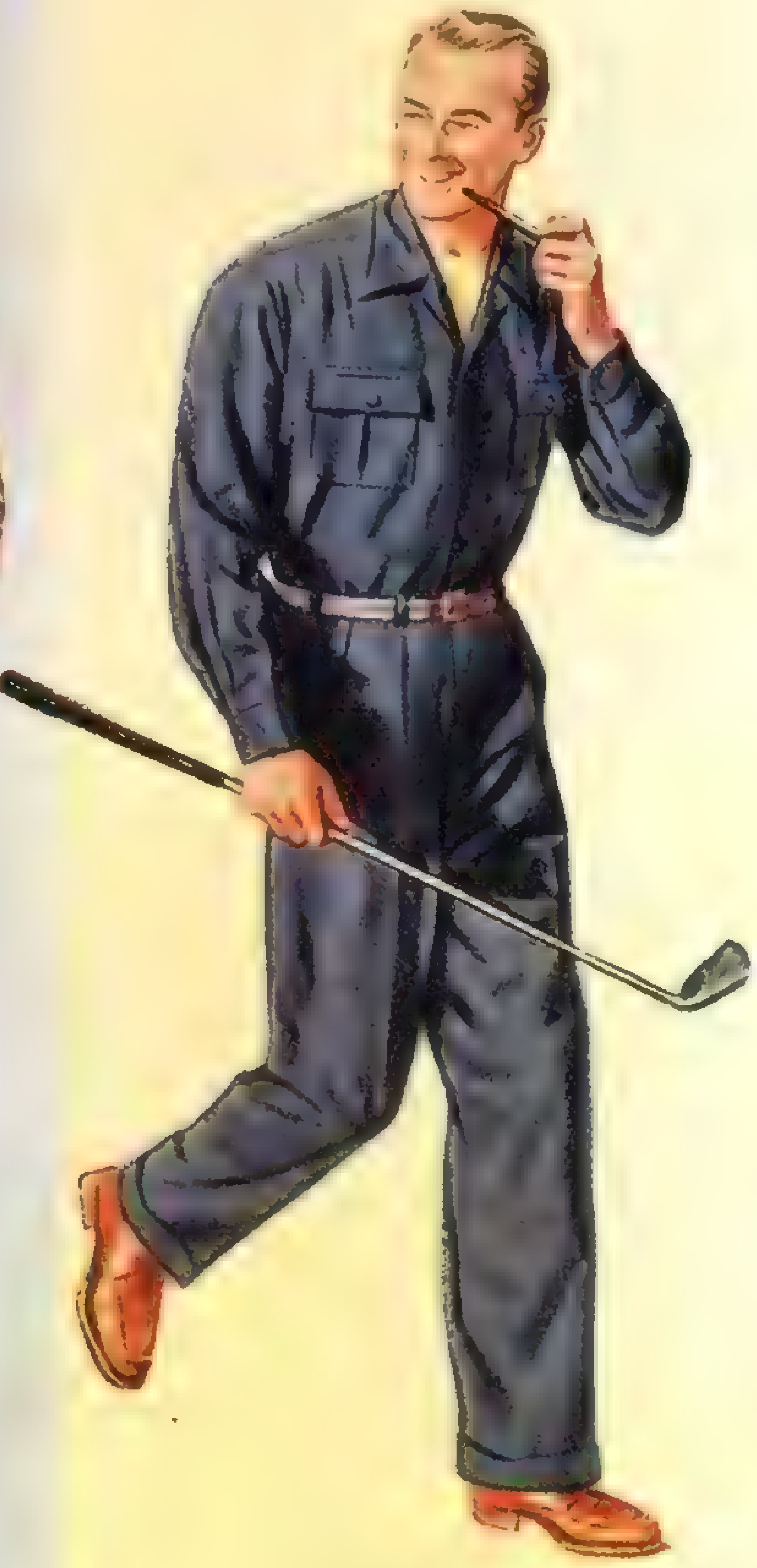
IS HE A *Lion?*

Does he like his colors *bolder?* This is a question of individual preference, not of age!

IS HE A *Lamb?*

Does he like his colors *softer?* Let his tastes guide you—not the number of his birthdays!





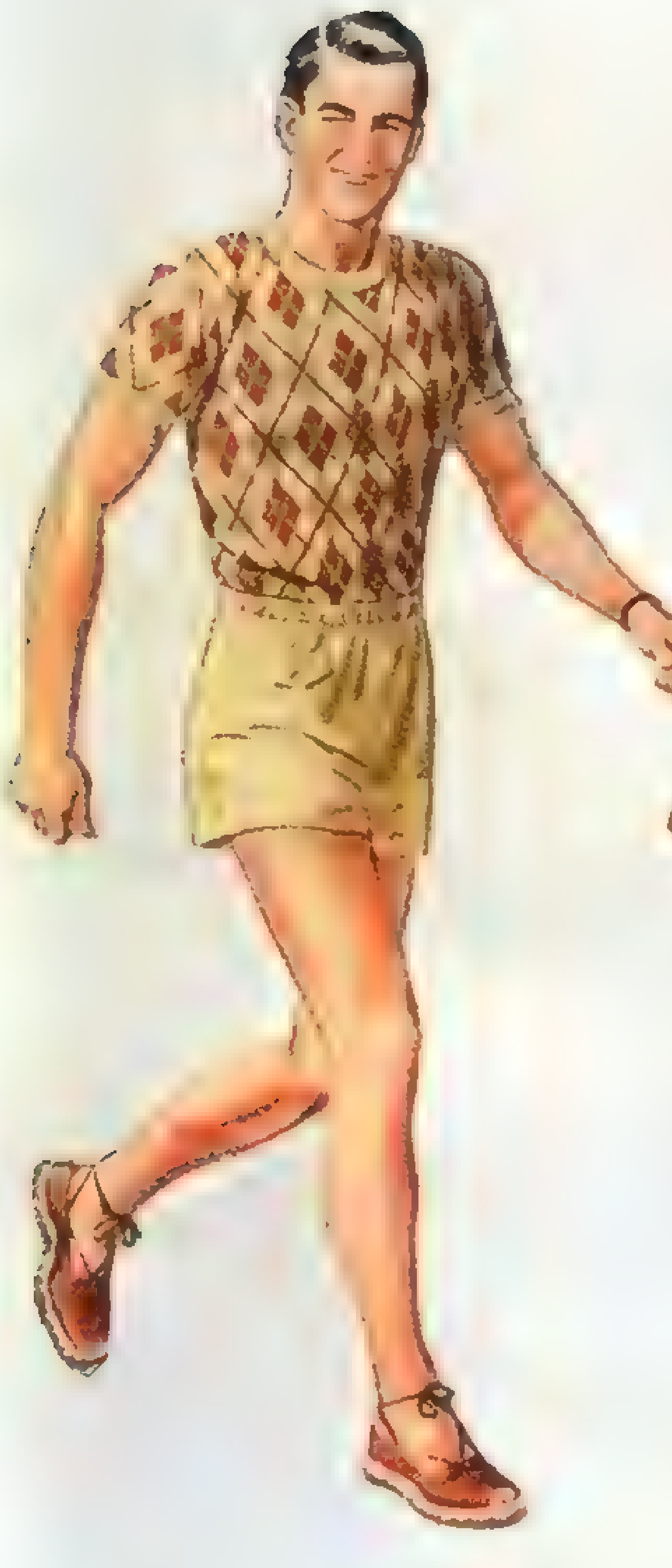
RANGO GO-TOGETHER SUIT . . . (*right*) Spectrum-blended shirt and golf slacks of bengaline rayon poplin—that holds its crease. Short-sleeve set $10. Long-sleeve set $10.95

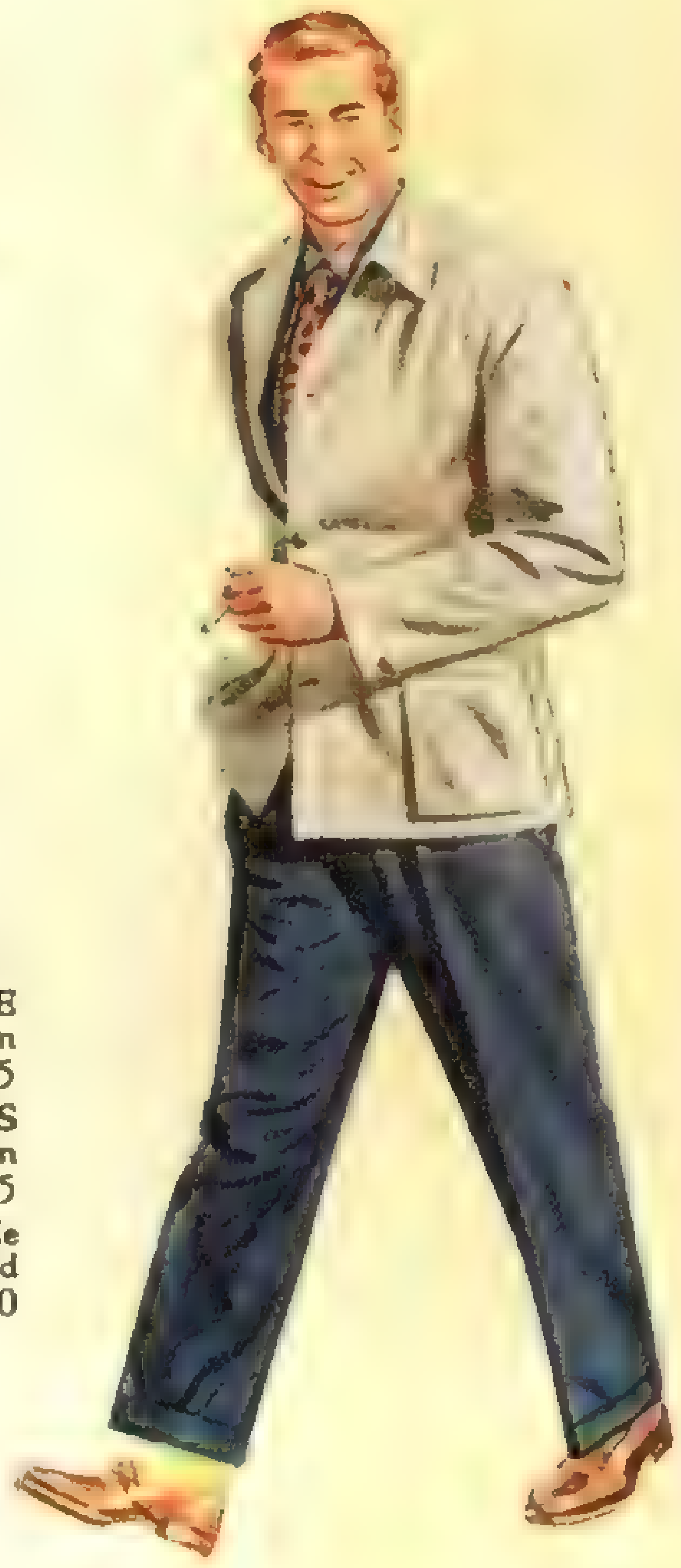
BEACHCOMBER SHIRT knit to match in spectrum colors................$1.50

MATCHING SPECTRUM BELT $1

SANDOR TECA GABARDINE SUIT . . . (*left*) Ideal for country-club-bing because this new McGregor fabric is guaranteed against fading, shrinking, and excessive crushing. Short-sleeve set........$10. Long-sleeve set.......$10.95

McRIPPLE cool terry Shirt shown under blue ensemble........................$1.50





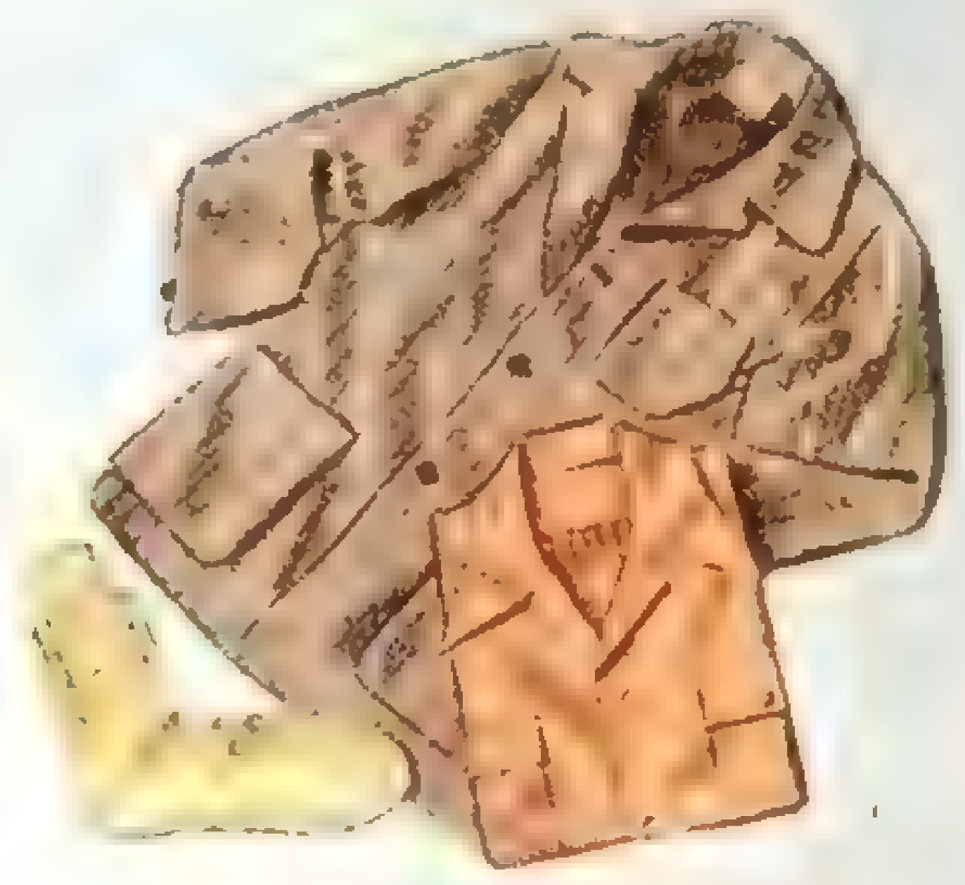
TAHITI BEACH SUIT . . . (*left*) Tahiti Boxer model swim short with built-in support. For "that athletic look." In spectrum colors...........$3.50

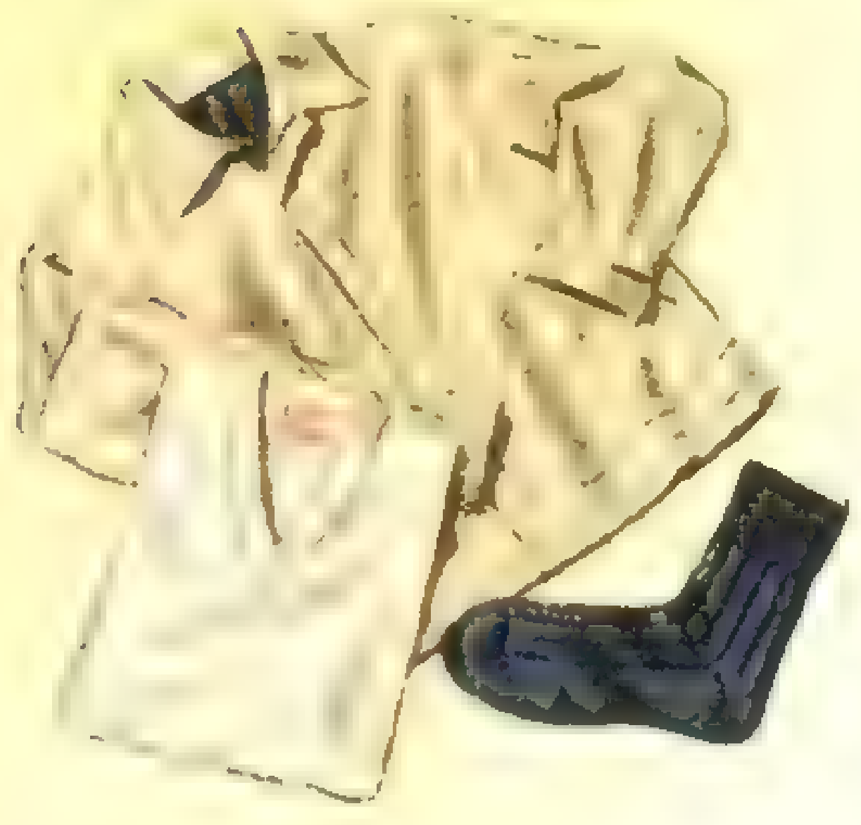
TAHITI ARGYLE SHIRT knitted to blend with the shorts $2.50

EVERGLADES LEISURE COAT . . . (*right*) Drape model in all-season gabardine....................$10.95

EVERGLADES GOLF SLACKS in the free-motion English model. In gabardine..$8.95

FEATHER-GAB shirt of washable rayon gabardine, with new Town and Country Collar...............................$3.50





STATION WAGON JACKET . . (*right*) of specially woven herringbone Tweed in spectrum-blended colors $13.95

CELTIC CLOTH SPORT SHIRT of cool acetate rayon in colors below. Short-sleeve....$3. Long-sleeve....$3.50

CABLE SLAC-SOX to match, 65¢

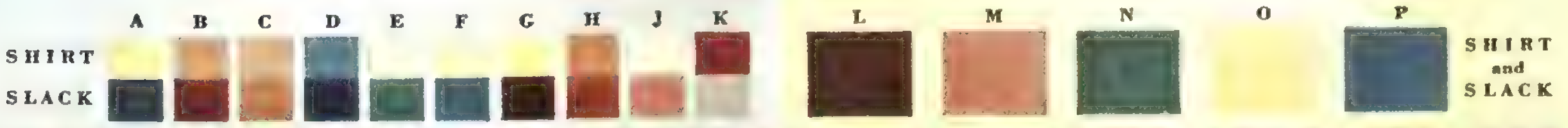
FREEDOM-JAC . . . (*left*) of new Hydro cloth — absolutely waterproof without using rubber. Free-action laton shoulders for comfort.......................$8.50

SPECTRUM ICELANDER SLEEVELESS Summer weight. $5

ZEPHYR WOOL SLAC-SOX. $1

Ten Master Blend Spectrum Combinations

Five Spectrum Monotone Shades



At better stores or send check to **DAVID D. DONIGER & CO., INC. • 303 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK**

McGREGOR

He guards his travel funds, too!

He carries

BANK *of* AMERICA TRAVELERS CHEQUES

Sold by banks and travel agents everywhere.

Backed by the resources of a two billion dollar bank

Issued by Bank of America National Trust and Savings Association, CALIFORNIA
MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION
London, England, Branch: 12 Nicholas Lane, London, E.C.4.

"Where the Best Continental Cuisine is served most reasonably!"

CAVIAR RESTAURANT
18 EAST 49th ST.
New York

VACATION on TOP of the NATION

Enjoy a
COLORADO
DUDE RANCH

All the thrills and glamour of the Old West in one convenient

Vacation Package

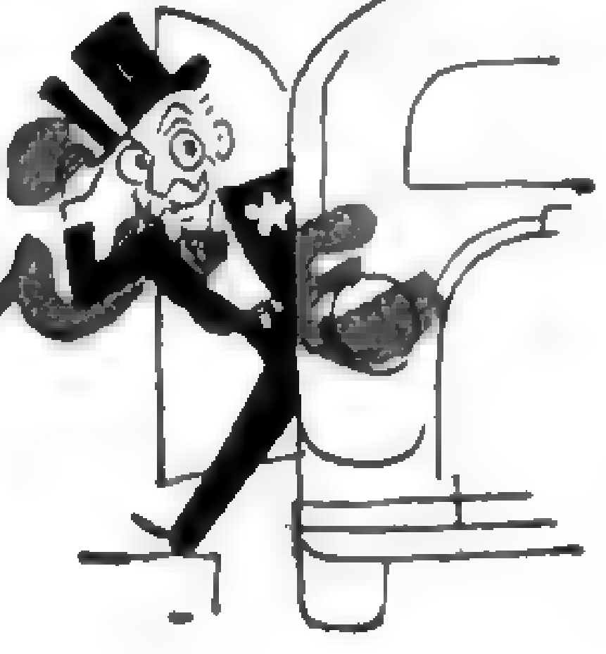
- 51 Peaks over 14,000 ft.
- National Parks, Monuments, Wilderness areas
- Cliff Dwellings, Ghost Towns, Mining Camps
- Medicinal Hot Springs
- Snow-fed Trout Streams Glacier-born Lakes
- Rodeos, Cowboys Indians

Convenient train, bus, air schedules everywhere

CLIP AND MAIL
COLORADO HOSPITALITY COMMITTEE
360 State Capitol, Denver, Colo.
Send information on subjects checked;
☐ Dude Ranches
☐ Illustrated Booklet
☐ General Information
☐ Boys' and Girls' Camps
☐ Highway Map
☐ Hunting and Fishing

*Name*__________
*Address*__________

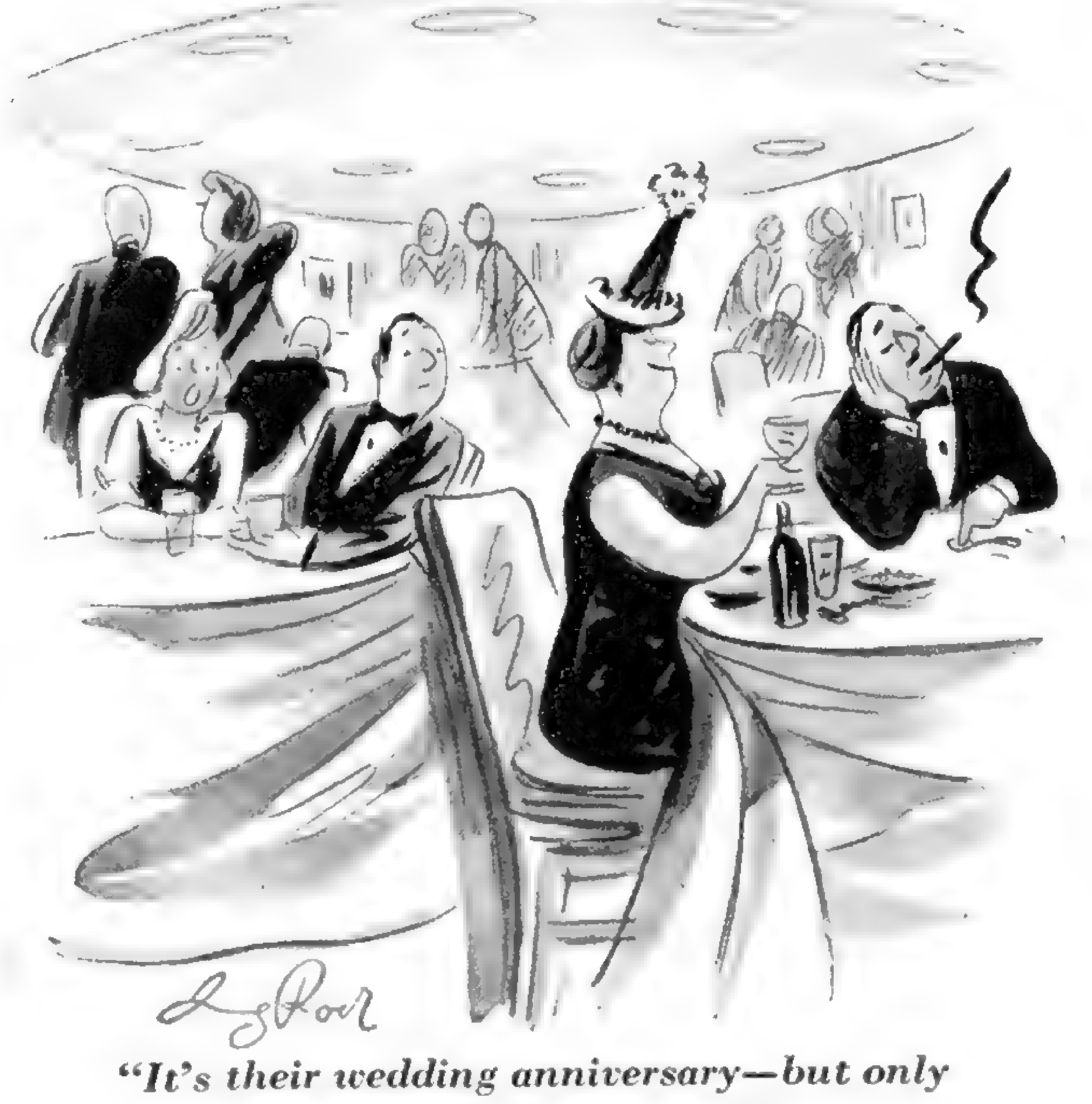
Going Places with Esquire



SOME OF THE ODDITIES encountered on the wining and dining map: World's largest hand-woven rug, big enough to blanket a couple of tennis courts—serving as impressive sward in the Waldorf-Astoria's central lounge . . . The Rainbow Room (plus its Siamese sister, the Rainbow Grill), pleasuregoer's Pike's Peak of the metropolis . . . The realistic Whaler Bar (Midston House, Madison Ave. at 36th) where nautical enthusiasts go down to the sea in sips . . . Hotel Lexington's Hawaiian Room, first to bring the tropics to New York . . . Town's oldest restaurant, opened 1800 and proudly retaining its primitiveness, Ye Olde Chop House, down at 118 Cedar Street.

FIRST HOTEL in America to break out a sensational innovation called a Roof Garden—the Astor, now more than ever the berries under Bob Christenberry . . . Authentic 19th Century Parisian café-restaurant-hotel where you play chess or dominoes on marble-topped tables while having a go at your apéritif—the Lafayette, University Place at 9th . . . Hotel possessing largest indoor swimming pool in greater city—St. George, Brooklyn . . . Oldest ale house—McSorley's, 15 East 7th, which has never admitted a woman since it was opened in 1854, but by a quirk of history is now feminine-owned . . . Night establishment with schizophrenia—Café Society: operates both Downtown and Uptown . . . Noblest veal cutlets on earth—at grand and characterful old Lüchow's, a pilgrimage place unchanged since the days when 14th St. was Gotham's social, political, and gaiety center . . . Haunt which thrives on barbed insults to its paying customers—wacky Jack White's Club 18.

HOST WHO prides himself on being always out of date—Bill Hardy of Bill's Gay Nineties, 57 East 54 . . . Hotel where you burrow into the basement to come up into the mountains—the Gotham, with its Alpine Grill . . . Refection spot where you "eat autographs", i.e., sandwiches named for celebs of the theatre, the cinema, etc., whose favorite sustainers they are—Arnold Reuben's of East 58th St., on the fringe of Fifth Avenue . . . Corny and hilariously glad of it—the Village Barn, treasured food and game parlor beneath 52 West 8th . . . Dispensary that shakes and stirs the biggest flood of potables at evening train hopping time—Hotel Commodore Bar . . . Sublime Irish stewdio (not to mention those steaks and chops and those sea food!)—Cavanagh's, 258 West 23rd, happy holdover of the horse car era . . . Crookedest bar (but don't get me wrong, it's just the decorator's whimsy)—at the Baroque, 14 East 53rd . . . Jimmy Kelly's air-arrayed shelter.



"It's their wedding anniversary—but only she seems to celebrate it"

NEW OCEAN HOUSE

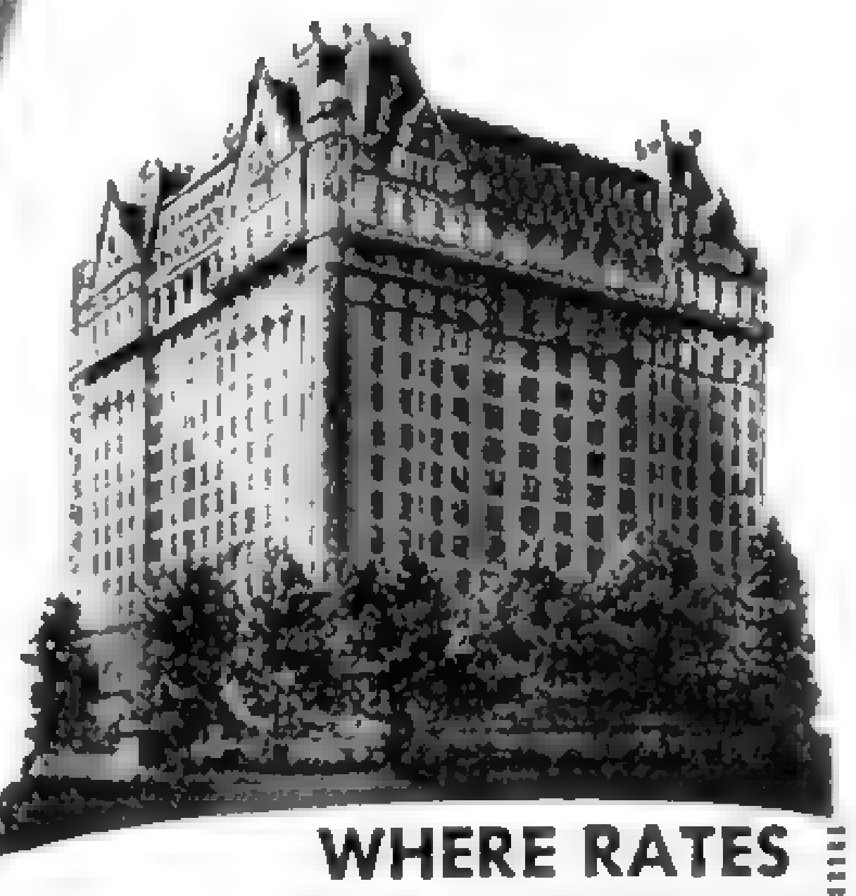
SWAMPSCOTT MASSACHUSETTS

Twelve miles from Boston, in picturesque Swampscott . . . Accessible to all historic points. Ideal seaside and country environment . . . Every recreational feature . . . Private protected beach . . Cuisine includes many sea food specialties . . . Booklet.

CLEMENT KENNEDY, *President*

DIVAN PARISIEN
Le Restaurant Par Excellence
CUISINE FRANCAISE
FAMOUS FOR CHICKEN DIVAN & SPECIAL SALAD
FINEST VINTAGE WINES and LIQUEURS
17 EAST 45th STREET • MU 2-9223

The **PLAZA**
FACING CENTRAL PARK
IN NEW YORK



WHERE RATES ARE MODERATE

It is not merely the location, facing Central Park, that draws travellers from every corner of the nation to the most scenic of New York City's important corners. At the Plaza, fine living is not expensive and the strategic location means economy of time as well . . . for the Plaza is near smart shops and theatres and the subway at its door offers quick transit to every part of the city.

HENRY A. ROST
President and Managing Director
THE PLAZA • FIFTH AVENUE AT 59th STREET • NEW YORK

Coming

MACARTHUR BY ARTHUR SZYK

DALI ON CAMOUFLAGE

CAN WE TAKE IT

CURRENT WAR WIT

THIS BUNTING IS NO BABY . . .

Even now, in mid-May, the August issue of Esquire is shaping up into the full stature and the far-flung glory of its All-American theme: Victory, Our Country, Patriotism. Even now, we can promise you that the red-white-and-blue that will wave through the August Esquire will be no baby's bunting, but that of a man . . . a man with a kind face and a white beard, a man who'll make the enemy say "Uncle!"

For every glorious feature of the Victory Esquire will put your heart-beat in tune with the overtones of Democracy.

We can't beat the drum too much for this August Esquire, for we believe it's an issue that every loyal American will treasure. In its all-out American pages you'll find everything from a never-before published statement by General Douglas MacArthur, to sensational revelations about camouflage by Dali, the great Impressionistic painter . . . everything from an article on current war wit to a special panoramic presentation of the Star-Spangled Banner. But every bright and shining page of the August Esquire will be dedicated to you—and to the millions beside you fighting for the right—

so whatever you do, don't miss the Victory issue of Esquire. Keep watching for it!

MACARTHUR ON SPORTS

BRIG. GEN. REILLY ON TANKS

IN THE AUGUST ISSUE

OF *Esquire*

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Walter Brooks

WALTER BROOKS' short stories have appeared in *Liberty*, *Collier's*, *The Atlantic Monthly* and these pages. He was born in Rome, New York, originally planned to study medicine, but somehow got snared into advertising, and later turned to writing. He has published a series of extremely popular children's books, including *Freddy the Detective*, *The Clockwork Twin*, *Wiggins for President* and *Freddy's Cousin Weedly*. A new one, *Freddy and the Ignoramus* is to be published this fall. He has also written a couple of books for adults: *New York, an Intimate Guide* and a novel called *Ernestine Takes Over*.

•

R. W. DALY, who contributed *Ambuscade in the Andes* (page 40), says: "I was born in Chicago twenty-four years ago. Becoming enamored with education, I find myself still engrossed with it, after receiving my Master of Arts degree in History from Loyola University; when I get a Ph.D., there'll be nothing left to do but teach. Writing did not become a serious avocation with me until, as a Boy Scout at summer camp, I discovered that money could be made by judicious selection of vocabulary. When my father died in 1936, I had to go to work, leaving Northwestern University, and for relaxation began writing fiction. A local newspaper syndicate took about eight serials from my typewriter, and enabled me to go to night school, while my salary from the Chicago *Tribune* helped maintain my home. Somehow, I developed an interest in naval history, particularly the golden age of sea fights, the years 1794-1805, and before I realized what my curiosity had done, a great amount of material had passed before my eyes and given me an idea for a sea story, which kept on growing until it reached the proportion of a novel. Macmillan's published it recently under the title of *Broadsides*. The year past I have been a non-teaching member on the faculty of Loyola University."

R. W. Daly

•

ROBERT YODER says: "The short and simple annals go like this: born in Gibson City, Ill., I went to work as a reporter in Decatur, Ill., when I was 16, and fresh out of high school. I was educated covering night police in Decatur, Illinois, later attending the University of Illinois and its College of Law. After working in the Chicago bureau of the Associated Press, for which I covered such stories as the 54-day trial of Samuel Insull, etc., etc., and traveled some 20,000 miles covering angles of the 1936 election, I came over to the Chicago *Daily News*, for which I have been first a rewrite man and now the slave of an editorial page column of unbridled personal opinion called *Sharps and Flats*. The title is none of my doing; it is an old *Daily News* title, going back to Eugene Field. I stand out among other *Daily News* men in that I am the author of no books. I will be 35 years old in August. I am married and the father of two beautiful children, and all I do, as the gal said in the story about the Salvation Army, is stand here and beat this goddam drum."

Robert Yoder

•

LIEUT. GEORGE STERN, R.N.V.R. is a lawyer by profession. He was graduated with honors from Liverpool University and became a partner in a well known firm at St. James's, London, S.W. Shortly after war broke out he volunteered for the Navy and has since served in a small escort vessel on convoy and anti-submarine duties. He also took part in the evacuation of the B.E.F. from France. Several years ago he took up short story writing. Some of the plots, he says, have been thought out while pacing the bridge during quiet spells. He was recently transferred to the Naval Intelligence.

•

The Captain Is a Card by NELSON ALGREN, page 50, is part of a novel called *Never Come Morning*, just published by Putnam's.

•

ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN (*The Place Where Good Sailors Go*, page 59) sums up the facts of his life in a sentence: "I learned what I know from knocking about the world; started out to become a civil servant, gave up the idea because I disliked the study involved, went to sea to escape and because all the family went sooner or later, and started writing because of a dislike of work." He was born in London and went to sea at fourteen. Wrecked twice before his eighteenth birthday, once in the Bay of Fundy by fire and once near Cape Race by fog and the sea, the latter time he lived in a hut made from the ship's timbers for five weeks until relief came. He has been "on the beach" in Liverpool, St. Johns, New Brunswick, and Winnipeg, worked his way across Canada coast to coast, beat it across the line into Washington and Oregon and slept in most of the jails between Blain and Portland, on the charge of vagrancy. He had a spell at railroading, farming, mining and stevedoring, and started writing at eighteen, a story based on an incident during his voyage as one of the crew of the *Berwick Castle* when that ship took the Sultan of Zanzibar prisoner of war to St. Helena. On his mother's side all the men were sailors—three generations of ship's carpenters. He served in the British Merchant Service during World War I and in the 53rd Manchesters, British Army. He became an American citizen in 1932.

•

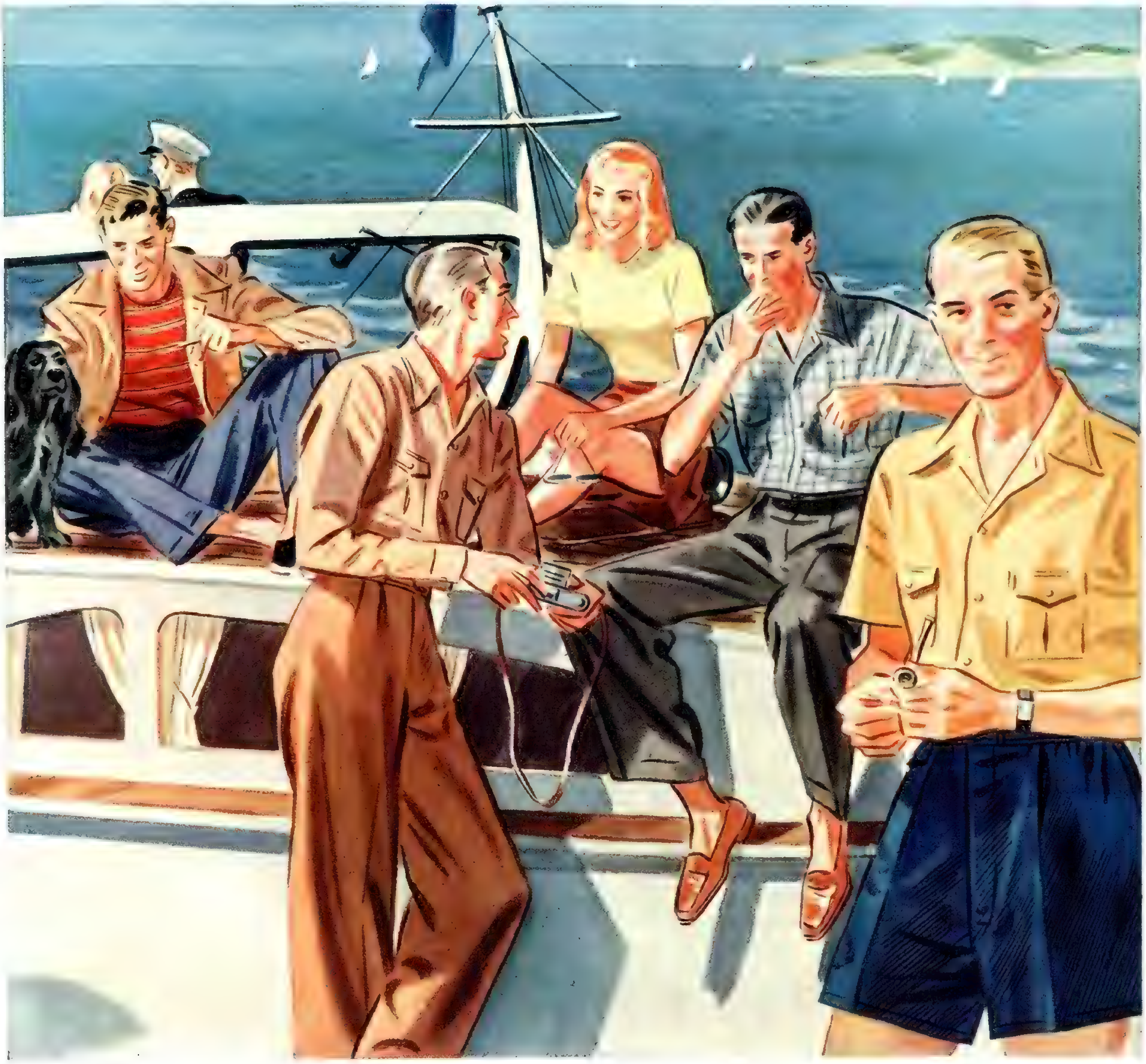
General Johnson Hagood

GENERAL JOHNSON HAGOOD was born in Orangeburg, New Jersey in 1873. He was a student at the University of South Carolina, and graduated from the U. S. Military Academy in 1896. His military service includes membership in the General Staff Corps in Washington, duty in the Philippines, various commands in coast defense and, in World War I, he was detailed as commander of the 7th regiment, 1st Expeditionary Brigade, was on duty in battlefield near Soissons; organized and commanded the advance sector Line of Communications in the A.E.F.; after the Armistice he served in the army of occupation, and before retirement in 1926, served at Camp Eustis, Virginia, Camp Stotsenburg, P. I., and Fort Totten, New York. He has contributed articles to *The Saturday Evening Post* and to professional papers.

•

GORDON MACQUARRIE says: "After finishing a course at the University of Wisconsin, I returned to Superior, my home town, and was for ten years managing editor of the *Telegram*, published there. In 1936 I came to the Milwaukee *Journal* as Outdoor Editor. I think there is more to hunting and fishing than counting bag limits; I think hardly any non-participant realizes this. I find outdoor men astounding human creatures, very much of the earth, with a willingness to help out that surprises city slickers like us every time we encounter it. I think it is a shame the way boys are growing into men without knowing a home which had a woodshed in one corner of the back yard, a rabbit hutch near it and dog house in the sheltered corner where dwells a shaggy spaniel named Pete, who is ever ready, willing and able."

Gordon MacQuarrie



TIME OUT FOR A BREATHER!

Your leisure hours are twice as important this summer. You'll feel better, work better, for the change of pace—and the change of clothes that goes with it. Particularly if you let Manhattan and Mansco Sportswear add to your fun in the sun! For here's a *man's* sportswear, styled with forthright, simple smartness that belongs to today. It's sensibly cut for roomy comfort, sturdy and well-tailored . . . it helps you make the most out of every precious play-hour! Illustrated are a few suggestions from the many styles available at better stores.

Manhattan sport shirts . . . Plain effects or quiet plaids, soft lightweight fabrics of washable cotton and rayon or fine rayon and wool gabardine.

Manhattan ensembles . . . Sports shirts with matched or harmonizing slacks.

Manhattan sport jackets . . . 100% virgin wool, roomy construction with deep practical pockets, solid colors and neutral plaids.

Mansco sport shirts and sweaters . . . Crew-neck sport shirts in cool cotton and lisle, plain colors or dashing stripe blends. The sweaters are 100% virgin wool, pullover or coat models.

Mansco swim trunks . . . Gabardine and poplin weaves, solid colors high-lighted by contrasting side-piping, self-belt.

Manhattan AND *Mansco* SPORTSWEAR

Bought a bag of tricks mister?

WHEN YOU BUY A SUIT TODAY, be sure that you're not *holding* the bag! For due to current market conditions you may find you've bought a bag of tricks resulting from bad workmanship and inferior materials that won't wear or hold their shape.

BE PARTICULARLY WARY when you select that *summer suit* you're planning on buying this year . . . for summer suits are apt to have the slickest tricks of all up their sleeves.

It's easy to avoid being tricked these days, however, by simply looking for a label you recognize in the suit you ultimately decide upon . . . *the* label you *know* you can *trust.*

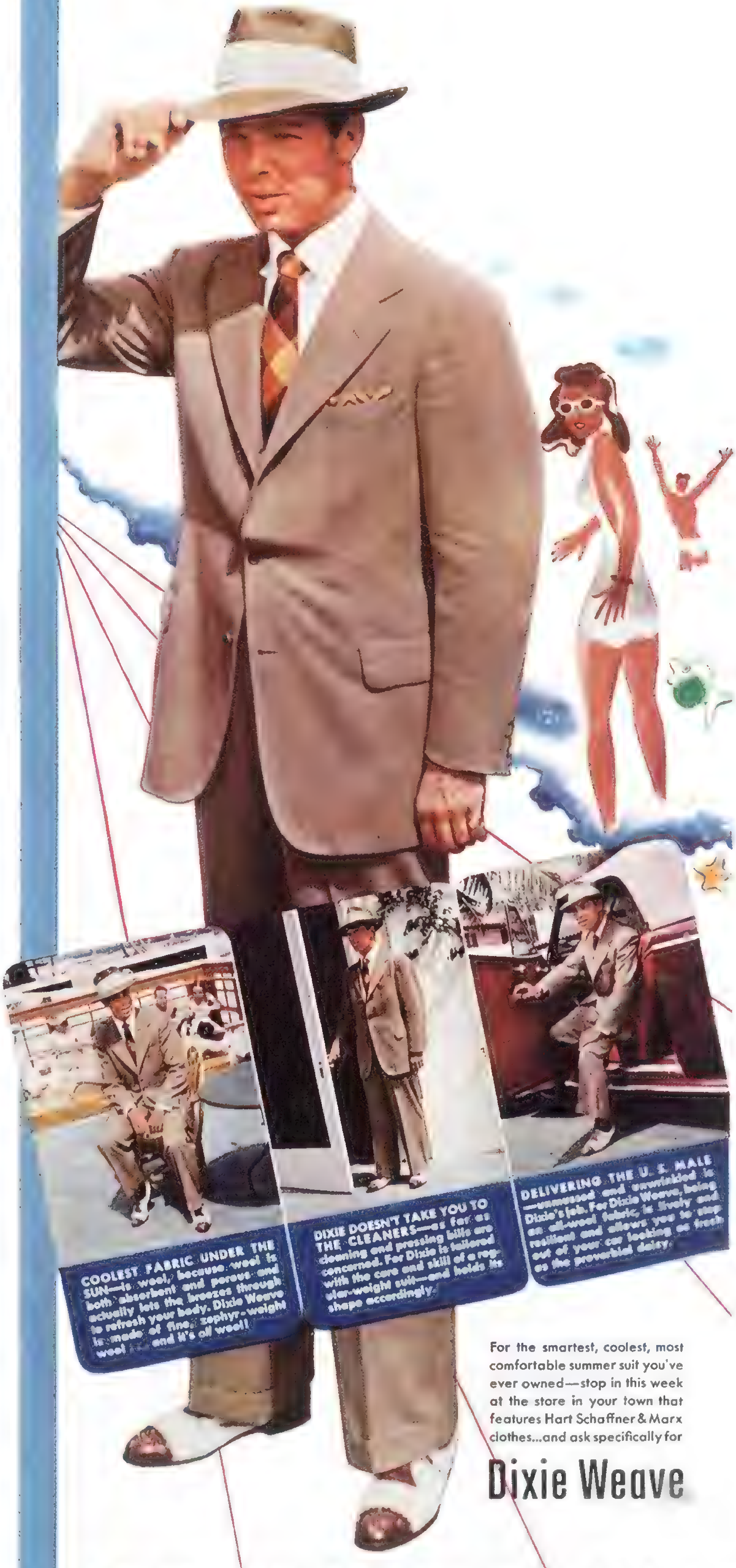
WHEN YOU SEE THE TRUMPETER LABEL you can be sure you're on the safe side.

It's in the Dixie Weave shown at the right . . . and Dixie is a fine quality summer suit that's made to keep you cool as a julep, but *crisply* cool! Like all Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes, it holds its shape because, like all Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes, it is all wool.

IT'S MADE BY CRAFTSMEN who don't think that the hand should be quicker than the eye. It's got style. It's got comfort. It's got what it takes to give you long wear and a well-pressed appearance all of the time.

And its price tag, although up a bit this year (because we won't compromise our quality) makes mighty pleasant summer reading!

NOW MORE THAN EVER
A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR
BUT A BIG THING TO FIND


COOLEST FABRIC UNDER THE SUN—is wool, because wool is both absorbent and porous and actually lets the breezes through to refresh your body. Dixie Weave is made of fine, zephyr-weight wool . . . and it's all wool!
DIXIE DOESN'T TAKE YOU TO THE CLEANERS—as far as cleaning and pressing bills are concerned. For Dixie is tailored with the care and skill of a regular-weight suit—and holds its shape accordingly.
DELIVERING THE U. S. MALE—unmussed and unwrinkled is Dixie's job. For Dixie Weave, being an all-wool fabric, is lively and resilient and allows you to step out of your car looking as fresh as the proverbial daisy.

For the smartest, coolest, most comfortable summer suit you've ever owned—stop in this week at the store in your town that features Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes...and ask specifically for

Dixie Weave

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

Adjusting Your Nerves to War

Psychiatrists assure us the average peace-loving man is capable of great bravery even when he's scared silly

by ROBERT M. YODER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

"I'VE just been down to see my draft board," runs a gag used by one of the night club comedians, "and they put me in A-7."

"I never heard of Class A-7," says his straight man. "There isn't any Class A-7."

"Sure there is," says the comic, happily. "That's for cowards."

A good many candid and reflective men would consign themselves to Class A-7 these days. The comedian's quip reflects a question thousands wonder about, the question of "How will I stand up in war?" They feel neither very bloodthirsty nor very heroic. Certainly they don't feel cut out for deeds of derring-do and feats of reckless gallantry. While they are not afraid of the dark, neither do they regard themselves as nature's own candidate for the mantle of Sgt. York. Never under fire, never bombed, they wonder how they will conduct themselves under the slightly sensational circumstances of total war.

A panel of experts, polled on this subject, returns a surprising verdict. They have a high opinion of your nerve. They give you an excellent chance of being a credit to yourself and your country under the most strenuous circumstances war can bring. They think you have a wide streak of bravery down your back.

To many quiet and amiable persons, this is bound to sound as implausible as if you told them they were in line for sainthood. It will sound doubly implausible to those already suffering from a bad case of war nerves. Far from feeling brave, they feel as if they were in danger of coming unstuck like a paper suitcase in a rainstorm.

The fact that you are on edge, however, seems to be no reflection on your character. Neither does it imply any superior sensitivity. As it is explained by one of the country's leading endocrinologists, "war nerves," which he would prefer to call "war stomach," is likely to be pretty general. It is limited only to mammals with (a) a stomach and (b) a war.

The causes are all too obvious. Thousands of men and women have sons in service. Others are bedeviled by high prices, high taxes, shortages, and the prospect of learning strange new ways of life in the upheaval incident to turning a nation of salesmen into a nation of soldiers. Here are a hundred reasons for worry. And as one psychologist puts it, it would be as absurd to tell people not to worry, under the present circumstances, as it would be to tell parachute troopers to avoid excitement. Nor is worry all a state of mind; it is also a state of body. Listen when "war nerves" are discussed by a good endocrinologist, familiar with the antics of the glands, and you will get the impression that worry makes more changes in the body than the Mayo's could achieve in a month of surgery.

"The classic illustration of what happens in times of great emotional stress," says one doctor in this field, "is the laboratory cat. They make a hole in the cat's belly. The wound heals nicely, but leaves a window, through which they can watch the cat's stomach in operation. They feed her a good meal. She lies down and purrs. The digestive process goes on full swing. Then they bring a dog around. There is a wire netting, and the dog can't reach the cat, but he barks, anyway. The cat is in no actual danger. But when the dog barks, the cat's stomach stops work at once. It quits cold.

"Emotion puts the body on the alert, prepared to fight or run away. There is an increased output of adrenalin. The blood shifts away from the skin, into the deeper parts of the body—so it won't all leak out, if you are wounded. There is more sugar in the blood, the expectation being that the emergency will call for great exertion and a great outlay of energy.

"Meanwhile, the sympathetic phase of the autonomic nervous system, which is running the show, calls a halt to the functions that can wait. Digestion is one of them. Digestion is postponed until the situation grows less menacing.

"It doesn't require an immediate present danger, such as an air-raid, to bring these activities about. Worry and fright will do it. We saw thousands of examples of this during the crash of 1929. Hundreds of men grew sick at their stomach. In others, it produced diarrhea or frequent vomiting. Others were kept so busy by their kidneys it amounted almost to a full-time job.

"Right now, if you examined a thousand citizens selected at random, you would find that their blood pressure is up a little, their pulse a little higher, and their digestion not so good.

"These changes that come about in response to danger are not yours to command. They are brought about by the same nervous system that raises goosepimples and makes the pupil of the eye expand when you enter a dark room. This is the nervous system that controls the functions of which we usually are not conscious—perspiring, breathing, the action of the heart, and so on."

That seems to suggest that a certain amount of "war nerves" is inevitable. Studied closely, however, the endocrinologist's little travelogue contains one note of cheer. Apparently instead of saying you are on edge, you may properly refer to yourself as being on the alert. Same trouble, but a much nicer way of looking at it.

It may further encourage you, in an eerie sort of way, to hear of still another bit of magic wrought by this busybody nervous system. As part of this internal M-Day, there is a reduction in the clotting time of the blood. That makes it less likely that, if

Continued on page 100

"Call up the boss, honey, and tell him I'm sick—I don't feel like going to work this morning"

"Mistera" Goes South

Long ere Good Will tours among Latins were thought of, U. S. gals were doing their neighborly bit

ANONYMOUS

▪ARTICLE▪

℞

THEY embarked like Venetian merchants for the lands of the East, with something to give, a long list of what they wanted to bring back, and no intention in the world of making an even trade.

Who, you ask. "Mistera"—North American girls—"Mistera" because that's the Latin way of making a female out of "Mister." The girls who were playing Good Neighbors long before Roosevelt made it a Policy. In Rio, Santiago, Panama and Caracas, North American girls have been undermining hemisphere solidarity faster than you can find the time to say "Nelson Rockefeller."

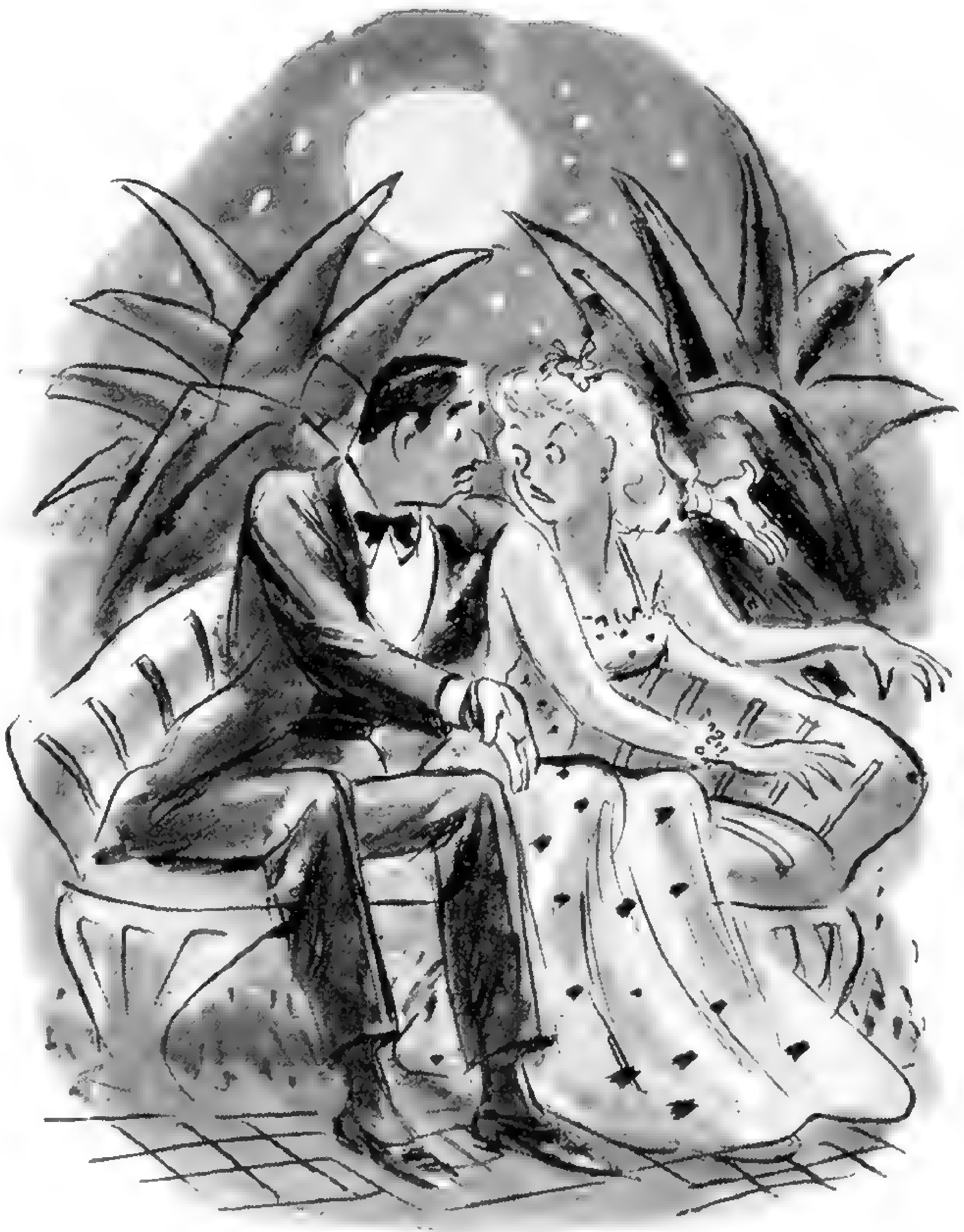
True, every American embassy and consulate in Latin America delivered Uncle Sam's billet doux to the Latins. The Nelson Rockefeller committee sent 350 Good Will Ambassadors (actors, professors, economists, students) in 1941, all of them midwives to the Good Neighbor Policy. And whatever the boys on the spot forgot to deliver, Sumner Welles and a picked crew of twenty-eight rushed to the Rio conference last January to push across the board. Thus Uncle Sam—in lock step with the Export-Import Bank—knocked on Latin America's door, and entered, bearing gifts.

Don't kid yourself. The Nelson Rockefeller Committee may have sent 350 men to Latin America in one year, but there isn't a steamship company in the business that didn't drop five times that number of American girls on Latin America's doorstep. While a pair of striped trousers were promoting U. S.-Mexican relations at the presidential palace, a couple of hundred American girls were loose in Mexico City, drumming up some Latin-American relations on their own. Officials met other officials, equally practiced and sanguine. Around the corner, Yankee females were doing a little unofficial work on the Latins themselves.

Girls who saved five dollars a week for 50 working weeks and bought an all-expense tour around the Caribbean. Girls with money whose plush-lined trips to Europe had been kicked into limbo by the hob-nailed boots of the German army. School teachers—but they made no more impression on Latin America than a powder puff on wet sand. Finally, the handful of girls working in Latin America. (Colombia's best newspaper, *El Tiempo* in Bogota, hired a twenty-two-year-old Wellesley graduate as cub reporter. Brown curly hair, big brown eyes.) None of them knew much about the Good Neighbor Policy, but a sombrero-full about the Good Neighbors.

Imperialism, Big Stick Policy, vested interests notwithstanding, the real Colossus of the North was the North American girl. And what a whale of a portfolio she carried!

Her suitcase swelled with moderately-priced cotton dresses in corn yellow, or red and white candy-stripe, or pale blue. She traveled with sweet-smelling sun oil, Max Factor's pancake, eyebrow tweezers, elasticized beach sandals. She had a new permanent, an open mind, and an all-out imagination. In the daytime she wore spectator pumps and shirtwaist dresses buttoned down the front, at night a cotton evening dress in a flowered print as large as the stain on a tablecloth when you knock over an Old Fashioned. She was not beautiful, but she had learned to be pretty.



She was just an average North American girl from down the street, but to the Latins, she was a pistol. She was too tall, too self-confident, talked too much, flirted too much, asked to see everything but didn't look at it when she got there. She treated a six weeks' trip to Latin America as if it were a long Yale-Harvard week end—in Spanish. It was summer when she left Long Island so she wore white shoes and a yellow coat in capitals where the women haven't been out of black since a white man made a brown man fill up a room with gold. Her long slim legs and flying light-brown hair were phenomena. Her sense of humor was masculine. God, she was colossal.

I ought to know—I was there. You can pick me out of that long procession of Latin-bound girls because I'm the one whose bruises are just turning from the blue-black of shock to the chartreuse and yellow of remorse. The scars on my ego are fresh and pink—I found out what the Latin male thinks of the North American female.

I'm no expert on men, and mentally, spiritually and physically I tote standard equipment. But compared with other American girls traveling below the Rio Grande I wandered farther afield, blundered more, and stayed long enough to take the rap. This I will say for myself: When I went to Latin America, it was to meet the Latin Americans. It is possible to wind up under an Argentine moon with a fellow from Princeton, and many timid sisters did so. But after several months in which the only American man I knew was a soap-and-pill salesman who had been in South America so long he never heard of Fiorello La Guardia, I came home with one definite idea: A Latin's-eye-view of the North American girl.

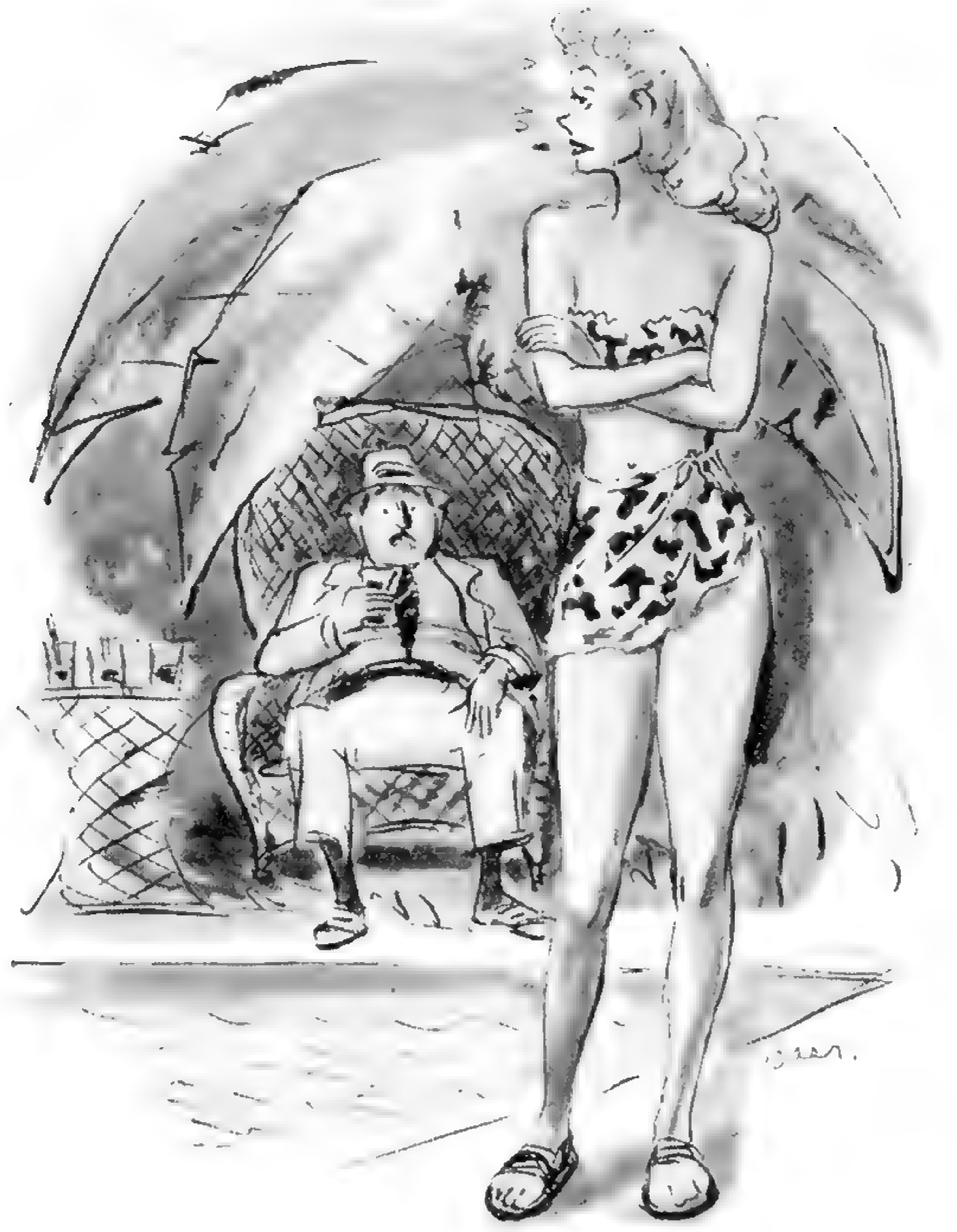
The story starts with "Because of," runs through "Therefore," to that moth-eaten old tag-line "And What to do About It?" BECAUSE the Latin male is used to the Latin female, he has learned to expect certain things of women. THEREFORE when he meets the North American girl he is baffled, but he launches a disorganized offensive from which (after a brief struggle) she retires in confusion. AND WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT? If I knew the answer, I'd save it for my memoirs.

I

The meeting between a Latin male and the Colossus of the North is like the explosion of a small gunpowder charge under a down pillow. Reason: The only training the Latin man had for the North American girl was the Latin woman.

May the good Lord pardon my presumption, but I think men are what women make them. Lovers are just as good as their last sweethearts. Not by dominating them, but by submitting to them, Latin women mold Latin men.

The point is that girls vary with the latitude. To understand why the home-grown North American girl, the long-bob, fraternity pin, sweater girl, looks like a colossus to the



Latins, you've got to take a quick gander at the Latin woman. My mind lurches for a comparison. . . .

Stand a whippet next to a French poodle. A two-pound steak next to sweetbreads sous cloche. A chrysanthemum next to a tiny leopard lily. I'll toss in the glove—not counting Carmen Miranda, could you describe the height, weight, appearance, manners or occupation of the average Latin American girl?

The most obvious things about her are her shyness and her poor posture, both from staying indoors too much. She is shy because she rarely leaves her home, rarely talks with strangers, and from cradle to pine box occupies a small fenced-in corner in a man-ruled world. She has bad posture because if she is poor, she works too much, and if she is rich, she doesn't work enough.

The Latin woman hasn't been scared into slimness by health campaigns and vitamin salesmen. South of the Rio Grande you're healthy if you're not sick. Exercise is another thing that never straightened a Latin curve.

At the swank Hotel del Prado in Barranquilla, Colombia, the picture at the swimming pool looks something like this:

A few American girls are supine on the pool's edge, working on a "South American tan" with ferocious concentration. The rest of the Norteamericanas are diving—expertly, unself-consciously, strenuously. The Latin girls are clinging to the sides screaming at the young boys not to splash, or paddling quietly across the shallow part of the pool.

And where are the Latin men? On benches under the shady big-leafed banyan trees, soaking up as many "wiskey highballes" as there is water in the pool. Latin America has produced some of the finest swimmers in the hemisphere—women swimmers, too—but I'm here to tell you they aren't typical.

The ultimate goal of Latin American womanhood is marriage. Except for Chileans, they step direct from convent school into wedlock, with an interregnum "at home" when they devote themselves to their fathers and brothers as slavishly as they will eventually devote themselves to their husbands.

I'm not speaking of the few emancipated girls—most of them Chileans—who have gone to school in the States, nor those who have traveled. I'm not talking about the gutter-poor Indians and Negroes, whose backs are bent from childhood with loads of plantains, greens, namee apples, shallots, for market, or bundles of charcoal for their cooking fires, or mounds of washing, or—most of all—babies too big and fat to be carried. I'm not referring to the city poor, whose feet are wide and thorny from trudging barefoot or in thin canvas sandals over cobblestones. I'm talking about the average Latin American girl, whose father might be a merchant or something in Costa Rica, or run a small clothing business in Bogota, or sell rum to Americans in Puerto Rico.

An ironcast system of chaperonage makes unwilling nuns out of Latin girls. It renders them half prudish, half kittenish. As for courting them—courtship is in the free and easy tradition of late 19th century Boston. Either you take mama, papa, older brother and a machete-faced old aunt along, a grim team which censors your actions on the dance floor and deflects your verbal shots at the dinner table—or you talk the girl into going out alone, and the next morning papa is noising the betrothal all around town. Despite obstacles as high and rocky as the Andes, the Latin male woos jealously, poetically, possessively. After marriage, he bogs down badly.

Through the whole silly tear-jerker of life, the Latin girl has to play Princess in an Ivory Tower without the right props for her part.

Pipe the Ivory Tower. In a hot climate, it's a little stucco house in pale yellow, or tan, or green. There are bars at the windows, presumably to keep out burglars and animals larger than mountain weasels. In colder climates the castle is a one-story wooden cottage, or a dark two-story structure that looks like an old boarding house dragged all the way from Baltimore by the front porch. Inside are a large, noisy radio, and furnishings as close to a U. S. mail order house five-pieces-for-$59.50 as the local store can dream up.

As for clothes—I have walked along the avenues of six Latin American capitals without seeing a single display of good ready-made dresses that a main street store in Kansas couldn't duplicate. Down south a wardrobe is the product of a tedious conspiracy between the woman and the local dressmaker. That means that the Latin female figure—with God knows ample cubic measure in the first place—looks still more ample in frills, fussy patterns, and decorative gew-gaws.

That is, unless the girl is in mourning. In Latin America the women aren't out of black long enough to let out the side seams in last year's yellow and green print. The unhappy feature of mourning is that make-up also goes by the board. Faces are a pale blur between black hair and black dress. In Latin America, black, grey and white are the style—and women are fashionable, though sallow.

Here then is the Latin American woman, the gal who set up the pin North American girls try to knock over. The double standard has her in a death grip. Her men treat her with a cross between bullying and pampering. One moment she is an adorable baby, the next she is locked up at home and reminded of her "duties."

I remember asking one distinguished Latin gentleman how it was that nations which produce some of the world's most romantic tributes to women in actuality offer women so little respect, and even so little romance.

"I don't understand you," he said.

"Here you are today, in truly romantic surroundings, and you have left your wife at home."

"I am happy to say my wife knows her place," he replied with dignity.

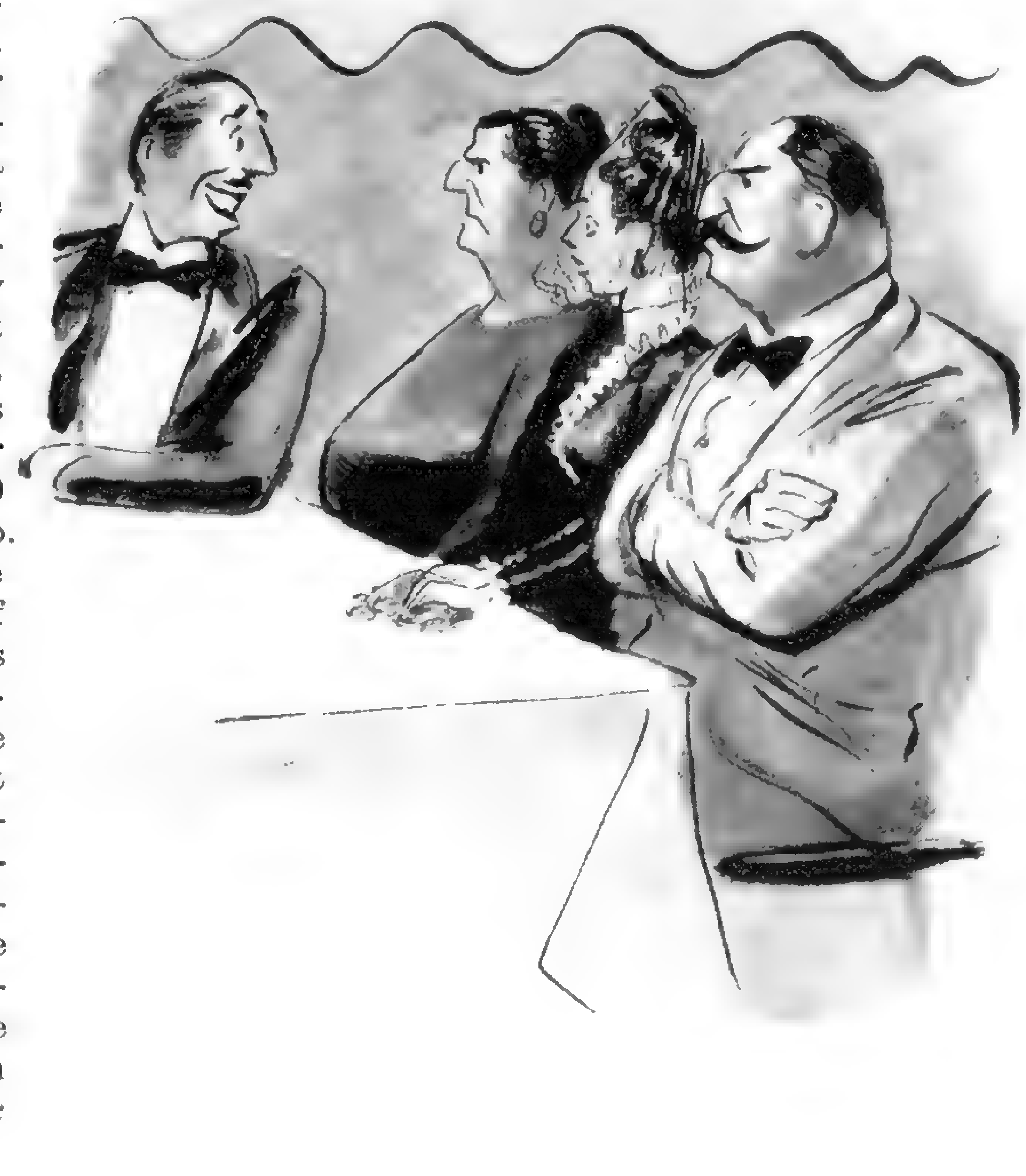
But I have seen a whole party of South Americans change their plans for the evening and drive thirty miles out of their way because one of the girls insisted that everyone say goodnight to her mama.

II

The displacement and cargo of the Latin American girl is a matter of natural history. Now we come to the real weed in the Pan-American garden, that hardy bloom, the North American girl. Bearing the local Latin product in mind, conjure up the Latin male's reaction when the foreign item blows in from the North.

She is a Colossus, both mentally and physi-

Continued on page 103



Golf for the Nation's Sake

As Walter Hagen proved at Sandwich: It's not the breaks that count, in golf or life, but how you take them

by O. B. KEELER

• SPORTS •

I THINK the greatest line ever spoken on a golf course was what Walter Hagen said while on the way to winning his first of four British Opens. His beautifully placed drive on one of the trickiest fairways at Sandwich took an utterly reasonless bound into the deep gorse—a shot, maybe two shots . . . *gone!*

Somebody in the huge gallery was moved to offer sympathy: "Gee, Walter, that's tough luck!"

Chin up, grinning away, Walter Hagen replied: "Well . . . *that's where it is!*"

That, to me, was not only the finest remark I ever heard on a golf course, but it seems to me it is almost a sermon applicable to our present unreasonable and inexplicable position in a world that has been remade in two tumultuous years into a ball of fire. That's *the way it is!* And there is no way to account for it.

This country sent millions of dollars to Germany to help her rebuild after the first World War. This country for years, after everybody knew it shouldn't, continued to send scrap automobile engines, and gasolene to Japan, at the same time marketing "Made in Japan" trinkets in our ten-cent stores. This country was the prime market for Italian wines and other foodstuffs. This country worked night and day to prevent the brutal attack on Poland. This country worked night and day to prevent further spread of the war. This country suffered devastating humiliation and loss of face trying to appease the Japs. There's no sense to it, any more than there was to the trick slant Hagen's tee shot took that day at Sandwich. But *that's where it is*, and all we can do about it is to follow Hagen's example—grin and bear it, and keep on swinging . . . from the hips!

Golf a war game? Well, why not? I think golf's otherwise inexplicable appeal to the average individual lies in its curious similarity to that other game we limpidly call *Life*. A game of breaks. Good breaks from bad shots. Bad breaks from good shots. And he who can take the breaks and keep his shirt on and his chin up . . . the winner in the long run.

Golf, I believe, was the first major sport to drop the "business as usual" attitude and go all-out for war. Remembering Pearl Harbor and the job to be done, the United States Golf Association called off the four national championships under its supervision—the U. S. Open, the U. S. Amateur, the U. S. Women's, and the Public Links, following its own precedent of 1917-18. At the same time George W. Blossom, Jr., the association's newly-elected president, pointed out that golf itself was not to be abandoned by this program of officially calling off the big championships. This merely meant a new emphasis on golf in a different direction. "The policy of the U. S. G. A.," he said, "must change from 'Golf for golf's sake' to 'Golf for the Nation's sake'."

As a substitute for the official championships, a great "Hale America" open tournament was booked for Chicago on June 18-21, the dates originally set for the Open at Minneapolis. Other big tournaments will be held, but they will not be quite the same as the traditional events. But that's fair enough, isn't it. What *is* the same as before?

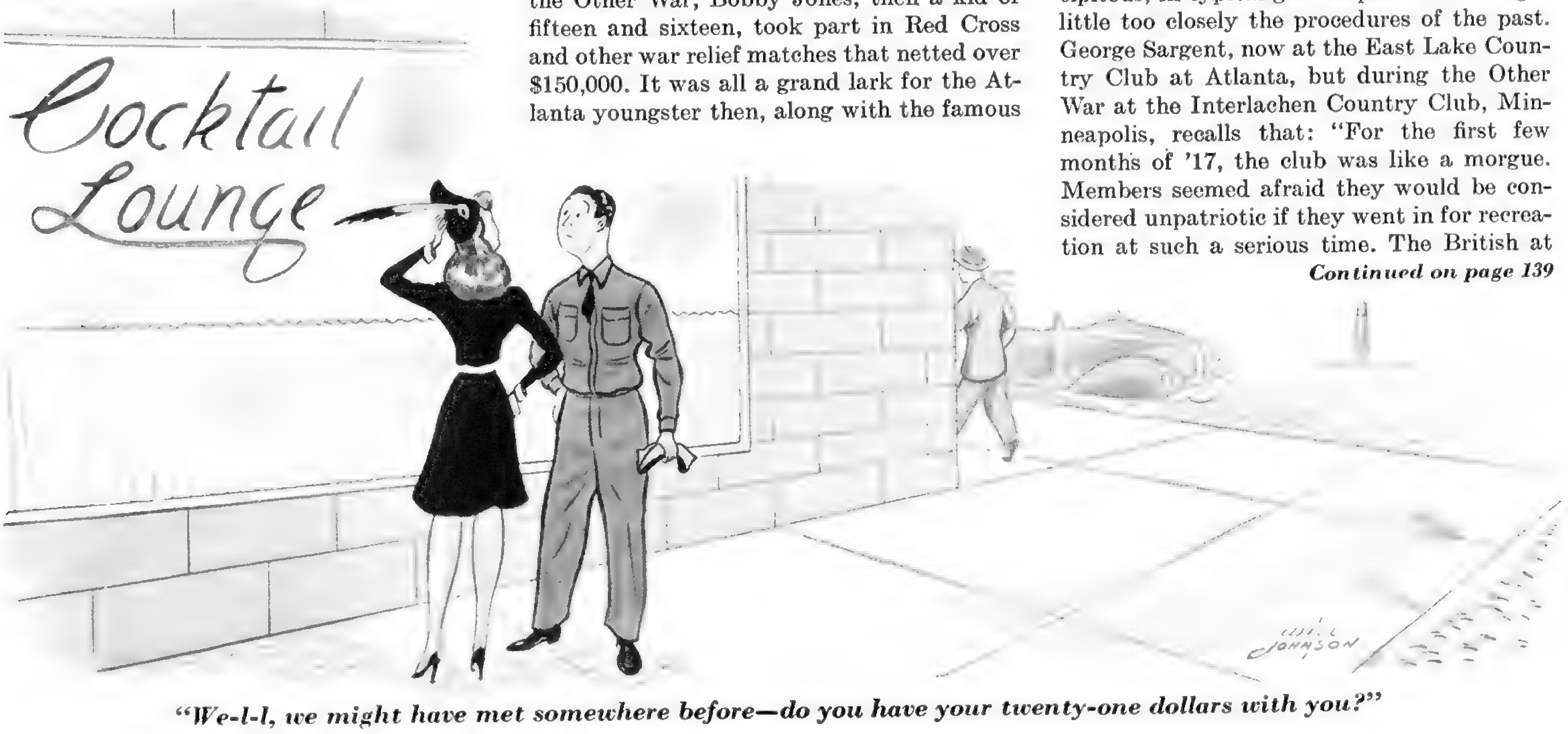
One effective way in which golf can help our war effort again is in raising funds. In the Other War, Bobby Jones, then a kid of fifteen and sixteen, took part in Red Cross and other war relief matches that netted over $150,000. It was all a grand lark for the Atlanta youngster then, along with the famous mixed quartet including Perry Adair, Alexa Stirling and Elaine Rosenthal . . . playing all over the country, and affording Bobby his first chance to compete with pros in round robin events. Bobby wasn't thinking so much about morale in those days. But now:

"This war job is going to require the most efficient use of all the resources we possess," he says. "The men who work with their hands are of great importance, but the real McCoys are the fellows who know how to set up a production schedule and make it click; in short, the production managers. And they have to have breathing spells in their thinking, as much as the workmen need rest for their hands. The best way for them to get exercise, fresh air, and mental relaxation is to play golf. They can't do much worrying on a golf course, aside from that infernal slice and that three-foot putt. I think a judicious use of the game will prevent a lot of jitters and nervous breakdowns. No one would suggest that a sport should compete with war production for materials, facilities, time or energy; but if the playing of a little golf can replenish energy and revive the spirit, it should be continued."

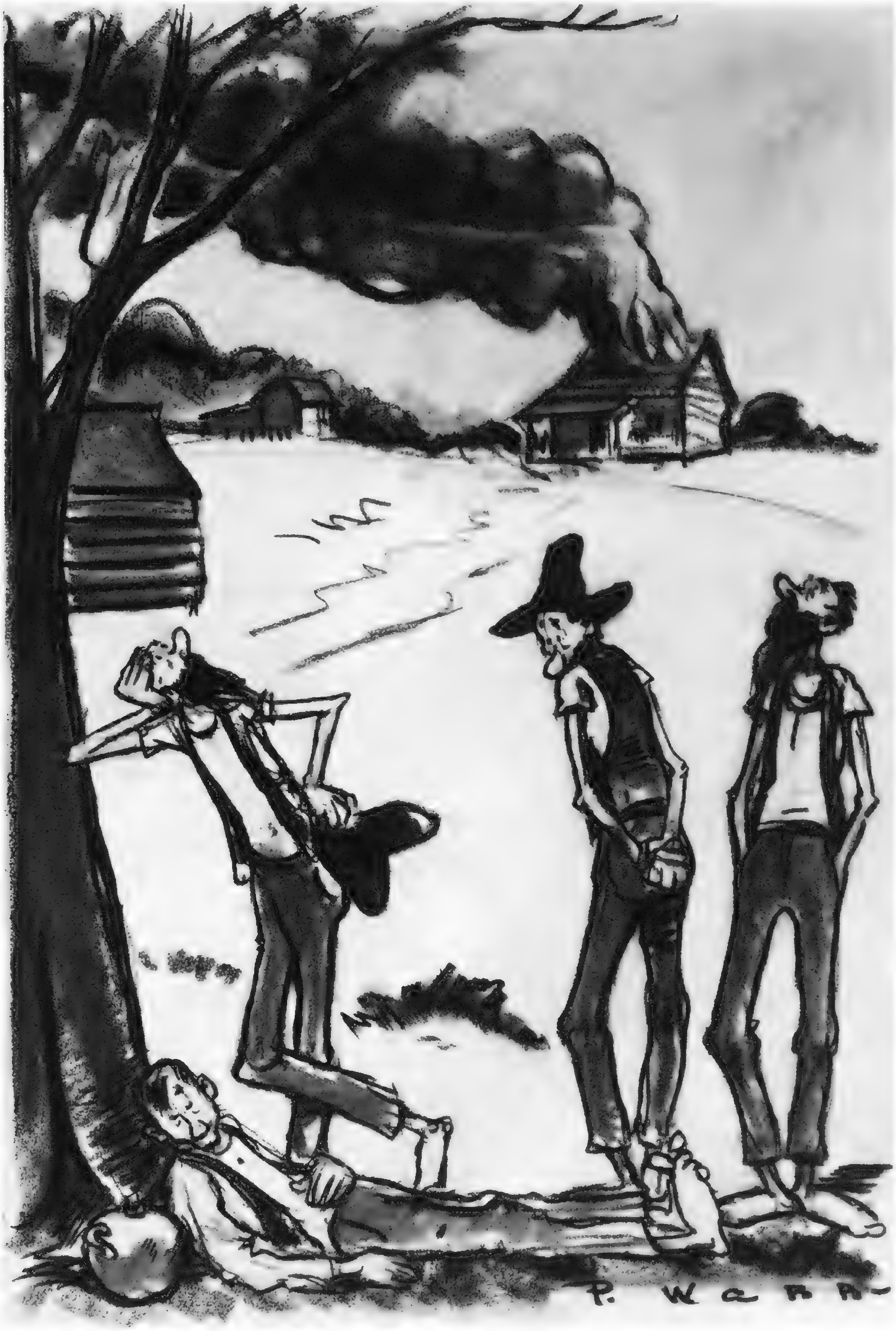
Thus golf can do its bit toward keeping our crucial executives on edge and fit for the long strain of their critical and all-important responsibilities. The game can serve similarly many other lesser lights, for a breakdown anywhere in our complex industrial and economic mechanism can and will hinder and handicap our war effort.

Perhaps the action of the U. S. G. A. in calling off its championships was a little precipitous, in typical golf etiquette following a little too closely the procedures of the past. George Sargent, now at the East Lake Country Club at Atlanta, but during the Other War at the Interlachen Country Club, Minneapolis, recalls that: "For the first few months of '17, the club was like a morgue. Members seemed afraid they would be considered unpatriotic if they went in for recreation at such a serious time. The British at

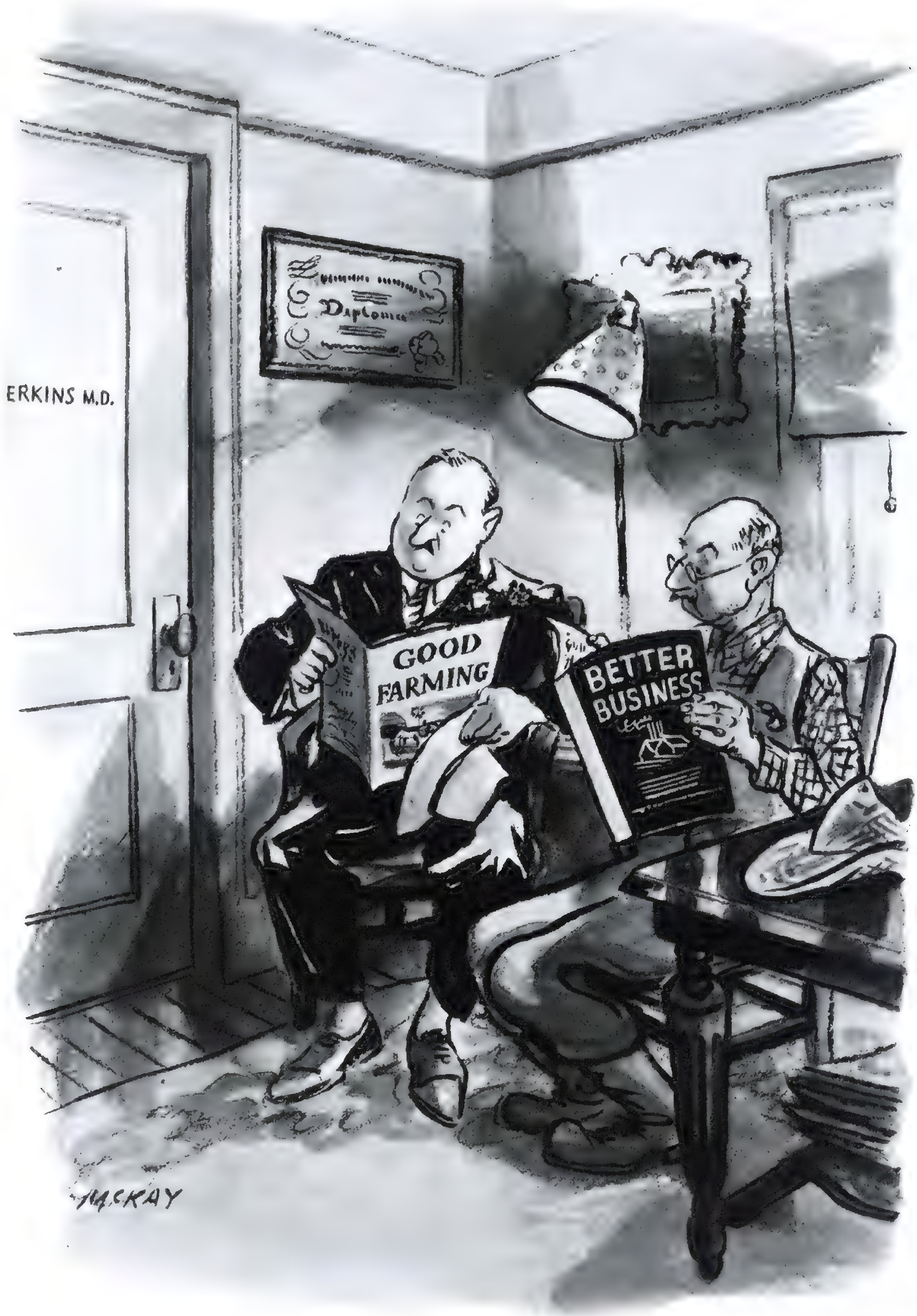
Continued on page 139



"We-l-l, we might have met somewhere before—do you have your twenty-one dollars with you?"



"Gran'pappy sez we're due fer some rain mighty soon—but Ah reckon we better wake up Cousin Moose an' tell him 'bout his cabin anyhow"


ERKINS M.D.
Diploma
GOOD FARMING
BETTER BUSINESS
MACKAY

Masters' Conference

They all agreed that Captain Hansen's ship, being the slowest, should lead the port column of the coastal convoy

by LIEUT. GEORGE STERN, R.N.V.R.

FICTION

In his bowler hat, sixty shilling overcoat and soiled spats Captain Anton Hansen looking more like a grocery traveler than Master of the *Thorrold*, nodded gravely at the Commander's words.

"Let me assure you, gentlemen," the Commander was saying "these coastal convoys are just as important as the big Atlantic ones. That is why you must follow your instructions so carefully. You all have a copy?"

"'Tis as well I've good eyesight," grumbled Dai Rees of the *Cardiff Rose*.

"Mine's about the twenty-fifth carpon I think."

The Commander laughed, "You're an old hand, Mr. Rees, I bet you know your instructions backwards."

"Loog here," intervened Hansen, removing his pince-nez.

"Mine eyesight is not so goot, but I also know dem vell. I change mid you, Mr. Rees," and solemnly they exchanged copies.

"You're still a verra particular mon, Rees," said Watson of the Laird. "I mind the time when ye wouldna' sail fra' Swansea till the Eisteddfod was over an' ye held us up for—"

"Oh, do you now!" flashed Rees hotly, "an what iss wrong with that. Haf you efer been to an Eisteddfod, Mr. Watson? No, you haf not! The only music you efer heard—an' it isn't music at all—is the bloody bagpipes—"

"'Ere less of it! less of it!" chimed in Blackler of the *Tern*, Liverpool. "Where d'ye think y'ar, in a berr garden?"

"In de Bear's Paw*, you means," said Hansen slyly.

Blackler, quick to appreciate this sally, burst into raucous laughter. Rees sat scowling. The Commander continued—

"There is one alteration I must point out. Captain Hansen here has suggested that, being the slowest ship he ought to be nearer the head of the convoy, so we are moving him up and when you form your two columns off Spray head he will lead the port column and your commodore, Captain Davidson, will lead the starboard column in the tanker. I think that is right, Captain Davidson?"

"Yes, Sir," was the grey-haired commodore's sedate reply. "Last time with the slow ships behind we were spread all over the ocean. It should be better this trip."

"I hope you all agree, gentlemen," said the Commander.

"Of course, of course—verra sound idea—shoulda bin done long ago—Good for old Hansen."

It was obvious the others did approve and Hansen sat back swelling with pride while the Commander went on in his sternest voice.

"Lastly," he said "Lights! L-I-G-H-T-S! We just don't know such things exist! It's going to be dark tonight, very dark. The slightest suspicion of a light and—well you know what to expect. Otherwise, I think you should have a quiet night. Lieutenant O'Hagan here is in charge of your escort, *H.M.S. Dandy*. I think that's all I need say gentlemen."

O'Hagan smiled shyly as the Commander sat down.

"Good owld Oirland," shouted a voice and in merry mood the meeting began to break up. Hansen held up his hand.

"Shentlemen," he cried, "I tink ve finish dis meeting mid a little yin, eh? You all come back to *Thorrold?*"

The "ayes" had it by a large majority and Rees, despite his mood, found himself accompanying the others down to the quay and into Hansen's cabin.

Bottles were produced, glasses clinked and smoke began to rise from an assortment of pipes, cigarettes, cheroots, cigars as only such a gathering can produce. It was a small cabin so that the atmosphere soon became too thick even for hardened seamen.

"This is a fine cabin of yours, Captain," said Davidson politely, "but may we have a little air?"

"Vy, certainly, certainly. I tell you sometink Davidson—Ven I joined de ship, dis cabin haf only van port and no wentilation. So I get my English carpenter, very goot man, to make all dese new ports and de two wentilators. Vatch, shentlemen," and pulling a cord at his elbow he opened two vent holes in his cabin roof.

"Verra ingenious," murmured Watson amazed.

"Ow abaht the black-aht," asked a shrill voice from the corner.

"Jus de same," beamed Hansen and pulling two more cords the ports and ventilators were automatically covered. The others gathered round, admiring, for comparisons of accommodation were a never-failing source of interest. Hansen was delighted.

"You like it, eh, Shentlemen? and vat about de furnishings," he stroked his plush settee lovingly, "All English, and not on de instalments!"

Even Rees had to join in the merriment which followed the remark. Hansen turned to him.

"You feel better now, Mr. Rees?"

"This iss very good gin, Mr. Hansen," came the non-committal reply.

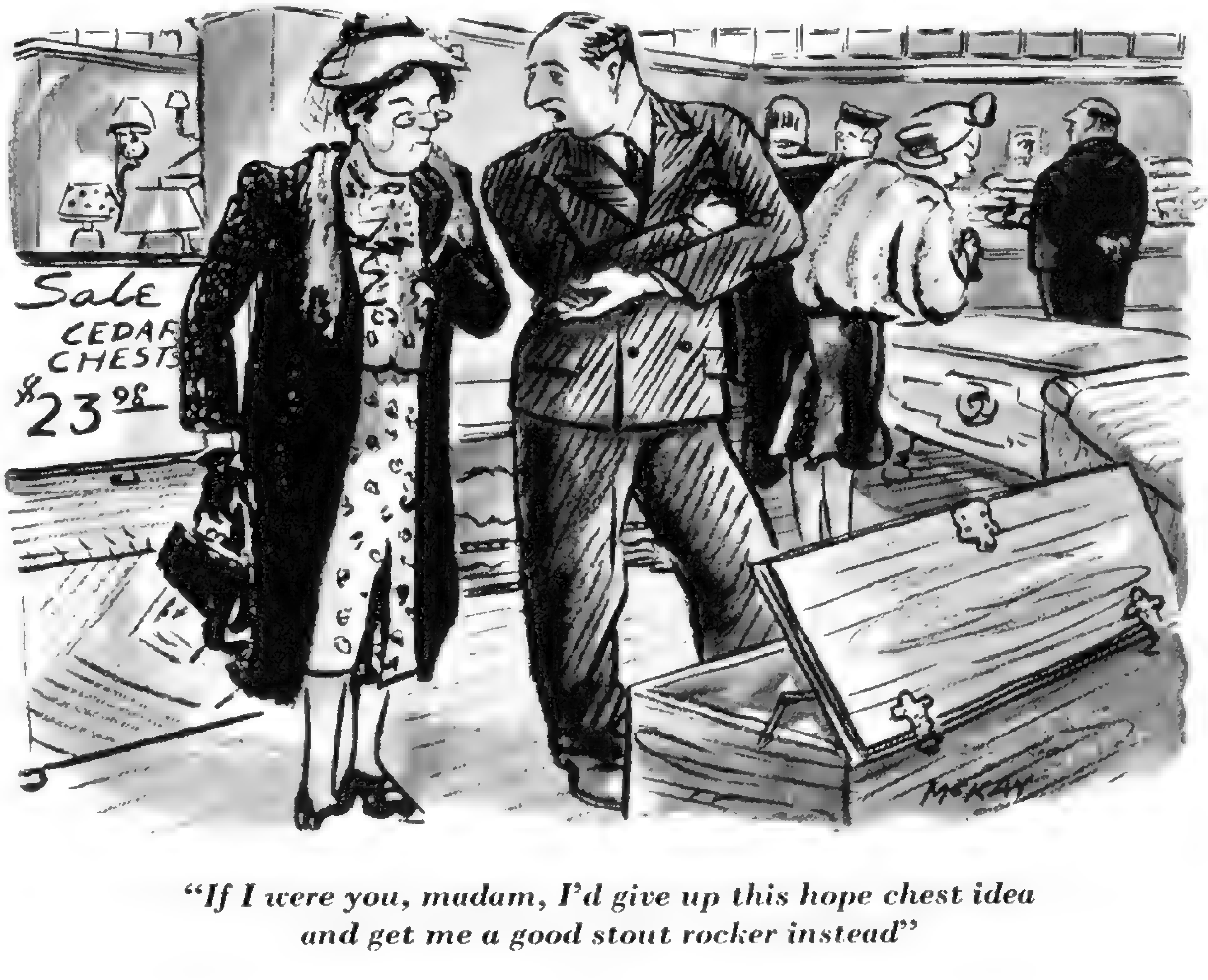
"You're tellink me" was Hansen's quick rejoinder—to the further delight of his guests.

"The Captain cerrtainly kens his English grammar," remarked Watson in all seriousness.

"Kens," piped the shrill voice again, "what's kens? If that's grammar me nime ain't Smith an' I aint master o' the *Percyphone*, collier, o' London."

"And what is 'ain't,' mister?" retorted

Continued on page 176



"If I were you, madam, I'd give up this hope chest idea and get me a good stout rocker instead"

---

*A well-known public house—resort of seafaring men in Liverpool.

But War Isn't Sport

Games are overrated for military value except as they help morale, and boxing leads all sports in spectator interest

by GENERAL JOHNSON HAGOOD

▪ARTICLE▪

JACK DEMPSEY gave me his photo, upon which he wrote "The Army saved the boxing game to the American people." A girl from Broadway said to me in France: "Give me an army chaplain or a Y.M.C.A. man for manager. He makes the dates for you after the show."

Welfare Workers, when they first hit the A.E.F., tried to make the soldier boys into goodies. But they found it would not work. They had to devise a strong counter irritant to keep the men away from *vin rouge* and the *maisons de plaisir*. They filled the bill with cigarettes, prize fights, and girl shows, all of which they had been prepared to taboo. After the war, boxing became a regular feature of Y.M.C.A. gymnasiums, and the sob-sister campaign against it ceased.

The very distinguished Mr. E. H. Sothern came to establish the Overseas Theatrical League, and gave a rendition of Hamlet's Soliloquy, or a reading I believe is more proper, before a large audience of soldiers at Tours. After the performance, as I called it, Mr. Sothern asked for my opinion. I was very frank in saying that it would not do at all, that the soldiers back from the front wanted to look and laugh. They did not want to be depressed by lugubrious philosophy. I said, give them leg shows and comedy.

I fired a high paid song leader who stood out in front of a movie screen and held up the show by goading the men into singing "Over There! Over There!" when they had already had enough of over there.

The great thing is to pick the men up when they are down and out, or headed that way, and to get their minds off the fact that war is Hell.

In the big cantonments, boxing is the best thing because it is easiest to organize and inspires the spectators with the greatest amount of enthusiasm in the least amount of time. In permanent posts, where there is ample room, adequate facilities, and plenty of time, baseball is best, if the men go there, not to see a good game but to laugh and root for their own teams. In big camps, that may run up to fifty thousand men, it is not possible to provide individual participation in sports, so the spectator feature is the one to emphasize.

Nor can I see anything in what the army calls controlled athletics, where the men are turned out as at drill, and required to play leap frog or pass the medicine ball. Men under proper training do not need this kind of artificial exercise.

Participation in sports, by full grown men whose habits and character have already been formed, does not in itself make for good soldiers. Participation in competitive sports, or witnessing competitive sports, has a tremendous effect upon boys at school, and girls too, in arousing their enthusiasm and teaching them loyalty. The sentiment "Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton," does not mean that a good cricketer makes a good general. We might say with equal truth that "The Civil War was won and lost on the parade ground at West Point," because every great battle and campaign was commanded on both sides by graduates of the Military Academy.

Some hold that there is about the horse something which inspires a man to be a general. Most great generals of history have either been from the cavalry or the artillery. One 1940 cavalryman left over from old stock, said to me, "It is natural that a man who rides a noble beast like a horse, should have a broader horizon than a man who trudges along with his eyes on the ground."

Fox hunting, when properly organized by city gentlemen in red coats with hounds, and not profaned by country louts in ordinary clothes with dogs, is believed to spread the aura of military genius. I have ridden to the hounds, but not in a red coat. Moreover, I blew an instrument snatched from the head of a bovine animal, and not a horn of brass.

Polo is also said to be a school for cavalry and a cradle of valor. Only three men, I believe, got all of the highest American military decorations—the Medal of Honor, the Distinguished Service Medal, and the Distinguished Service Cross. One of these, Gordon Johnston, was a polo player and died upon the polo field. Another, Charlie Kilbourne, got his Medal of Honor in the Signal Corps for climbing a telegraph pole and putting the wires back as fast as the enemy shot them down. He served most of his life in the Coast Artillery, and commanded an Infantry brigade during World War I.

Winston Churchill, J. Franklin Bell, Frank McCoy, and other distinguished soldiers have played polo, and still others have played poker. General Hamilton Hawkins, one of the finest soldiers I ever knew, Commander of the First Cavalry Division, one time head of the Cavalry School, a polo player himself and head of the Army Polo Association, said to me that polo as a game contributed much to the morale and pleasure of the mounted troops, but that otherwise, the capers of ponies and men upon the polo field had no military value.

I took the same view, and although I was an artilleryman of the mechanized school, did all in my power to encourage polo in the cavalry and artillery under my authority. While a general in command at Camp Stotsenburg in the Philippine Islands, I built up four of the best polo teams they ever had out there, and for this they elected me Honorary Colonel of the cavalry regiment, the only one I believe in existence. I also organized a local baseball league, that included civilian teams, and had two double headers a week on the

Continued at top of page 164

HAMBURGERS
5¢

"I said 500 without onions"

The Name of a Dog

Father, who adhered to the old school of thought on the dangers of sparing the rod, proved his tenet with a tale

by JOE ABRAMS

• FICTION •

ONE thing I have learned is the wisdom of remaining strictly neutral when my father and my wife are at odds. My wife is a graduate of the State Normal School where she specialized in child psychology. She belongs to the streamlined, modern school of thought. My father, on the other hand, is fully as educated as she, but his education is somewhat dated.

The other night Eugene, our six-year-old son, objected to going to bed, and when Eugene objects he lets all the neighbors know it. "Eugene," said my wife, "if you don't go to bed now, how do you expect to become a quarterback when you grow up?"

His answer was a terrific bellow of rage and tears.

"There now, little men don't cry," she said applying psychology. "Do you want grandfather to think you're a little baby?"

What grandfather might or might not think was a matter of little concern to my pride and joy. "I want some candy!" he roared.

"Tsk, tsk," said my wife sadly. "I didn't know my great big son was only a little baby." She turned to me. "Phillip," she said, riding the psychology hard, "will you get Eugene's teddy bear out of the attic? He's such a baby he ought to be playing with dolls."

"Bawww!" said my son emphatically.

My father observed all this with ill-concealed disgust. "The child needs a spanking," he said finally. "He's spoiled."

My wife jerked her head up and glared at him. "Spanking," she quoted her text books, "mars a child's personality."

"A personality like that *should* be marred," my father pointed out, logically, I thought.

I don't know how long this argument went on, but Eugene was forgotten. "I tremble to think," said my wife, "what would happen to Eugene if you were training him."

"The same thing that happened to Anton Kratchnikov," said my father triumphantly.

My wife was subdued for a moment. "Kratchnikov, the architect?" she asked.

"The same!"

"What did you have to do with Kratchnikov?"

He paused for a moment, thinking back, and then snickered. "I marred his personality, that's what I did," he said.

* * *

In spite of the fact that I was graduated from my university in Russia with high honors I was unable to find employment. I wanted to be a teacher, but as time went on and my funds ran low I became so desperate that I would have accepted anything... Then, as if more were needed, my wife informed me that she was bearing a child. Any man must feel a thrill of pride on learning that he is soon to become a father, but a man unable to provide sustenance for either wife *or* child, is likely to experience a great sense of guilt. I shook my head. "Elena," I said, "you have married a failure . . . an educated failure."

She smiled that mysterious smile so common to prospective mothers. "It will turn out well, Leonid," she said. "Perhaps Professor Chistin will find something for you as he promised."

"How can it turn out well?" I asked. "We have no money for doctors, for medicine, and very little even for food."

How Elena and I lived for the following six months I cannot say. I received temporary employment as an office clerk, for two weeks I worked in the wheat fields, and the rest of the time I searched vainly for work. Elena was sympathetic. She was never the scolding kind, and where many women would castigate their husbands for having failed them in a time of crisis, she merely smiled and said, "It will turn out well, Leonid. You must not lose heart."

And then came news. There were two envelopes in the mail box that morning, one from Professor Chistin, a large bulky one, and the other from our landlord.

"What does the Professor say?" asked Elena eagerly.

I shook my head. "We'll look at that later," I said. "The bad news comes first."

I ripped open the landlord's letter and read it silently. He hoped I would be able to pay the rent by the first of the month and knew I would be amenable to vacating the premises for another tenant if the money was not available.

"What does he say?" asked Elena.

"It is not important." I put the letter in one of my coat pockets and promptly forgot it. "And now let us pray that Professor Chistin's letter contains better news."

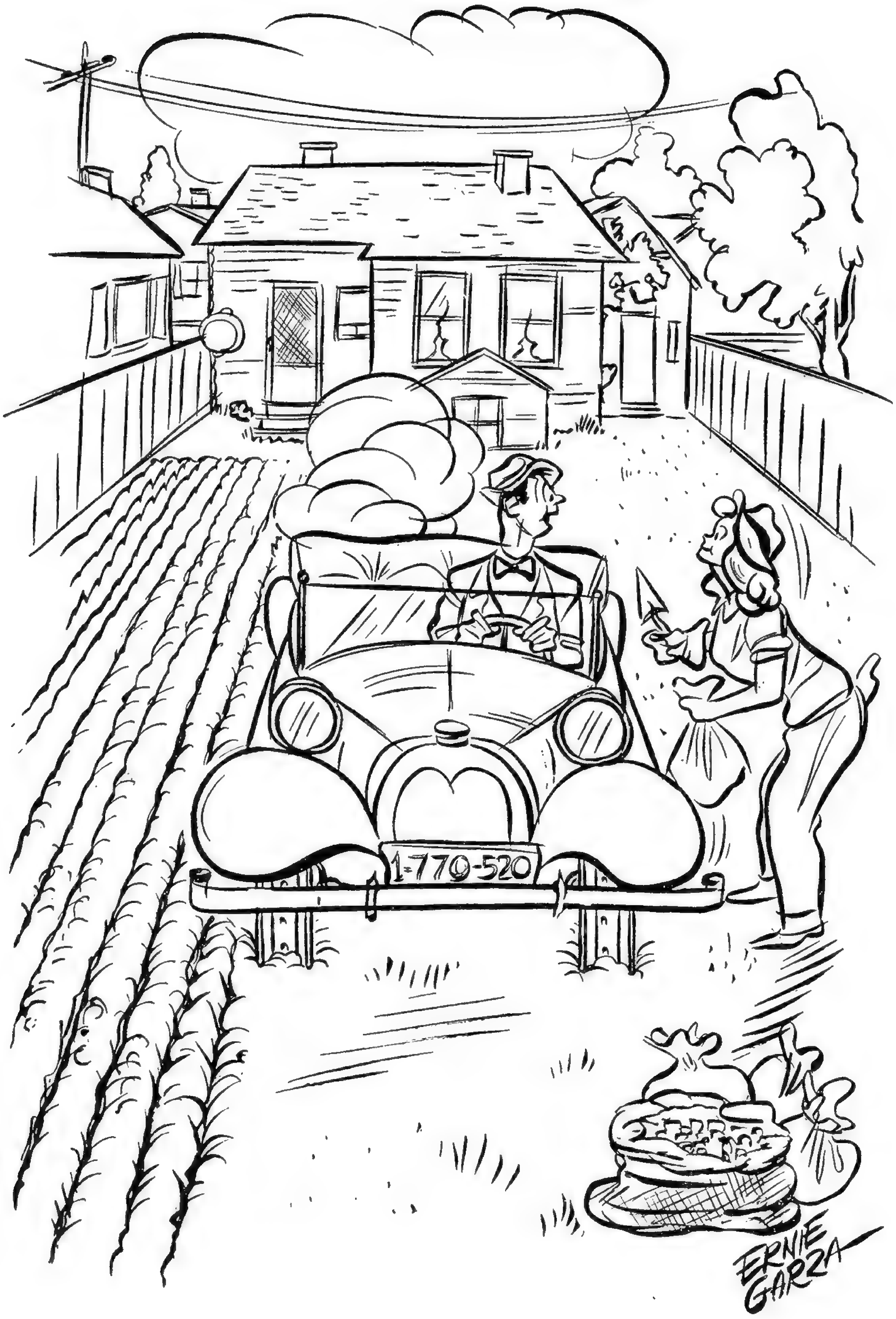
It did. "My dear Leonid:" wrote the Professor. "I am happy to tell you that I have received a letter from Father Poltovsky, a very good friend of mine. He tells me that one of the wealthy landowners in his parish is in need of a tutor for his adopted child. I am enclosing a letter of recommendation addressed to *barin* Kratchnikov, and you will show this letter to the *barin* when you present yourself to him. Father Poltovsky assures me that the salary will be quite generous since Kratchnikov has had some difficulty in finding a tutor capable of disciplining the wild spirit of his ward."

I can tell you I was deliriously happy. I showed the letter to Elena, and she too was exultant. "I told you it would turn out well," she said softly.

But then hard reality intervened. "Elena," I said, "how can I accept the position? It will mean that I cannot be with you when

Continued on page 130

"They met by accident—so he thinks"


1-770-520
ERNIE GARZA

"You wanta plow furrows and let me plant a while, dear?"

Maker of Champions

Cromwell hypnotizes Trojan trackmen into believing they're tops, taboos muscle-bound jitterbugs and riders

by AL WESSON

SPORTS

"It's a great honor, Mr. President, to be offered the position of athletic director and head coach at your university, but I don't think I have the ability to do a good job."

"Nonsense, young man, we have watched your work in athletics and know you are one of the finest in the country. Why, we'll pay you a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month!"

"A hundred and twenty-five a month! Just for being director of athletics and coaching all the sports? That's away too much. I'll tell you what—I'll try the job, but let's make it a hundred a month till we see how I turn out."

No, this isn't a fairy tale. It really happened, thirty-four years ago. The first speaker was Dean Cromwell and the second the late President George Finley Bovard of the University of Southern California. The scene was a momentous one in the lives of both Coach Cromwell and Trojan athletics, for they have been happily joined together ever since, with the genial Dean winning himself world fame and the title "Maker of Champions" and Southern California finding equal renown as the home of unbeatable track and field teams. The anecdote reveals that when Cromwell hesitatingly went into the coaching business he had little of the winning stuff he has been pumping into his athletes for more than three decades—self-confidence.

Pals and rivals all agree on one thing about Dean, that he has made himself the world's greatest producer of champions because he keeps telling his boys that they are champs until they finally get to believe it and go out and perform cinderpath miracles. As long as anyone on the Southern California campus can remember, Cromwell has greeted every candidate for his teams with a hearty "Hi, champ!" Yet Dean confesses that when he gave up a steady job as a telephone company accountant to try his hand in the coaching field, he went home, took a long look at himself in the mirror and growled, "Hi, chump!"

Wherever there are or have been amateur athletics, Dean Cromwell is known as the outstanding track and field coach in the world for the amazing number of Olympic, national and intercollegiate champions and world's record holders he has developed. Cromwell, in a field in which there are even more athletes and more teams than in football, among other sensational accomplishments has given the sports world seven straight national intercollegiate championship teams since 1935. Unless something happens to the National Collegiate Athletic Association meet this season because of the war, it looks as though it will be eight consecutive titles for Dean when the 1942 championships are staged June 19 and 20 in Lincoln, Nebraska.

If Cromwell is correct in his belief, track is one form of athletics that the war will not damage. "Our sport will flourish if for no other reason than that running and jumping and throwing things are marvelous conditioners as well as good recreation for young men," says Dean. "The whole program of track and field training, which stresses regular, moderate exercise, correct eating and sleeping habits, and clean living in general, is exactly in line with Uncle Sam's desire to get our masculine population in fighting trim.

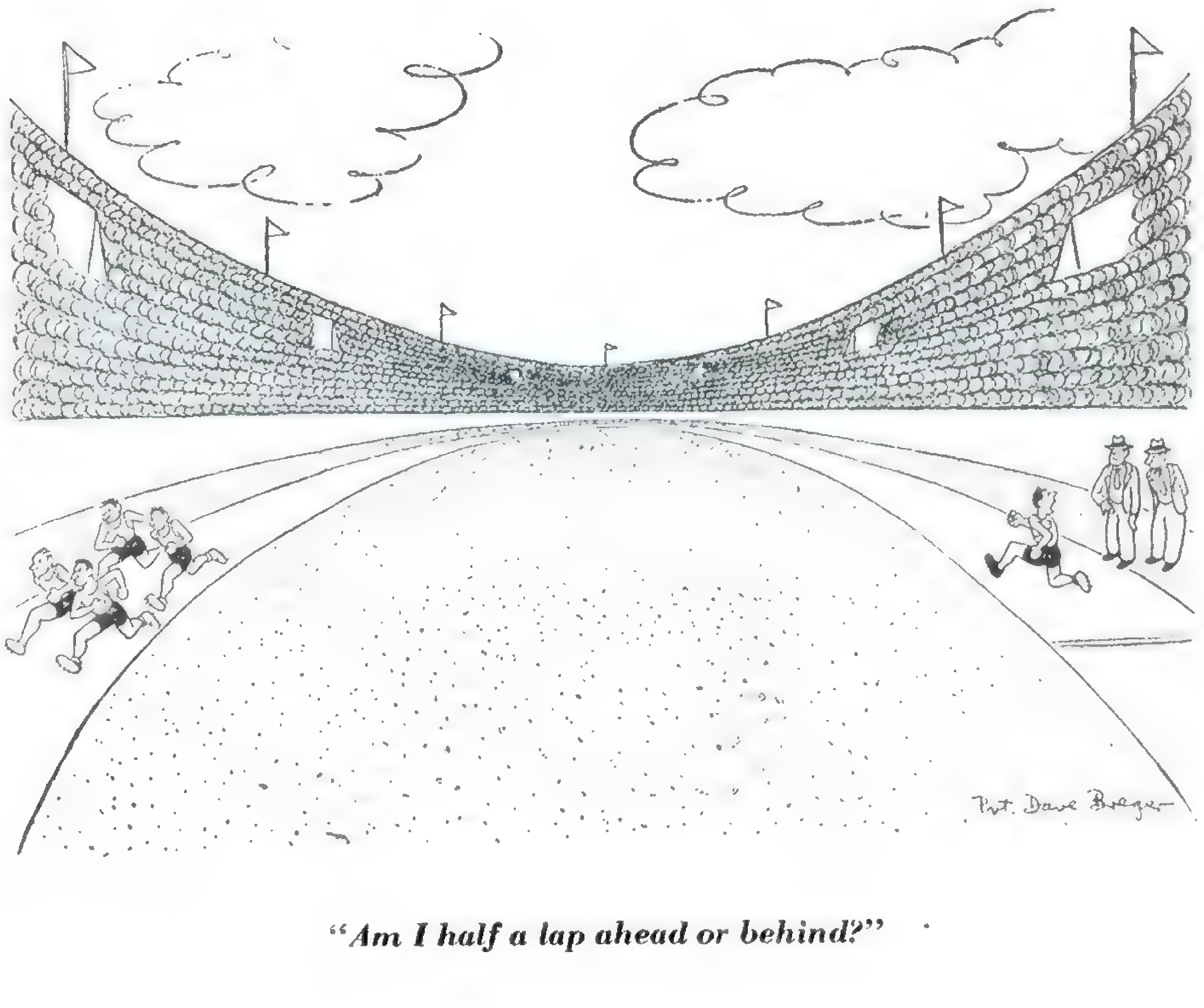
"The most valuable lesson that track training teaches is that you don't have to be a mass of muscle to be a healthy man or a good athlete. In track and field, rather than trying to build heaps of brawn we train muscles for specialized duties, we develop stamina and staying qualities in a body whether it is husky or slender, and we train the mind to be alert. Our goal is to create perfect co-ordination instead of muscle-bound brawn that countries such as Germany and Japan have been building for war purposes by long hours of nonsensical, tiresome mass calisthenics."

Dean doesn't like his track and field athletes to play football because he says the hammering the boys receive in their blocking and tackling takes the pliability out of their muscles. He doesn't like them to ride horseback because it tightens their leg tendons. He's against a popular indoor sport, dancing, because he says it pounds the spring out of their legs. He goes for tennis, basketball, handball, volleyball, badminton and similar sports in which agility pays off more than sinew. Although he thinks everyone should walk at least two miles a day, he isn't strong for golf. "It just makes boys tired and men thirsty," he says.

As for the Olympic Games, they will come back bigger and better than ever after the war, in Cromwell's opinion, not in the show-off style that Germany staged them in 1936 but in the friendly, good neighbor spirit that pervaded them in 1932 in Los Angeles. Says Dean, "If Schicklegruber or his funny Italian foot-kisser or the little yellow back-stabbers think they can end an institution that dates back twenty-seven centuries, they are as wrong as they were in starting this war. Don't ever forget that the ancient Olympic Games, the oldest man-made institution for the purpose of having fun, lasted from 776 B.C. to 392 A.D. Even when the Roman conquerors ended them, they lived on in spirit and came back to life in 1896. We'll have the Games back again in our own time. Wait and see."

Cromwell was born in Turner, Oregon, September 20, 1879, started his athletic career at Occidental College Prep School, Los Angeles, and played halfback on the Occidental College football varsity for five years. Although this last named trick would be hard to get away with under present college eligi-

Continued on page 108



"Am I half a lap ahead or behind?"

Songs for This Time

Both England and Germany won battles to the tune of the *Beer Barrel Polka* and France went down with *Il Pleurait*

by TOM MAHONEY

■ ARTICLE ■

WINE, women and song, the triumvirate beloved by all young men, is particularly dear to soldiers. Their wine and women, however, are limited by the prejudices as well as the exigencies of service but they can be sure of the song. The best generals of all countries always have approved of song for soldiers. Julius Caesar, for example, urged his Roman legions to sing even when their songs were off-color ballads about himself.

This attitude on the part of commanders is simply recognition of the fact that, other things being equal—and often when they are much less than equal, singing soldiers can always out-march, out-endure and out-fight non-singing soldiers. Ten miles is a day's march for foot soldiers without music but, with it, they do eighteen miles. Only slightly exaggerated is the poet's statement that "three men with a new song's measure can trample an empire down."

Empires may be reared also to an accompaniment of music and song. Napoleon had both experiences. Singing *La Marseillaise*, possibly the greatest of all war songs, his armies conquered Europe. As emperor he thought a song with less emphasis on liberty would be better and began to favor Mehul's *Chant du Départ*. The French fortunes declined. Napoleon himself gave enemy music part of the credit for his greatest disasters. What he called the "weird and barbaric" music of the Cossacks inspired them to drive the French from Russia. The singing 42nd Highlanders and their bagpipers, ordered by Wellington to "play as you never played before," turned the tide for the British at Waterloo.

With such precedents, it was only natural that one of the sequels of Pearl Harbor should be a salvo of songs designed to pull down the Japanese Empire and its allies. Eddie Cantor introduced *We Did It Before, and We Can Do It Again.* Sammy Kaye and Don Reid wrote *Remember Pearl Harbor.* Tin Pan Alley also offered *Goodbye Mama, I'm Off to Yokohama, Let's Put the Axe to the Axis, You're a Sap, Mr. Jap* and others. The wistful *There'll Be Blue Birds Over the White Cliffs of Dover* rose to first place in sheet music sales. With the aid of Irving Berlin's *Any Bonds Today?* and *Angels of Mercy*, the Treasury and the Red Cross raised millions of dollars and in Washington morale officers began a serious study of what songs the 1942 model American soldier wants to hear and sing.

Both sides have recognized the war as a struggle of song as well as steel. The Germans rolled over Poland to Nazi tunes and poured them by radio into the Siegfried line. Major General John Hay Beith of the British War Office early announced that every soldier was supposed to do his ditty as well as his duty and Harry Lauder came out of retirement to help. The fact that French soldiers mobilized without singing was regarded as a bad omen. The government made Josephine Baker an honorary corporal and offered prizes for new war tunes without success. In 1940, instead of *La Marseillaise*, the French were singing *Il Pleurait*, a nonsense tune from a Maurice Chevalier motion picture concerning a man who cried when he should have laughed. It was not the sort of thing to stop armored divisions.

The first tune to merit classification as a song of the war was clearly *The Beer Barrel Polka.* Though not about war, it proved a war song in more ways than one. Englishmen, Canadians and Australians mobilized to it and Germans sang it as they marched into Norway. The survivors of torpedoed ships sang it in lifeboats. It became the official song of the British Cruiser *Ajax.* Sailors sang it in the gun turrets as they pounded the *Graf Spee* and it rang out over the River Plate when the *Ajax* swept past the smoking hulk of the scuttled raider. As the *Ajax* came home, thousands on the waterfront at Plymouth sang:

> *"There's a garden, what a garden,*
> *Only happy faces bloom there*
> *And there's never any room there*
> *For a worry or a gloom there*
> *Oh! there's music and there's dancing*
> *And a lot of sweet romancing.*
>
> *When they play a polka,*
> *They all get in the swing:*
> *Ev'ry time they hear that oom-pa-pa*
> *Ev'rybody feels so tra-la-la*
> *They want to throw their cares away*
> *They all go lah-de-ah-de-ay*
> *Then they—*
>
> *Roll out the barrel—*
> *We'll have a barrel of fun.*
> *Roll out the barrel,*
> *We've got the blues on the run . . ."*

(Copyright 1939 by Shapiro, Bernstein & Co., Inc. and quoted by permission)

A remarkable thing about the song is the fact that a Czech, Jaromir Vejvoda, was one of its authors. As the war placed him under German dominion, his royalties have been impounded for the duration. More than 1,500,000 records and about 1,000,000 copies of the song in sheet form have been sold in England and it is still a favorite in many places on both sides of the Atlantic.

Less enduring were most of the first specially composed war songs of the struggle. There was a copyright controversy over *I'm Sending You the Siegfried Line to Hang Your Washing On* and the similarly boastful *We're Gonna Hang Out the Washing on the Siegfried Line.* Both are now forgotten. Several British songs ridiculing Chamberlain, as well as *God Bless You, Mr. Chamberlain*, died with him. Songs like *Somewhere in France With You, Daughter of Mademoiselle from Armentières*, and *Mademoiselle of the Maginot Line* were casualties of the French surrender.

Air-raid precautions inspired a number of tunes of merit and, as the blackouts continue, so do the songs. Among these are *They Can't Black Out the Moon, The Blackout Stroll,*

Meet Me in the Blackout, and *How Can I Revert to Normal After Meeting You?* Some other British war efforts have been *Kiss Me Goodnight, Sergeant-Major; Till the Lights of London Shine Again, The Girl Who Loves a Soldier, Nursie! Nursie!* and *Thanks, Mr. Roosevelt.* Bebe Daniels, the American actress who has been braving bombs in London, launched the last on the British radio network last year.

But songs with less war mention have had great appeal to the embattled English. One was *Goodnight Children Everywhere* introduced by Gracie Fields in a Christmas broadcast from France in 1939. This number had a very special appeal for those whose children had been sent to the country or to America to escape air bombs. One London music dealer sold ten thousand copies of the song in four days and Miss Fields was made a Commander of the Order of the British Empire.

Somewhat similar in spirit and of greater popularity is the defiant *There'll Always Be an England.* This may prove to be the enduring English song of the war. Unbowed Londoners sing it in their air-raid shelters and it has been heard in the farthest corners of the British Empire. Some lines of this famous Ross Parker and Hughie Charles song are:

"There'll always be an England
While there's a country lane;
Wherever there's a cottage small
Beside a field of grain . . .

There'll always be an England
And England shall be free,
If England means as much to you
As England means to me."

(By kind permission of the copyright owners, The Irwin Dash Music Co., Ltd. of London)

When British soldiers tire of *We're Off to See the Wizard* and *Waltzing Matilda,* current favorites of the Australian divisions in North Africa, they can draw on war songs peculiarly their own dating back five hundred years. One of the noblest of these is the *Agincourt Song* of 1415 when Henry V and an English army defeated a French force three times as great at a place of that name. Very impressive when sung in chorus are the words:

"Our King went forth to Normandy,
In pride and grace of chivalry."

Thanks for victory and an understanding of all the grief of war are expressed in the final line of gratitude: *"Deo gratias."* A century later when the Spanish Armada threatened, John Still wrote his *Hymn to Be Sung by All England.* In the early eighteenth century the Duke of Marlborough's soldiers sang something very like the *Mademoiselle from Armentières* of the World War.

Thick books have been written about the British songs of 1914-18. First and one of the greatest was the music hall song *Tipperary.* The words—"Good-bye, Piccadilly, farewell, Leicester Square"—were appropriate and "it's a long, long way to Tipperary" had a strong appeal for men going on a long journey. Girls spurred recruiting by singing: "We don't want to lose you, but we think you ought to go." At London's Palace Theater, Gwendoline Brogden went further with these lines:

"On Sunday I walk out with a soldier,
On Monday I walk out with a tar,
On Tuesday I'm out with a baby Boy Scout,
On Wednesday with a Hussar.

On Thursday I gang oot wi' a Scottie,
On Friday with the captain of the crew,
And on Saturday I'm willing
If you'll only take the shilling
To make a man of every one of you."

By 1915, those who took the King's shilling were often singing yearning songs like *I Want to Go Home.*

The cynical verses of the *Bells of Hell* are still a vivid memory to many men. One version, in part, was this:

"The bells of Hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling
For you but not for me.
For me the angels sing-a-ling-a-ling
They've got the goods on me.

Oh, death, where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling?
Oh, grave, thy victory?
The bells of Hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling
For you but not for me."

The Germans, who give so much thought to the meticulous details of war, have not overlooked music as a morale builder. Submarine commanders have fired torpedoes to the accompaniment of *"Deutschland, Deutschland über alles!"* played on a phonograph. Songs have spurred the armies of both the Kaisers and the Nazis. The latter, in fact, owe their power in Germany in no small measure to tunes like the *Horst Wessel Song, The Song of the Standards* and *The Good Comrade* which mark any party gathering. Few song writers anywhere have been honored as Germany has honored Horst Wessel despite the evidence of his having lived off Berlin women. Since his death in a 1930 street brawl, his National Socialist party song has been given his own name and he has been placed in the highest list of Nazi heroes.

Songs of German soldiers are difficult to translate; the words are often meaningless in English; but many observers have been impressed by grey columns singing as they remorselessly slog along. In 1914 in Brussels, Richard Harding Davis wrote this vivid description:

"The infantry marched singing, with their iron-shod boots beating out the time. They sang 'Fatherland, My Fatherland.' Between each line of song they took three steps. At times two thousand men were singing together in absolute rhythm and beat. It was like the blows from giant pile drivers. When the melody gave way, the silence was broken only by the stamp of iron-shod boots, and then the song rose. When the singing ceased, the bands played marches. They were followed by the rumble of the howitzers, the creaking of wheels and of chains clanking against the cobblestones, and the sharp, bell-like voices of the bugles."

Before a German arrives at military age, he has been taught in addition to the standard patriotic songs of his country a whole volume of "German Youth" songs written in recent years. One widely known one is *"Forward"* by Baldur von Schirach who, while an art student, became a friend of Hitler. The song starts:

"Forward! Forward!
Let the bright trumpets sound,
Forward! Forward!
Youth knows no peril."

Though there have been disputes as to the proper translation of its words, world conquest is clearly the theme of the favorite marching song of the Storm Troopers. Here is a literal translation:

"The rotten bones of the world tremble
Before the threat of the great war:
We have broken the terror;
For us it was a grand victory.

We shall continue to march onward
Though everything falls into dust.
For today we own Germany,
And tomorrow the whole world.

Continued on page 170

Ambuscade in the Andes

Hating the English, FitzPatrick felt he could do no better than follow the Creole custom of taking no prisoners

by R. W. DALY

• FICTION •

"Repeat that, *teniente*," said Colonel FitzPatrick grimly, sitting stiffly upright beside his tiny fire.

Lieutenant Margarita Urrutia y Chocano obliged. "I said, mi Coronel, the enemy is near the pass de las dos Agujas . . .Inglesi?"

"Henderson," snapped FitzPatrick, his hatred of the English rising in his blood to warm him. For FitzPatrick would have been home in Sligo County instead of in the Andean heights, if the English King hadn't made his return a matter of a £1,000 to the men who welcomed him. Of course, having served with Montbrun in Napoleon's cavalry he had given the English King due cause of his would-be generosity.

"Orderly!" he called.

"*Si, mi commandante*," responded a grizzled, wiry *soldado*.

"My compliments to Major Dario, and will he please to come here at once."

The orderly saluted and leisurely strolled away. Wistfully, FitzPatrick thought of the crack troops he had commanded in France. He had come to Caracas more because he loved to fight than because he disapproved of Spain's monarchistic rule in Spanish America; his letters of recommendation from Marshals Davout and St. Cyr, late of the French Imperial Army, added to his reputation had been sufficiently impressive to make him the commander of a cavalry regiment. It was called a cavalry regiment because it had horses, but FitzPatrick was more or less self-conscious about considering ninety men a regiment. They were mostly undisciplined *llaneros*, tough lancers from the plains and a score of soft-mannered Creoles from the city.

Major Dario was one of the former, a rude, powerful, black-haired horseman, who preserved some of the forms of Castilian courtesy without comprehending their meaning. "*Senor?*" he asked suddenly, towering over FitzPatrick.

"Pull up a chair," the Irishman grunted.

Dario dropped to his haunches, where he was perfectly comfortable.

If there were Royalistas around, FitzPatrick had to stop them from observing the advance of Bolivar's force, or else the surprise and capture of Bogota would be impossible. A tiny army of three thousand men could only succeed in such a gigantic task as crossing the Andes if its presence was unsuspected. Therefore, the Royalistas at las dos Agujas had to be taken or destroyed.

After hearing what FitzPatrick had to say, Dario sharpened a stick with his broad knife and scratched a map on the ground. The two men understood each other. The formation of a regiment of *llaneros* and Creoles had been a rather touchy affair, since both elements had striven for supreme command, until Bolivar had tactfully given the post to FitzPatrick.

Leaning forward to study the map Dario had etched into the ground, FitzPatrick said: "Let us surprise them."

"Good," Dario grunted. "And no prisoners."

FitzPatrick for one of the rare times in his life, was startled. "No prisoners?"

Dario smiled. "They are too much trouble *mi Coronel.* We can't spare men to guard them nor food to feed them."

"It is not done," FitzPatrick said.

Dario winked. "We can be careful not to take any prisoners, then."

FitzPatrick thought of all that his family and friends had suffered at the hands of Englishmen in Ireland. He thought of the pitchcapping of his father, and Colonel FitzPatrick's lips tightened. English tortures of Irishmen had assumed the legality of custom. Then he could do no better than follow the custom suggested by Dario. Henderson's command would be sacrificed as a holocaust for the FitzPatricks and Ireland.

"Is that las dos Agujas?" he asked, pointing at the ground.

"*Si.* It is most narrow."

"And is this another pass to the North?"

"*Si.*"

"How far from here?"

Dario was not inclined to be definite. "Six or seven hours."

"Can you reach it at night?"

The *llanero* Major had faith in himself and horses. "*Certamenta*," he replied.

"Good," FitzPatrick said, and briefly outlined a plan of action.

"I understand," Dario finally announced.

"Then let us go," FitzPatrick replied, got up, and shouted for his trumpeter. If he knew the English, and he thought he did, Henderson would play safe, bivouac all night, and resume his patrol in the morning. A sensible man, like all of his breed, Henderson would not venture to take his men through a mountain pass at night.

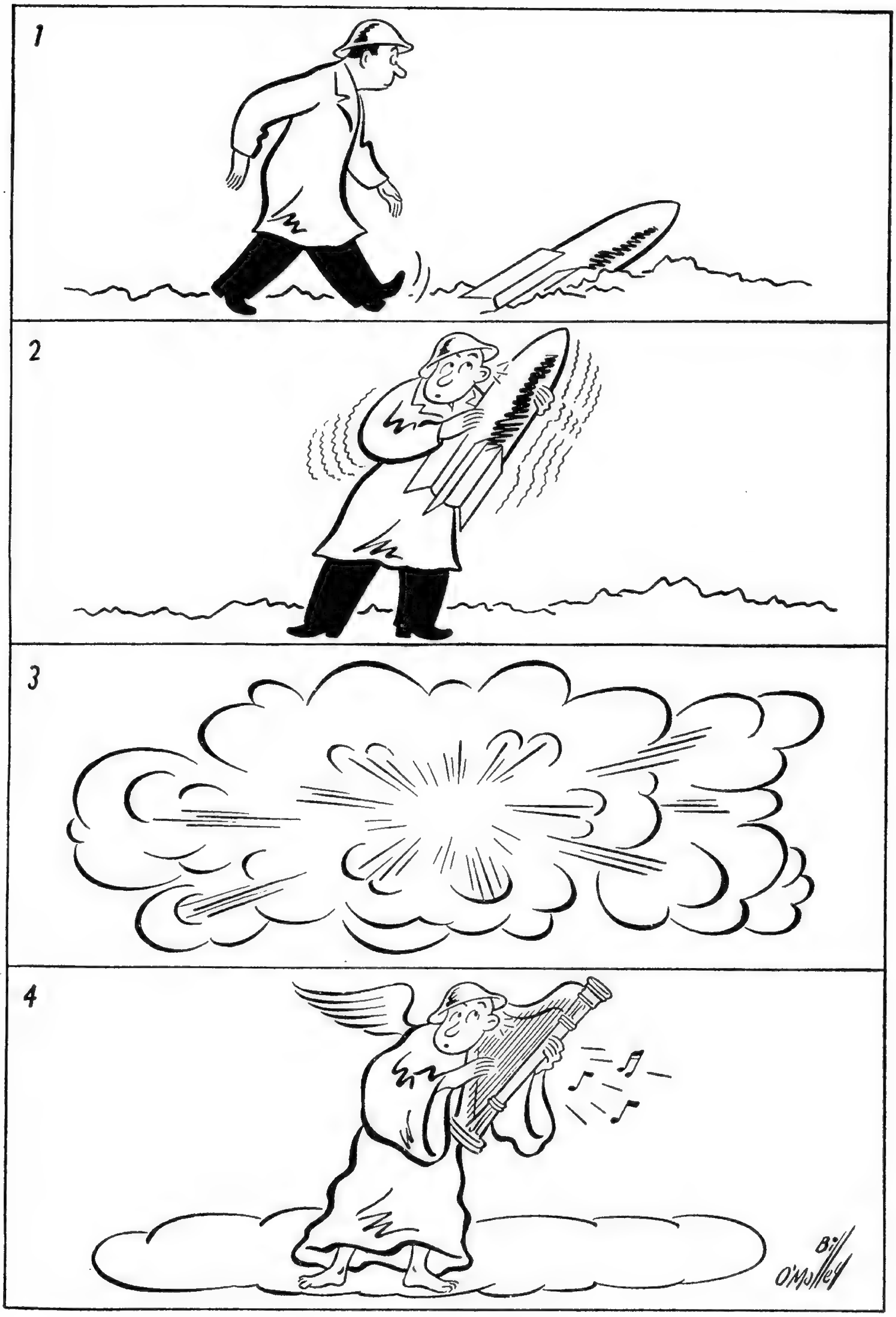
Groaningly, thirty-five horsemen cautiously jingled after FitzPatrick into the darkness settling down from the East. The city Creoles were proud to be riding with their Colonel to the attack of the Royalistas, rather than to have been sent on an obscure errand northwards with the main bulk of the *llaneros* under Dario.

As they rode, FitzPatrick thought of the next morning. The rebels were in nondescript clothing, little resembling uniformed soldiers, and FitzPatrick could hope that Henderson would believe he had met *banditos* rather than an organized unit of Bolivar's Army. And, thinking of the next morning, FitzPatrick thought of Dario's suggestion not to take prisoners. He felt like a tribal chieftain, holding the power of life and death in his hands.

"Be careful, *mi Coronel!*" Urrutia hissed in the darkness, and FitzPatrick barely

Continued on page 96

"What kind of a trip did you have, Saki-Saki?"


1
2
3
4
Bill O'Malley

Brown Dynamite—Short Fuse

Comical but ferocious carry-over from cave era offers supreme trophy on our continent for film or high-power rifle

by BEN EAST

• SPORTS •

He's the biggest flesh-eating animal walking the world today. He attains a record weight of close to 1,700 pounds. His average is 1,000 to 1,200. He grows near to the shoulder height of a fair-sized cow pony and when he stands erect on his hind legs, he couldn't walk through a twelve-foot doorway without stooping. Stripped off the massive bulk it was designed to drape, his thick-furred pelt measures up to thirteen feet in length. And he's got teeth and claws and strength and temper to match his size! The game fields of the two Americas offer no other trophy that compares with the brown bear of Alaska.

Mention the brownie to your sportsmen friends and the chances are they'll pipe up with: "You mean the Kodiak bear?"

That calls for more than a yes or no reply. All Kodiak bears are brownies, but all brownies aren't Kodiaks. There are nine races of the brown bear of Alaska. One of these races lives on Kodiak Island and neighboring Afognak Island. The others live anywhere along the coast and the coast islands from southeastern Alaska to Bristol bay and Unimak Island at the eastern end of the Aleutian chain.

You start down a rope ladder, over the side of your yacht, for an hour of rainbow fishing in a stream where the salmon run is nicely getting under way, and your skipper grins at you from the deck and shouts: "Forget the rifle?" You're in brown bear country, and neither the captain of the yacht nor your guide intends to let you go ashore unless a proper dose of brownie medicine goes along.

Thirty minutes later you understand the reason for that. You run the bow of your dory up on the shelving shingle and go thrashing into the belt of wild grass, tangled and shoulder high, that grows between beach and timber. Farther on there's a path beside a creek, and presently you notice that this path is different. It cuts across on bars from one bank to the other. It's wide and worn fairly deep because it was made by the biggest fisherman in the world. And he and his kind have done a lot of walking on it since the salmon run began. That's why it's a good three feet wide, with every blade of grass tramped flat to the ground. Here and there a few yards off the path there are beds bigger than your own four-poster, beaten down in the tall grass.

You notice that your guide is walking sort of slow and stiff-gaited, his eyes searching the valley upstream and the grassy flats on both sides. Then you step over a heap of dung about the size of your hat, and at your shoulder the guide says: "Brownie!" It makes the hair crawl on your neck.

A little farther up that trout stream you are following it happens to you. You come upon one of the fellows that made the path, fishing for salmon in a shallow riffle. He's two hundred yards away, and as far as you're concerned it's none too far.

You have to see him to believe there is such an animal left in the world. He's a lumbering brown goliath, waddling across a gravel bar with the grace and speed of Donald Duck. Then a salmon's dorsal fin splits the white water of the riffle, too far away for you to see, and Donald Duck is a bear no longer. He's a cat, a giant over-grown cat, streaking into the water and nailing the salmon as fast and light on his feet as any fireside tabby going after a mouse! His huge brown bulk sends the water exploding in silver spray, and he comes up with a five-pound humpback in his jaws, shaking it till you can feel its spine shatter.

Then he ambles across the bar to feed. As he turns his rump to you, he's Droopy Drawers in person. His fat rear end sags down on each side of his ridiculous stump of a tail like a misplaced snood on a woman's hat, rolling as he walks. He is the incarnate clown of the woods, the embodiment of all that's comical and ursine.

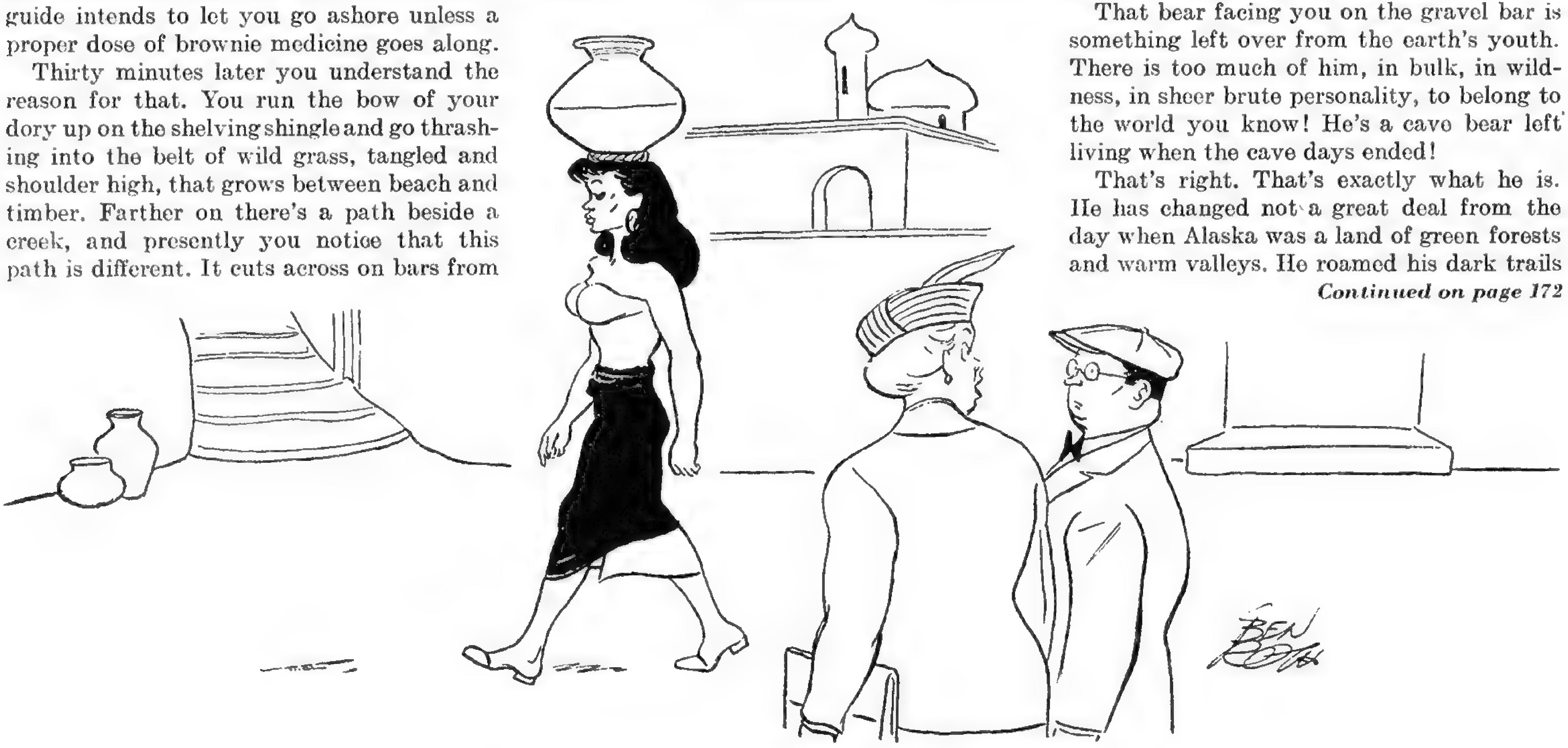
Then he hears you, or perhaps the fickle Alaskan wind shifts two points and carries a tell-tale ribbon of your scent up the stream. He wheels on the bar, his salmon forgotten, his broad head swinging as he tests the light wind for a more definite message. Suddenly he rears erect, as straight up as a man, his forepaws hanging down like the paws of an inquisitive squirrel. There's nothing of Droopy Drawers about him now. He's all dignity and terrible power and danger.

You stare at him, and you see that it would take two men the size of you, standing one on the other's shoulders, to look him level in the eyes. Only that's the last thing in the world you'd want to do! Your tongue is dry and sticks to the roof of your mouth. And suddenly you understand. This is more than your own personal fear that you feel. This is an ancient terror, born out of things that happened before you arrived on earth. This is what some old grandfather of yours felt beside a wind-flickered fire in the door of his cave, on a night a long, long time ago.

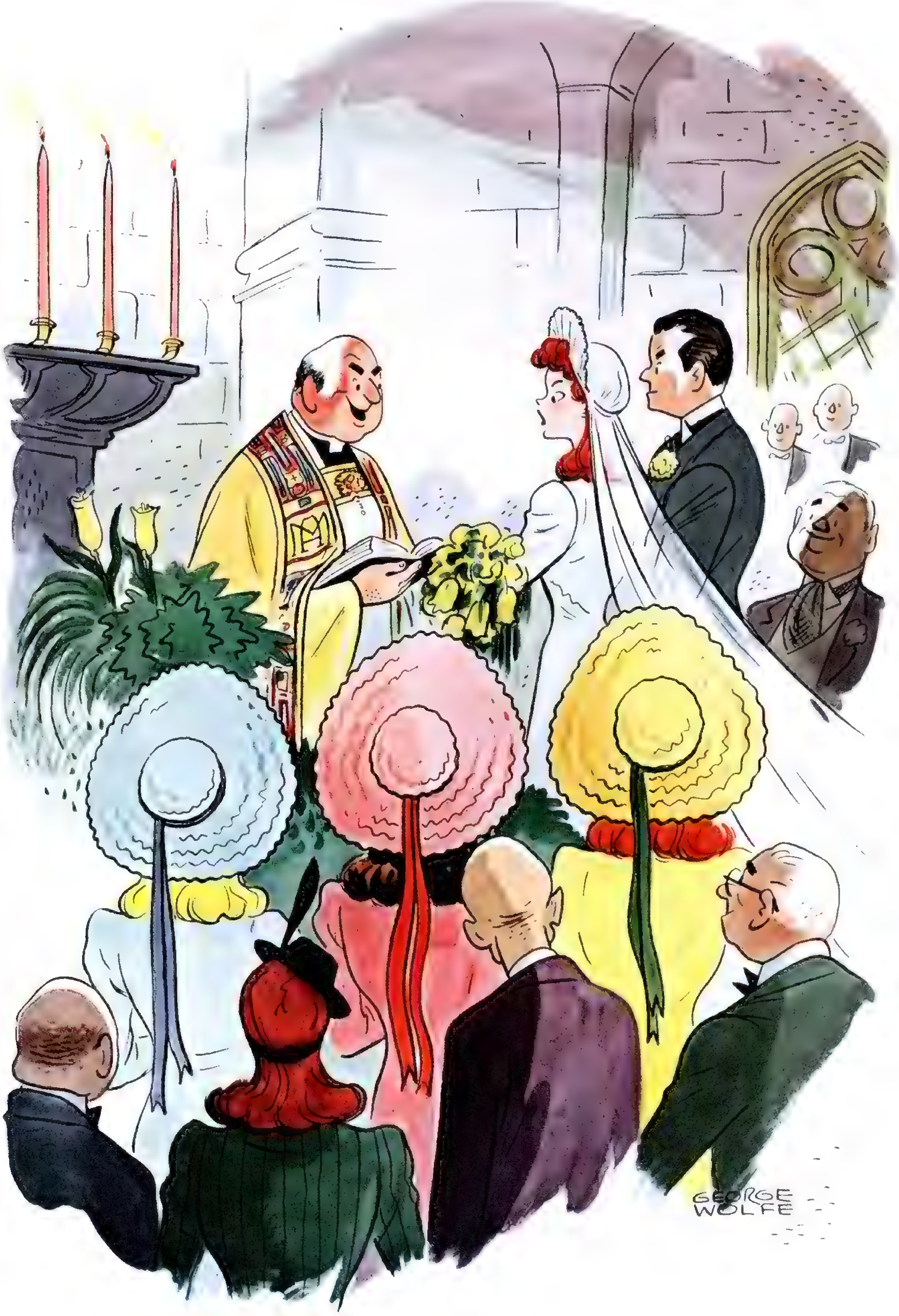
That bear facing you on the gravel bar is something left over from the earth's youth. There is too much of him, in bulk, in wildness, in sheer brute personality, to belong to the world you know! He's a cave bear left living when the cave days ended!

That's right. That's exactly what he is. He has changed not a great deal from the day when Alaska was a land of green forests and warm valleys. He roamed his dark trails

Continued on page 172

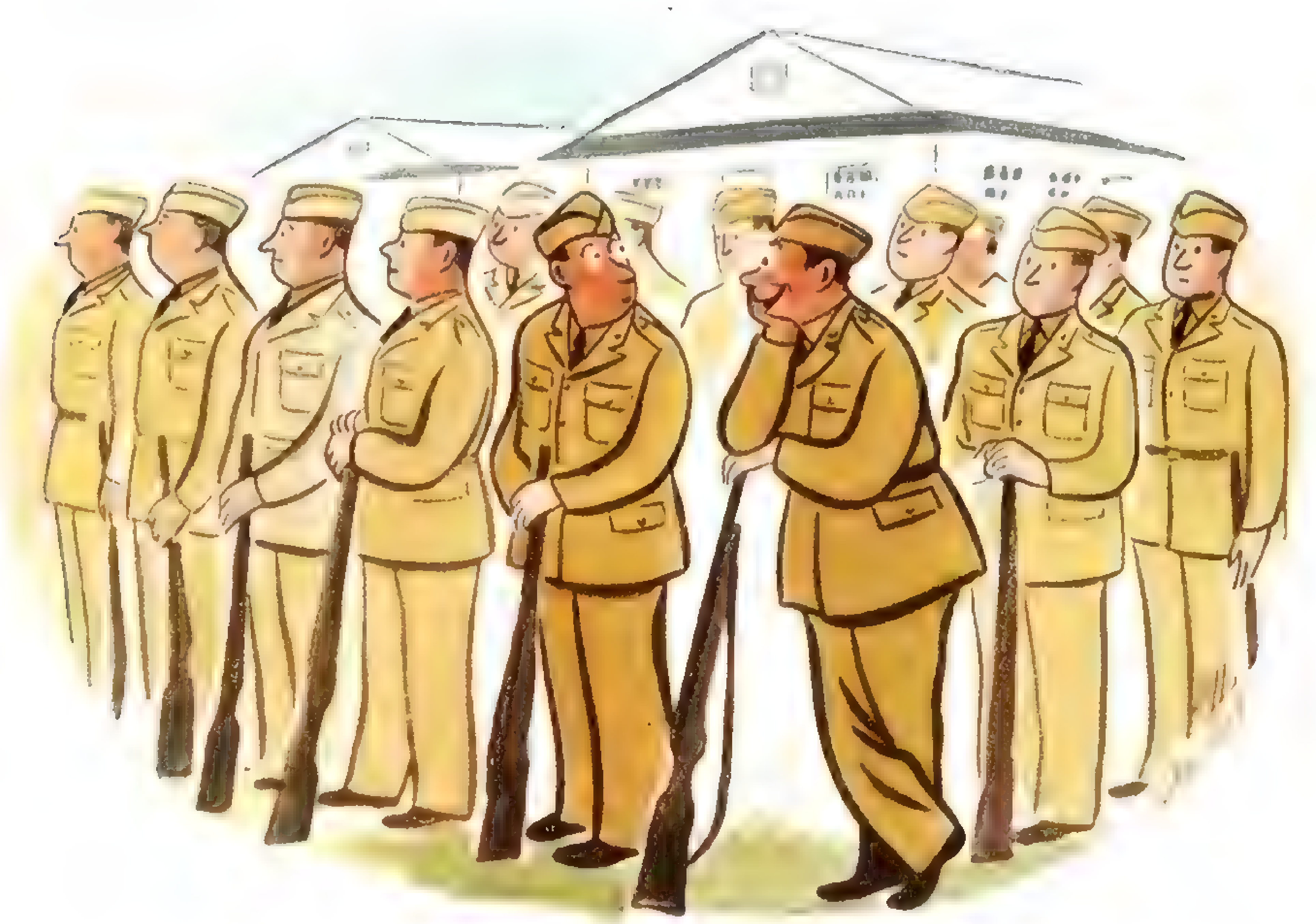


"*. . . and civilized people, of course, use books*"



GEORGE WOLFE

"You both know the rules—put the ring on her finger and go out fighting!"



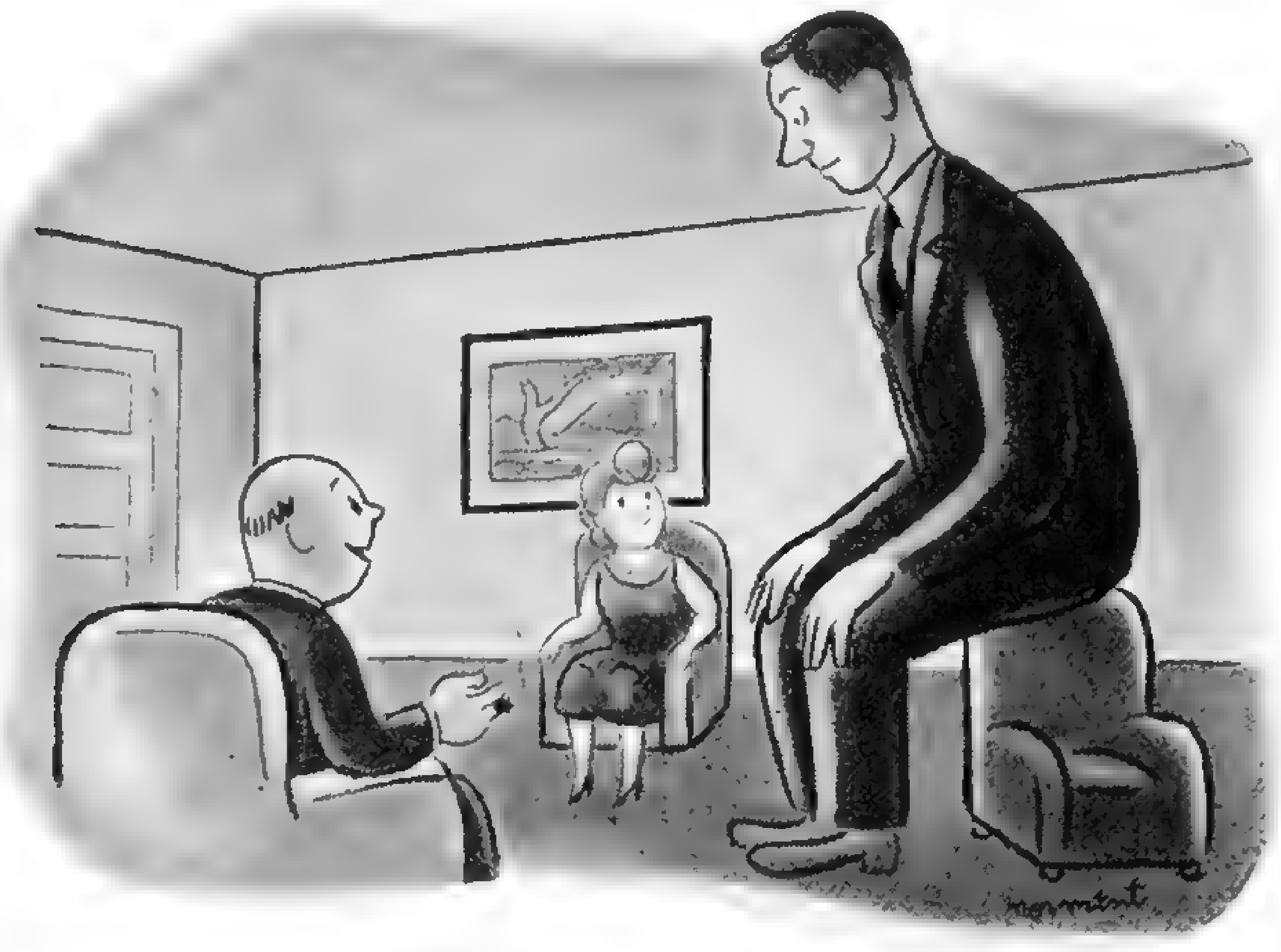
"I'm gonna ask for the first two weeks in July, this year"

GRAPES OF WRATH

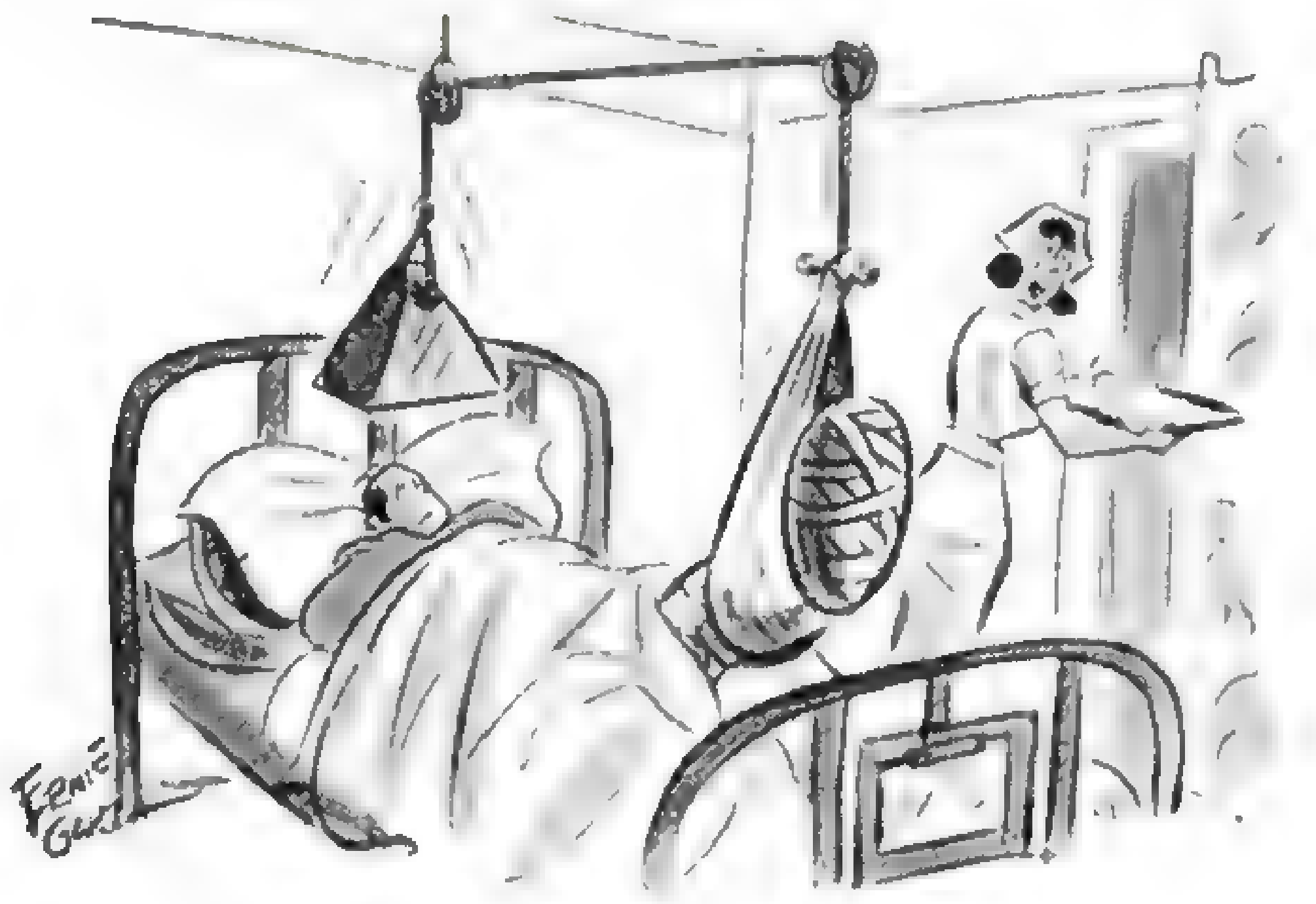
Bookshelf Blues

Novels of the soil
Are too much toil;
Stories of success
Tend to depress;
Tales of matrimony
Often ring phony;
Tomes about my fears
Bore me to tears;
Books are the bunk!
Guess I'll get drunk!

—PHIL STACK



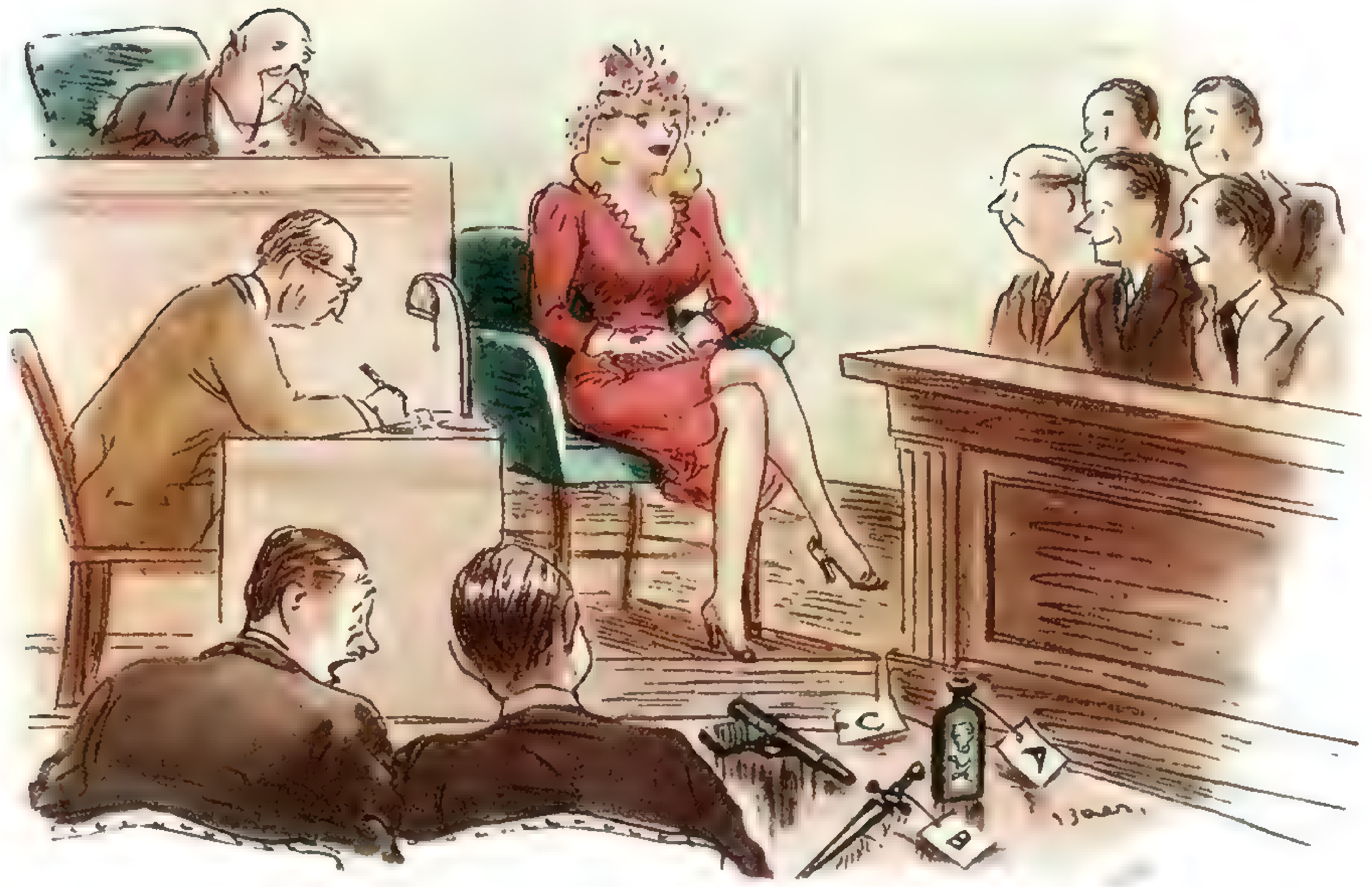
"We like it"



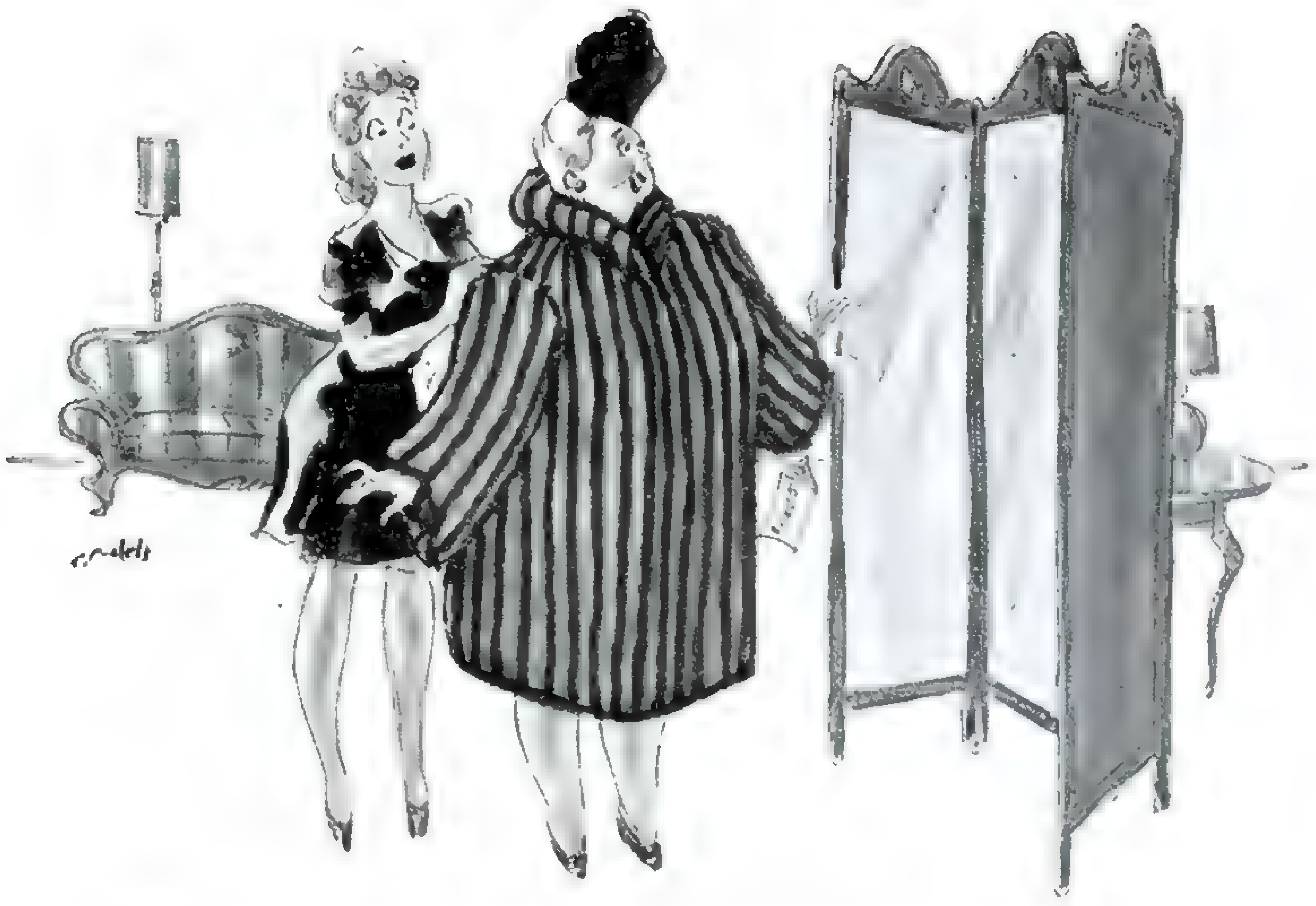
"Now just lie there quietly—!"

FIRST OLD MAID: *"If they ever tried to invade America this resort might be one of the places where they'll land."*

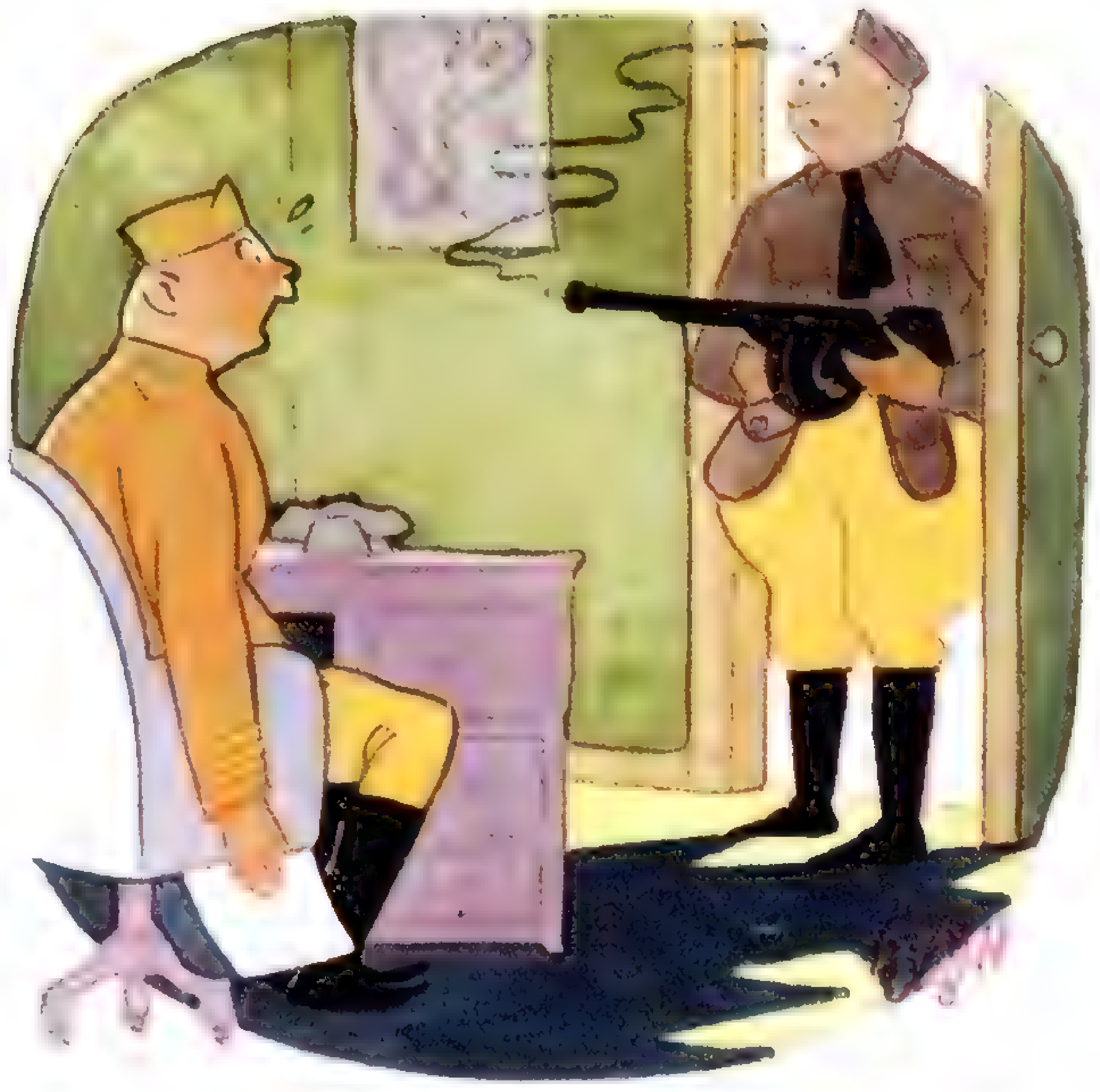
SECOND DITTO: *"Now, Flora, cut out the wishful thinking."*



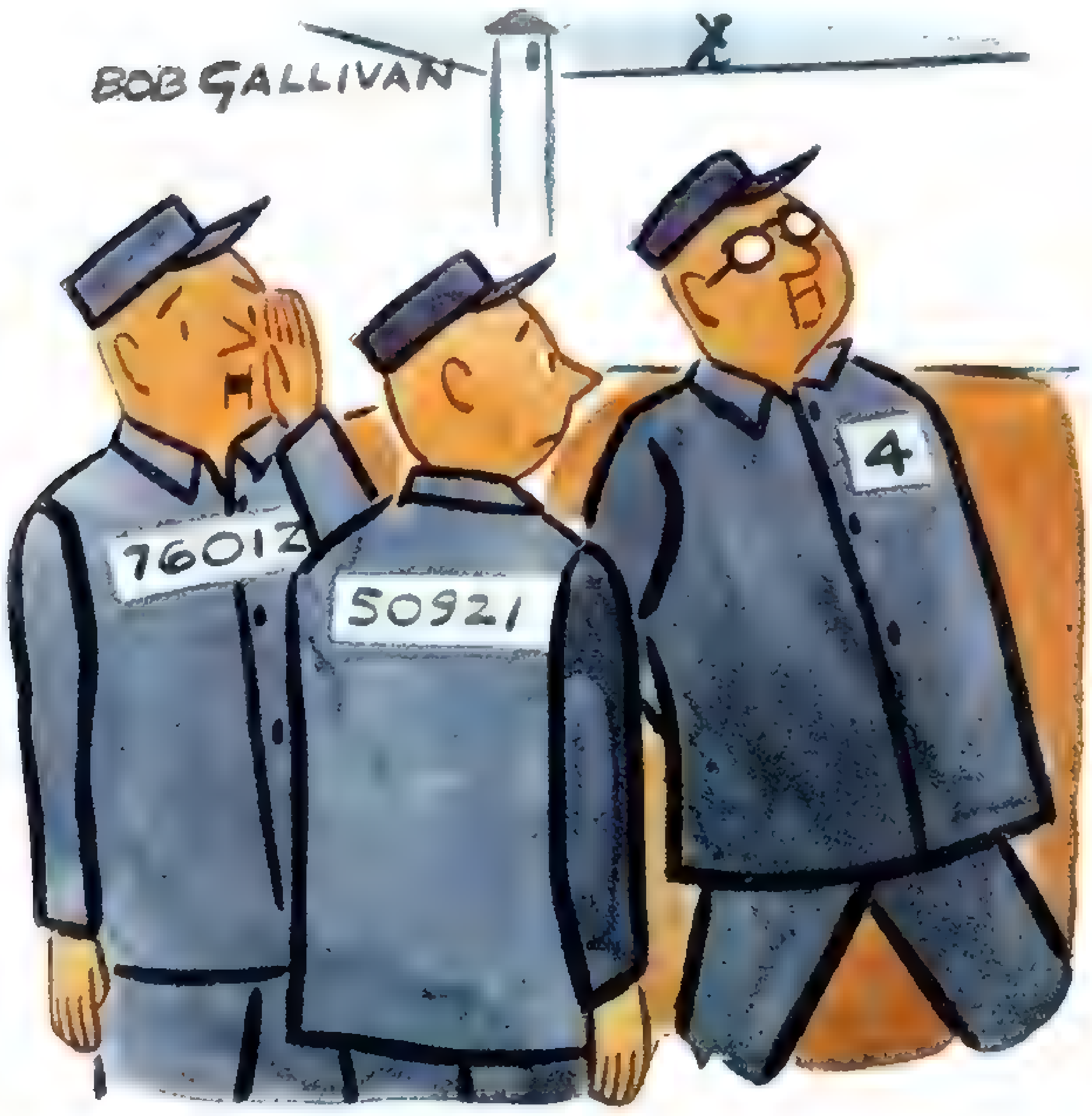
"I don't think exhibit A, exhibit B and exhibit C have much chance against the exhibit of the defendant"



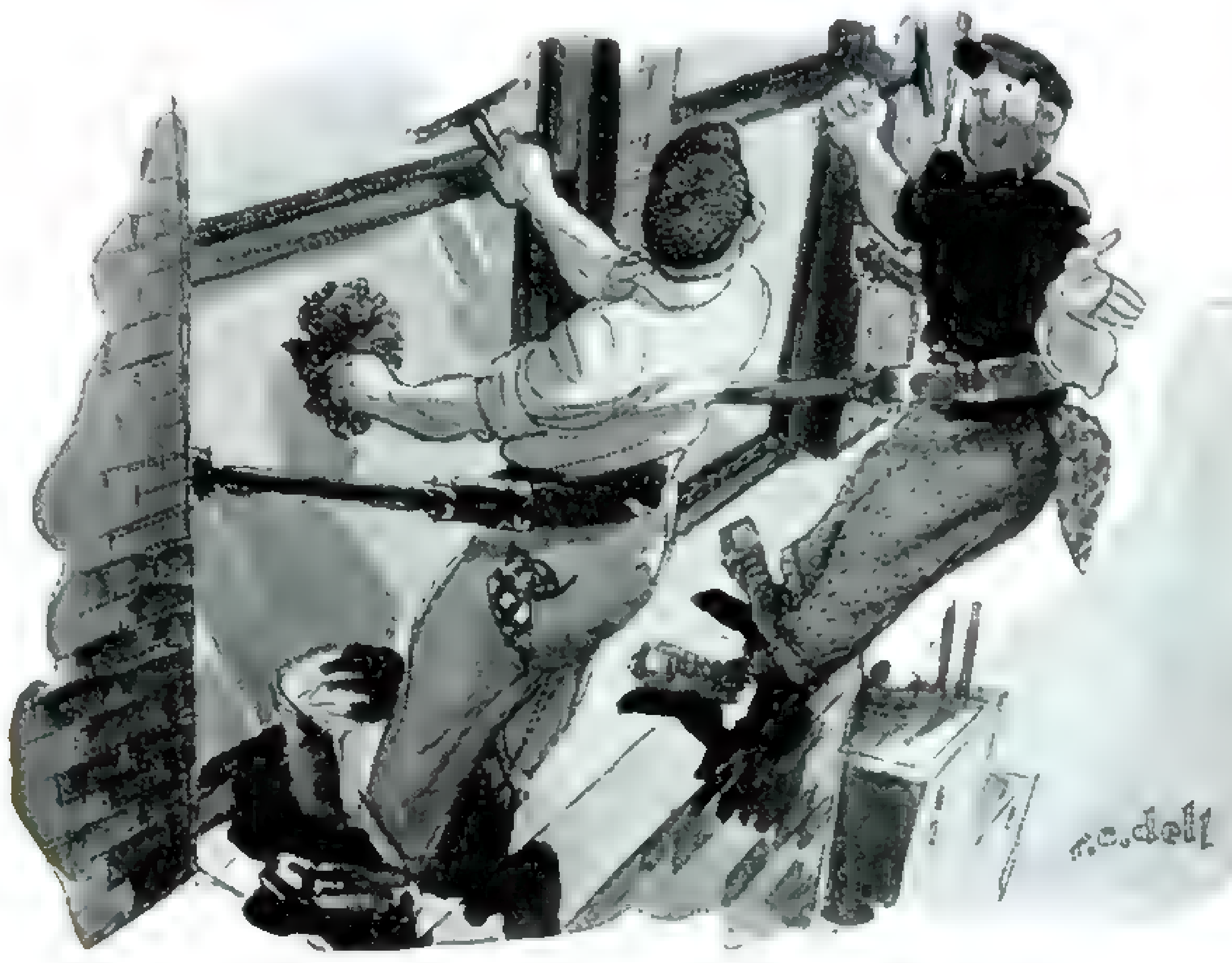
"Now just to be fair I'll buy a defense stamp, too"



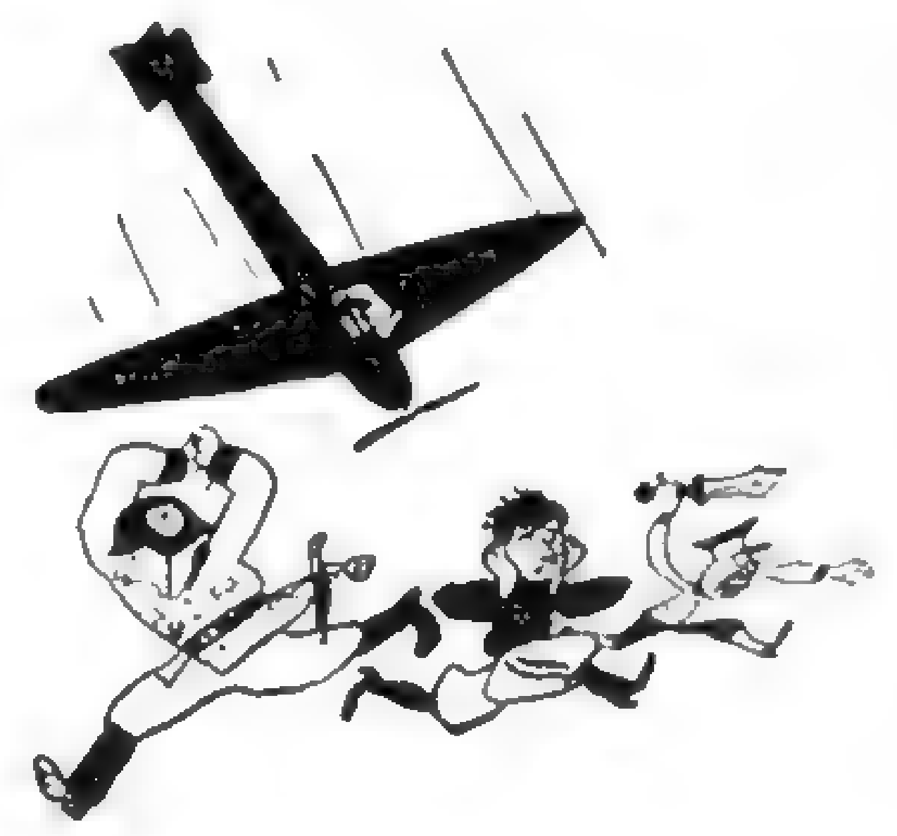
"I drilled them rookies like you ordered, sir"



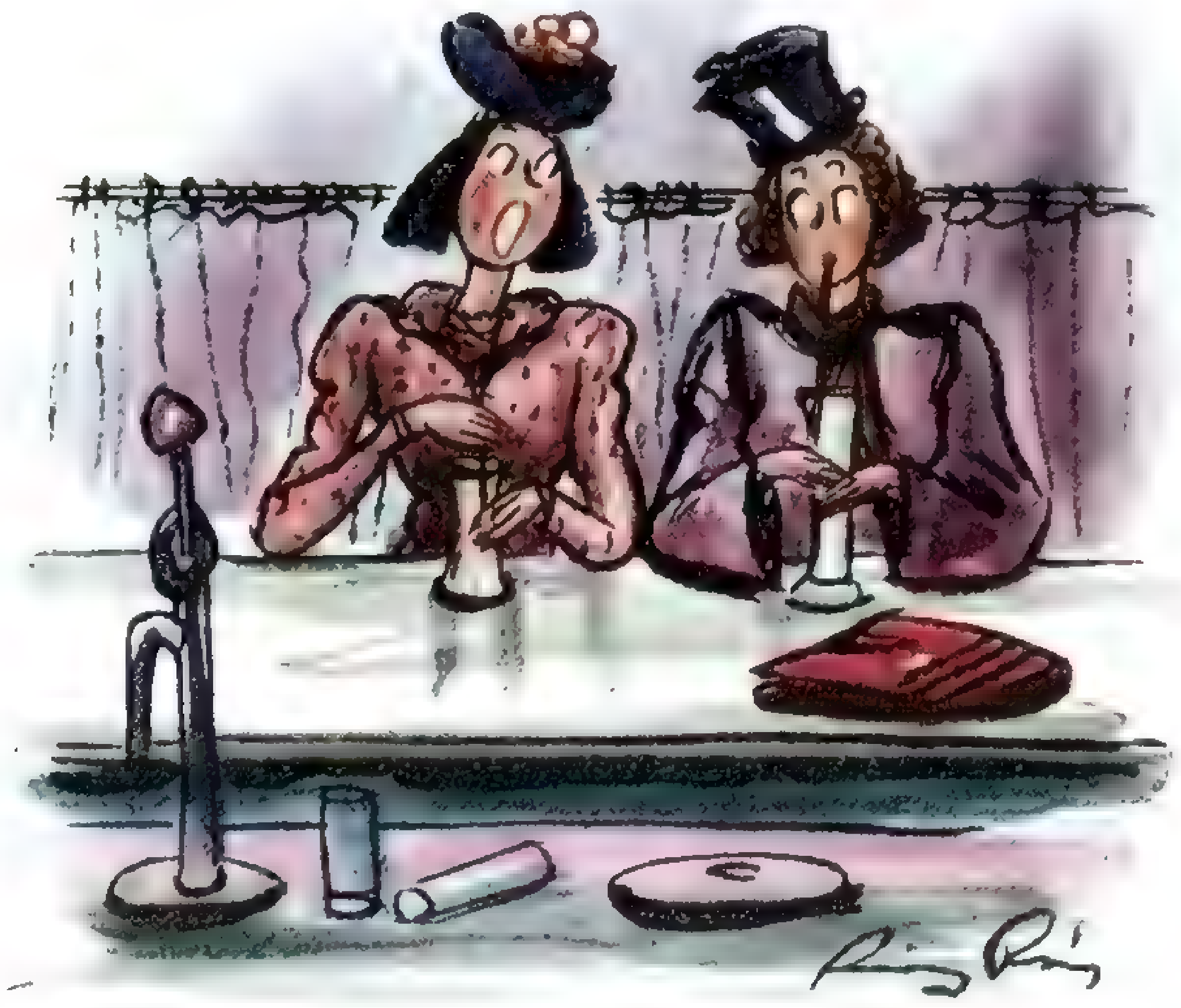
"Some big politician, I heard"



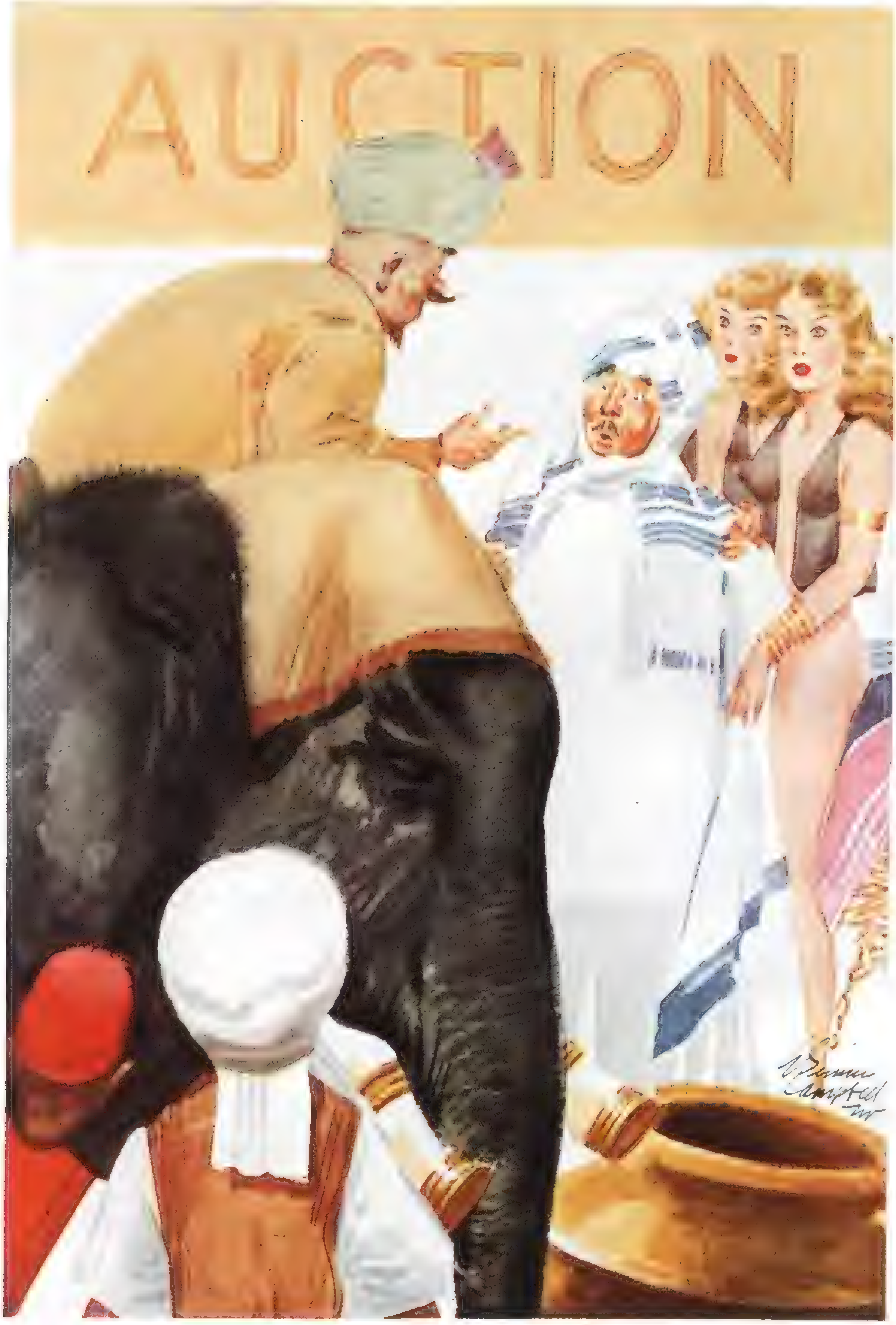
". . . and then the belt breaks and I wake up screaming!"



Ford's huge factory will soon be producing one bomber every hour. It won't be long before Axis folks will be appreciating those old gags about people being hit by Fords.



"I called him the lowest thing that I could think of—a Jap!"



"Have you got that one in a size larger?"

Trill on the G-String

Gypsy Rose Lee confesses she's a pushover for Schopenhauer, Proust, murder and French Impressionism

by ROBERT W. MARKS

• ARTICLE •

CERTAIN things in life are ends in themselves; like the spray of waves over rocks, like fires seen at a distance through the dark . . . and like Miss Gypsy Rose Lee.

It has not been recorded that waves have ever wanted to become clouds, or that crackling fires have yearned for the glories that belong to suns; but Gypsy has most definitely sought, and perhaps found a new form for herself. This form has none of the nuances and few of the overtones of her former and more enchanting state of being; but, as the conventions go, it is higher.

As Mr. Santayana once put it, "an orchid may not be more beautiful than a lily, but it is higher; philosophy may not be truer than science, nor true at all, but it is higher . . ." Now, murder mysteries may be no more intriguing to you or to me than the contemplation of Gypsy's pellucid skin and ambient gestures—but to Mr. Santayana, it would be "higher."

And who is Gypsy to turn a cold, albeit bare shoulder to Santayana?

Miss Gypsy Rose Lee lives in a condensed cold-water railroad flat on East Fifty-seventh Street. The flat is resplendent with Victorian furniture, painted white and covered with shiny yellow stuff. Maybe it isn't shiny: it's hard to remember things. Her bathtub stands in the middle of the kitchen . . . its wonders to unfold. Her walls have no etchings: they have tattoo designs.

Miss Gypsy Rose Lee also lives in an archaic country cottage upstate . . . a cottage replete with books—some five thousand of them.

But Miss Lee's real world is the world of the murder mystery. Murder is her passion, her great passion—this interloper reluctantly reports. She lives to kill—since the success of her *G-String Murders;* and it is reasonably certain that before you have been in her place five minutes, she has already disposed of you . . . by some ingenious combination of bumps and grinds. Indeed, in the exotic environs of Miss Lee, the term "bumping you off" takes on new lurid and morbid meanings.

"Mystery story writers," Miss Lee once told me, "are like Proust—they have to write; they get a murder going on inside of them . . . and it has to come out."

I thought I saw Freud hiding under her bed; and said so. Miss Lee demurred "I can't stand the sight of blood; but that, *per se*, doesn't mean I'm a repressed murderer . . . that I have a compulsive urge to make with a hatchet."

"On the other hand," I said, jammed between a highball and a premise . . .

"Oh, no, it's more than that . . . it gets in your blood. Why, just last night I was having dinner at the Kungsholm with X," she said, naming a well-known mystery writer. "Suddenly, just as he was taking a second helping of smörgasbord . . . he said, 'My God . . . what a wonderful place for a murder—you could never tell which dish killed him . . .' "

Miss Lee, it should be pointed out, is no tyro in the field. She not only has knocked out what murder fans call a corker in this sphere; and has a successor on its way—but she seems to have read everything that has been written in the whole bloody bailiwick.

This bureau of investigation has never read a mystery story—with the exception of Sherlock Holmes . . . and the finely-drawn tome of Miss Lee. The latter was undertaken professionally . . . in order to face Miss Lee, clear-eyed and informed . . . in her own salon.

An air of authority—even for a newspaper man—is not to be acquired overnight.

And Miss Lee rattled on with charm, enthusiasm, and erudition . . . comparing styles, rounding phrases—and leaving me mute, if not aghast, with my participles dangling. "Take so-and-so," she would say, "he is a butcher, a corpse manufacturer, a bungler—but that's no way to write a murder mystery: anybody can invent guys with stomachs ripped open—like strawberry shortcake."

Politeness required assent. The subject, however, didn't gain in interest, despite Miss Lee's persuasive charm, and intelligence, and sweetness. In reality, it lost—by comparison.

"Tell me about this Proust business," I said, struggling to cut the veil of mystery. Much has been written about Miss Lee's love for Proust; it has brought ribbing, if not moaning, at the bar.

"Oh," she said, refilling my glass, "do you have to bring that up? I found him interesting—that's all. He had asthma . . . my mother had asthma, too."

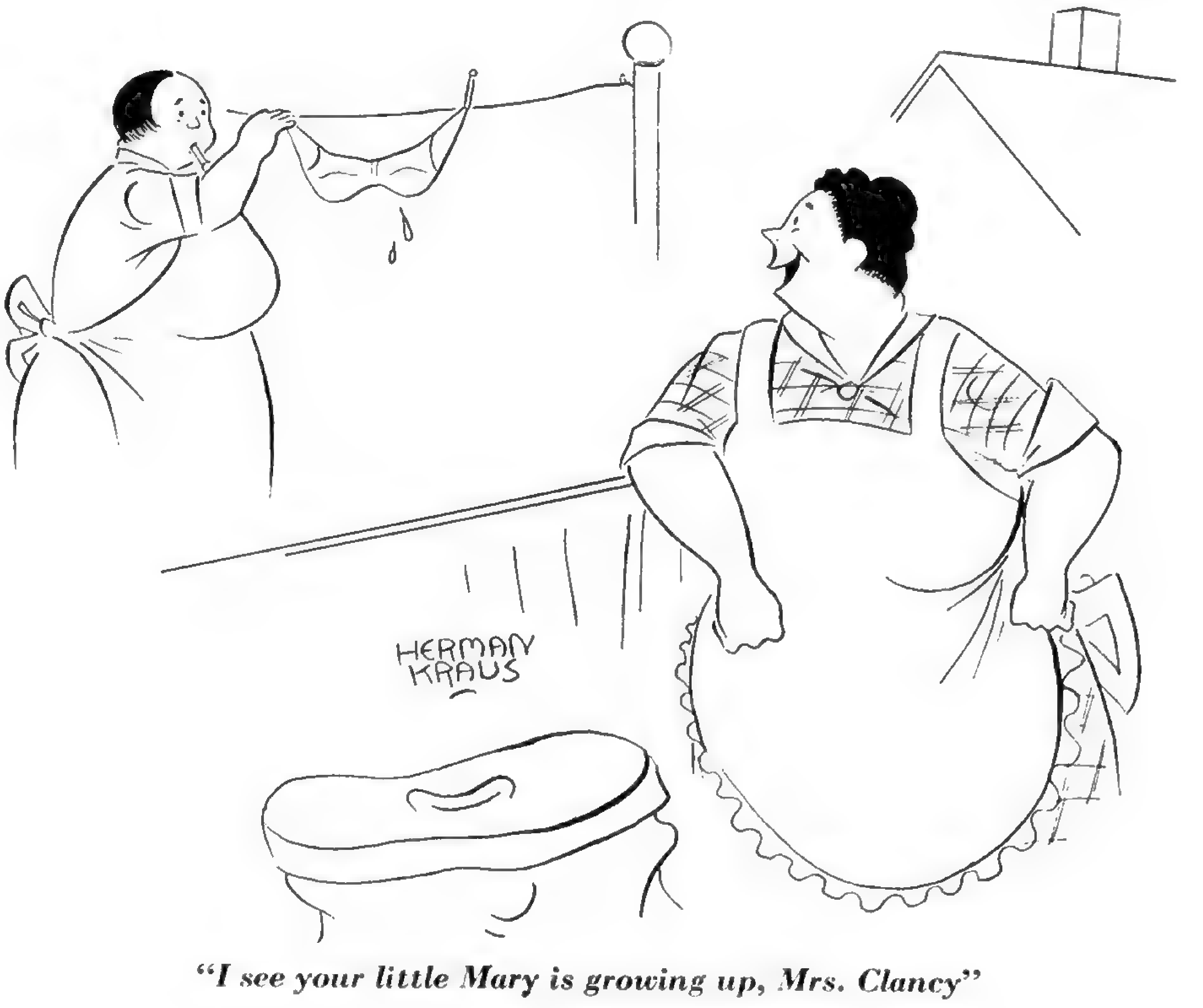
* * *

Miss Lee is tall—very tall. She measures some five feet ten in a G-String. Her eyes are always sparkling. She has the kind of poise the Du Barry Success School would like to retail. She has great, great charm; and she radiates a type of regal sensuality. She makes you think of the women of Goya and Velasquez—undulant, suave, piquant, auburn, coquettish.

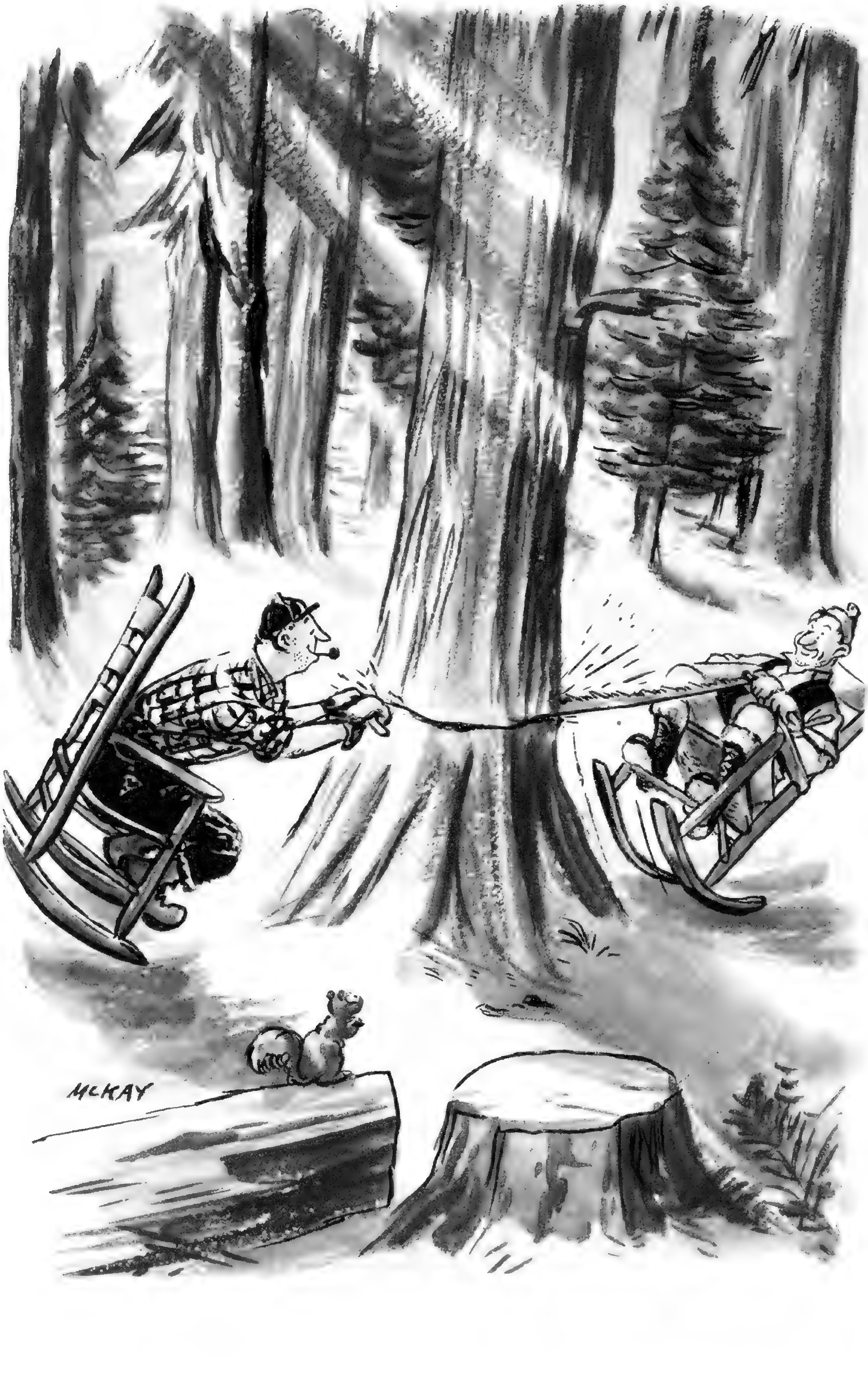
Her voice has a peach-fuzz quality to it, a quality which makes you say to yourself what Dr. Johnson once said to his host about an old Port. "I am consoled," said the learned Boswell-justifier, "for not having lived ninety years back . . . or at any period but the present . . . by this one glass of your ancestral wine."

For these and other reasons, interviewing Miss Lee is not easy. She disarms you, she diverts you, she toys with your blood pressure; and then, when you have finally got what you think are your teeth into a story—she introduces you to her bouncer. The

Continued on page 134



"I see your little Mary is growing up, Mrs. Clancy"


MCKAY

Cut Yourself a Piece of Muskie

Whether you're a sucker heaver or you lure them with artificial bait you want a rod with plenty of gimp

by GORDON MAC QUARRIE

• SPORTS •

HERE is the way to determine how far your muskellunge hunting friend has gone in his chosen sport:

If, when discussing sucker bait, he refers to it as "casting suckers," put him down as one who has not gone through all the chairs. If, on the other hand, he says casually that he has "heaved suckers," listen unto him with an attentive ear for he will be among the all-wool lodge members and no pretender.

One does not "cast" suckers weighing a pound or over. One "heaves" suckers of such weight with a special kind of rod, the butt of which may be as thick as a hoe handle, tapering powerfully along the lines of a Mallet locomotive to the tip.

One stands up in the boat. One lays out the dead, trussed-up sucker on the water to port and heaves it underhand to starboard. It's like pitching hay, only harder. The sucker heaver takes that stout rod butt under his arm, somewhat after the fashion of a man quick on the trigger in the partridge cover. He oomphs it out. The sucker falls with a mighty splash anywhere from 30 to 100 yards distant, and then the real labor begins.

It's the retrieve that brings the ache to the lumbar region. Water resistance, coupled with the sucker heaver's need to make that sucker perform like a fish that is either sick or insane, or both, is positively wearing. Casting suckers? There is as much difference between casting light baits and heaving suckers as there is between a battle wagon and a ferry boat. Both are all right in their place. But folks who "cast" suckers in conversation have just heard about it, never got into it.

Heaving suckers is one of the deadly ways to nail muskies, and ere some unwonted sympathy is voiced for br'er muskie, let it not be forgot that he is a good hand at taking care of himself, come what may. We doubt if one out of a thousand who have fished for muskellunge have seen a sucker heaver properly at his noble task. In the first place, hardly anyone has the right tackle to undertake it. And in the second place it is hard work.

Let it be said that sucker heaving should be seen to be appreciated. There is nothing comparable to it in inland fishing. Its devotees try to keep in top physical trim so they can stay with the game hour in and hour out. We have seen them stripped to the waist, like blacksmiths, at their chores on chosen Wisconsin muskie waters all the way from Lake Vieux Desert to Grindstone Lake in Sawyer County.

Once a muskie has seized a sucker the strain is immediately released from the line and the fish permitted to go where it will. Good boat handling enters the picture here. On a river this can be quite tricky. The average muskie with a sucker crosswise in its teeth does not choose to move very far from the place where it struck, but once the swallowing stage arrives, the muskie is likely to move off, a sure, definite kind of movement, often a mighty fast one, even before the hook is set. Just when to set the hook calls for nice judgment and is the supreme test of skill in sucker fishing.

Some sucker heavers bide their time for arbitrary periods. They take out their watches and wait for from fifteen to twenty minutes. More skillful ones seem to know by the movement of the fish when the time has come to set the hook.

It is the pause between the taking of the sucker and the setting of the hook which has aroused some to declare they prefer the instantaneous action of the fish struck and fought. It *is* more dramatic to give a fish the butt the minute it smashes a bait. Nevertheless, there is suspense in that pause while the muskie holds the bait, and no less action when the hook is finally set and the fish starts its runs.

It is quite amazing what a fisherman can do with a muskie out there holding a sucker between its teeth. The muskie wants that sucker. It is its common forage fish. The muskie wants that sucker, and although far from being hooked as yet, actually may be drawn up carefully for a good look-see. To the non-sucker heaver this sounds unbelievable. Yet it is done. If the sucker heaver finds the muskie too small—Wisconsin has a 30-inch law on muskies—he can save himself a lot of time and effort.

In most cases, after the pause, which may be from five minutes to fifteen minutes, the muskie will feel the hook and make a run. That is when the hook is set. Strangely, when the hook is set, it often results in a deep hooking in the jaw, or even in the outer lip. Muskies are just that smart at disgorging something they have decided not to swallow. Line pressure on the strike helps this process, of course.

We think that this type of fishing—sucker heaving—with artificial baits is one of the coming "new" things in fresh water angling. We know of at least one Wisconsin muskie fisherman who has figured it out to his own satisfaction, without the use of suckers. He is Frank Suick of Antigo who in July, 1940, on Pelican Lake caught a muskie a day on a wooden plug whittled by himself to imitate a sucker.

Suick first came to our attention when newspapers carried stories that Antigo townspeople, in jest, had petitioned the governor to restrain Suick from fishing Pelican Lake. We drove to Antigo to meet him, and in the three hours of fishing we had together on Pelican Lake each of us had on three muskies, using his own system and his own sucker-like wooden bait.

Suick owns a series of trout ponds near

Continued on page 150

"I guess it will be all right for me to go to the dance with you, Bob—mother is listening in on the extension and I didn't hear her say no"

The Captain Is a Card

The city's lost men pass through the mockery of a show-up, say their lines and return to their alleys and cells

by NELSON ALGREN

•FICTION•

℞

THE undersized man at the head of the first line of the evening had just been brought in off the street, and wore an oversized army overcoat dragging past his knees; its hem was frayed and caked with mud, as though he'd been sitting on a curb with the hem in the gutter. The coat's top button dangled loosely and he twisted it tenderly; feeling perhaps that the last vestige of his respectability dangled with it. If you took him seriously he looked like the original tough-luck kid, and if you didn't he looked like Amateur Night at the nearest burlesque.

What was he doing in a police lineup anyhow, the Captain wanted to know.

"Just here for protecting myself is all," the little man explained. Then he glanced uneasily toward the Captain's shadowed corner as though fearing he had, so soon in the questioning, given a wrong answer.

"Don't look over here. Tell your story to the mike."

The oversize overcoat looked into the amplifier with the face of an aging terrier searching forever, with brown-eyed weariness, a world of shadowed corners. Of padlocked poolrooms, bootleg bookies, curtained brothels, darkened sidestreets and unlit, littered alleys. He looked like he hadn't walked down an open street in daylight, nor had a friendly nod of recognition in his life. He looked lost.

"Do you ever go around looking for trouble?"

"No sir. I don't like trouble."

"Then what are you doing in front of a tavern at two in the morning with a Luger under your coat? Don't you know those things go off?"

"I'm a veteran."

"What's that got to do with it? I'm a veteran too. But I don't go prowling around taverns with artillery under my clothes."

The veteran eyed the Captain's corner furtively before he answered.

"He shoved me," was the explanation.

"Who's 'he'?"

"A feller I never seen him before. He bought me a drink. Because I'm a veteran."

"Then what happened?"

"He told me to go home."

"Then he slugged you?"

"No sir. He just shoved me was all."

"Then what?"

"Then nothing. That's all. I went home like he told me."

"And picked up a Luger and came back to blow his head off?"

"Yes sir. Naturally." As though that had been understood all along.

"*Naturally?* Don't you realize that if the officer hadn't happened along to take that thing off you, you'd be standing there for murder now?"

Silence. "Well?"

"Yes sir. I realize."

"You're pretty cool about it."

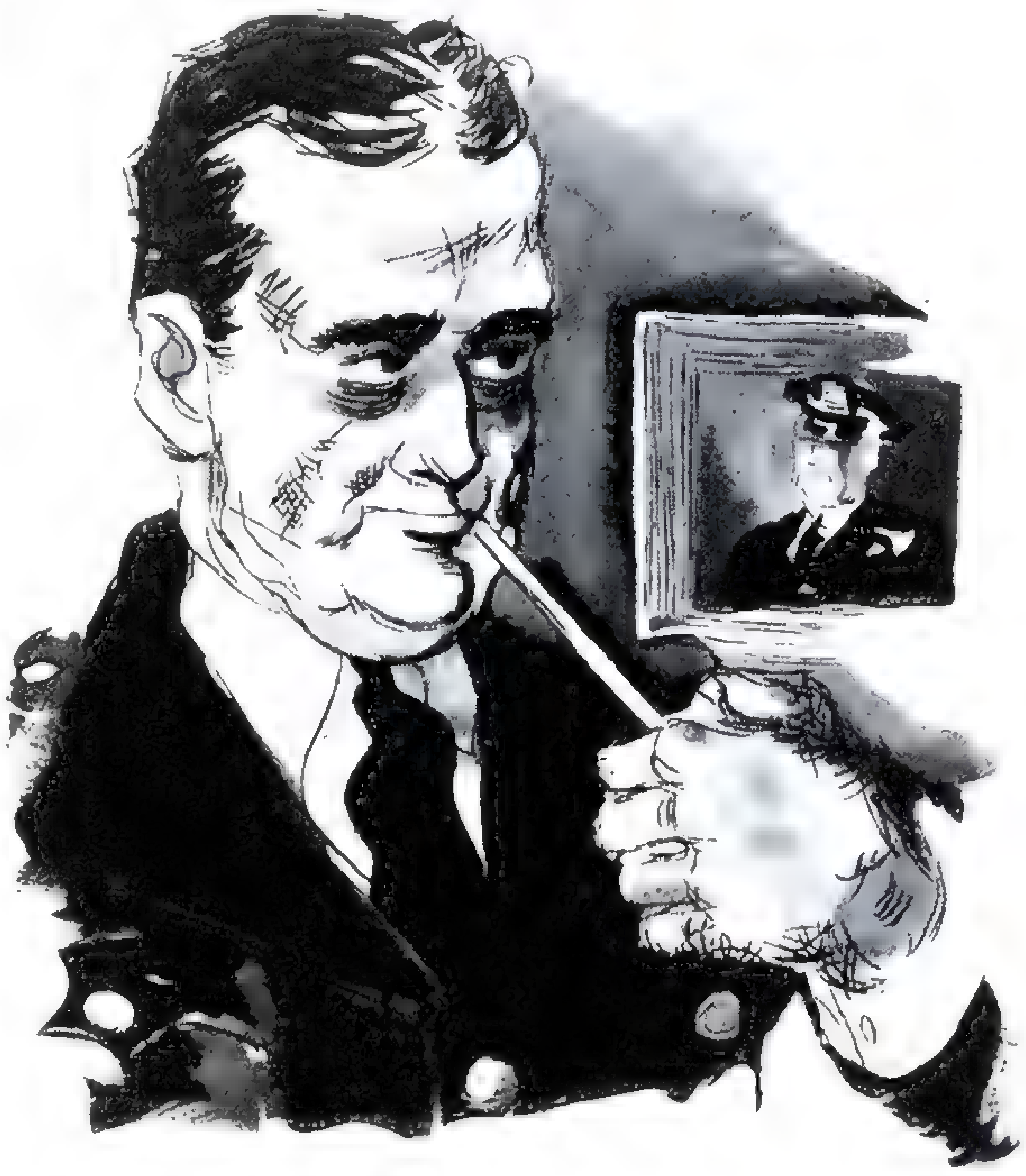
"Yes sir. I'm a veteran."

"What the hell *has* that got to do with it?" The Captain was exasperated at last. "I saw as much over there as you did."

The little man found the Captain with his eyes at last. And snapped like a mongrel held where it cannot move.

"It wasn't you what got shoved. It was *me.*"

"Oh." The Captain lowered his eyes as though he were, suddenly, the guilty man. Then he grinned. "*Man,*" he said quizzically, half sympathy and half surprise, "I'd hate to have you get mad at me for something worth getting mad about."



The next man was half-leaning, half-crouching against the black-and-white lines of the wall. He was a blond of perhaps twenty-two.

"Stand up there!" The Captain sounded like a public-school principal on examination day.

The blond stood as best he could. The knuckles were clenched whitely; the lips were bloodless. And the tip of the nose as white as new snow. The Captain relented.

"You must be hitting it pretty hard."

The boy's lips moved inaudibly toward the mike: it was hard to tell whether he was trying to speak or merely wetting his lips in preparation for saying something.

"What do you take?"

The answer could not be heard; the lips could not be read.

"Speak up, son. Do you sell it too?"

This time the answer came faintly, from somewhere in Cloudland.

"Once—upon—a—time."

"How's last Tuesday afternoon—is that once upon a time?"

The boy nodded solemnly, dreamily, with a slow-motion gravity all his own.

Yes.

Any Tuesday afternoon in Cloudland was once upon a time.

The next man in line was a high yellow in his early thirties.

"What you here for?"

"Havin' whiskey in my home."

"You too? I thought they repealed that law. You don't carry a gun, do you?"

"No sir."

"Do you keep one on the premises?"

"I just keep it. I don't carry it. I leave it on the premises."

"But there was a .38 on the premises?"

"I wasn't nowhere near it."

"I didn't ask you how close you were. I asked whether it was there."

"Yes sir. That's what they claims. I'm in business. I got to have one."

"I thought you said it was your home. Now it's a business. Make up your mind, you can't beat both raps. It'll go lighter on you if you stick to the whiskey story. What you using a private home for business for anyhow? *What* business?"

"The True-American."

"What's *that?*"

"Social 'n athletic club."

"With five women?"

"That's the social part."

"I see. Was afraid you'd tell me they were lady wrestlers."

The woman in the back giggled at the Captain's humor.

"No sir. A mixed club, *that's* what we got."

"I see. Good clean fun and lots of sunshine?"

"Yes sir. Meets in my home. We go on hikes."

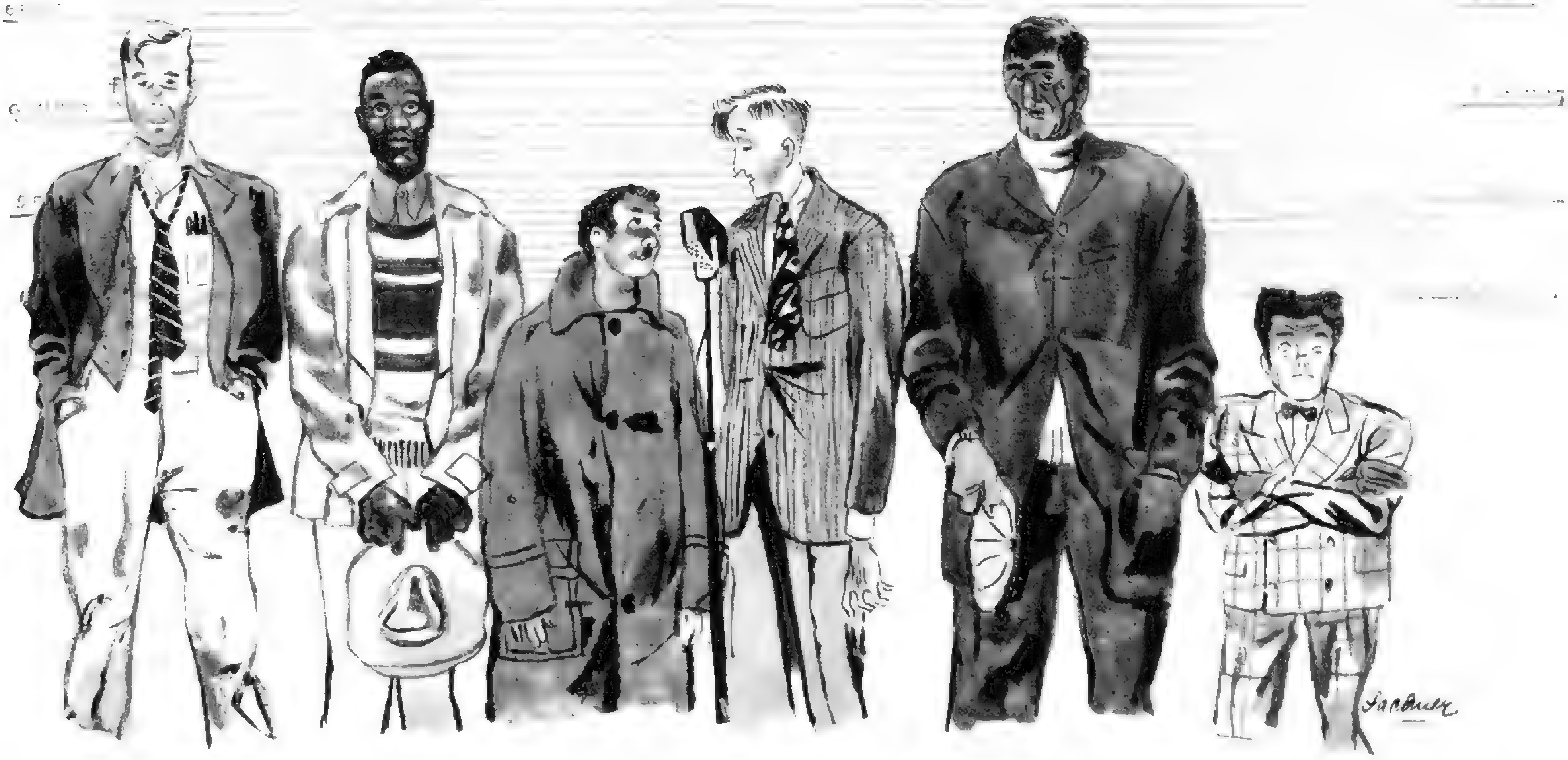
"Now it's a home again. You're not selling whiskey there then after all?"

"Oh no sir. I *give* it away. They my *guests.*"

"Which one of your guests filed the numbers off that .38 for you? One of the lady wrestlers?"

"Nobody. I bought it that way."

"Now we're getting somewhere for a change. Ever been in trouble before?"



"No sir," the high yellow declared.

The Captain shook his head sadly, to indicate his resignation at human mendacity. "You know, I'll begin to think you aren't telling the whole truth to these people. You're down here for strongarm robbery on June 1, 1934. Did that happen on one of your hikes?"

"I paid a fine."

"Did you pay a fine for that no-bill for murder in 1928?"

The high yellow started almost imperceptibly. The Captain had reached him where he lived—in his courage. You could see him visibly trying to pull that courage together, like a fighter holding his guts with one hand while arranging a fixed grin for his opponent to show he isn't hurt. You can tell when they're hurt when they try to smile.

"I didn't kill her."

"You know what I mean though?"

"It's a different case."

"You know what I mean though."

The Negro's face seemed burned a rust-yellow across the forehead and nose, the way a man's face is left when he is lifted out of the chair. He stared straight into the mike, deep shadows under the eyes and the eyes themselves two yellow flares.

"Yes sir," he said at last. And waited tensely for the mike to move. The yellow flares began to die down in the eyes; when they were faded to pinpoints the Captain spoke leisurely, like a man with nowhere to go and the whole night to kill.

"Tell us more about it."

Silence.

"If you don't tell it I'll read it."

The Negro's eyes were dead embers now, and his voice a dying man's voice. He spoke without emphasis, in a dead-level monotone, and—at the first moment—with the dead woman's voice:

"Us two live t'gether 'n we sort of separated 'n got t' goin' t'gether again 'n we were drinkin' t'gether 'n I wanted t' go home n' figures I'd bluff her, teach her a lesson, scare her so's she wouldn't run off 'n always come home with me when it was time. I pulled the gun 'n leveled it 'n she grabbed for it 'n it went off 'n shot her in the stomach 'n when I went t' see her at the hospital she took my hand 'n say, 'Honey, you shouldn't a done it,' 'n that was all she ever say."

"You're a bad man. You been going wrong fifteen years."

The mike was moved to the next man.

Next was a redheaded Irish boy of eighteen, with teeth like piano keys.

"What's your trouble, Red?"

"Left a jimmy in a gas-station door."

"At night?"

"No sir. Daytime."

"Didn't have criminal intent, did you?"

"No *sir.*"

"You weren't going to break into that station when it got dark, were you?"

"I just had it on my mind."

"Where were you arrested?"

"I was walkin' on the rocks off 39th. The park officer called me over."

"Where were you going when he called you?"

"Home."

"Then you got it off your mind?"

The redhead grinned amiably. He had it off his mind.

While the mike was being moved the Captain turned to his audience with the deliberation of a sideshow barker at a county fair.

"I want you to look close at this next man, ladies 'n gentlemen. This, let me tell you, is a sweetheart. Folks, meet Hardrocks O'Connor. Meet the folks, O'Connor."

A flat-faced felon in his late fifties, with no bridge to his nose and a bulge for a forehead. The voice hoarse from a hundred cells. You could tell he hit the bottle hard and you could tell he'd done his time the hard way. In the hard places. And still trying to make it the hard way. It was in his posture and in his voice; in the lean set of the jaw and across his punched-in mug like a brand.

"Tell us about yourself, Morning Glory."

O'Connor's mouth split when he said: "Take 'em west yerself."

The Captain knew when he had a prize: he took Hardrocks west for five solid pages. Danbury, Waupun, Jeff City, Wetumpka, Leavenworth, Huntsville. For a phony bunco game. For a dice game with 'missouts.' For violation of the Narcotics Act. For forgery, for the pocketbook game, for the attention racket, for using the mails to sell a pair of missouts, for bigamy, for vag, for impersonating an officer, for breach of promise, for contributing to delinquency of a minor, for defrauding an innkeeper, for indecent exposure, for tapping a gas main. And for the phony bunco game, right back where he'd started a lifetime before.

Two years, ten days, six days, six months, thirty days, a year and a day, fifty-dollar fine, given a floater out of the state in Lubbock, only to run into two years at hard labor on the pea farm at Huntsville for taking a rancher with a phony roulette wheel at a McAllen County fair.

"Why didn't you get out of the state like they gave you a chance to do at Lubbock instead of running on down to McAllen?" The Captain was merely curious.

"Had a deal on down there."

The Captain turned to his listeners.

"Five more pages, ladies 'n gentlemen—'n not one a crime of violence. He'll sell you a little dope, take a little hisself, sell you an oil-well 'r take a merry widow for a ride on her insurance money. But he won't use a gun. He'll spot a beggar paddlin' down the street when he has t' get out of town in a hurry—but he'll stop 'n try t' take the beggar." This spectacle of a man who could steal for a lifetime without once doing so by force affected the good Captain as an obscenity. "C'mon down here," he ordered, "Let the people see you so's they'll remember you. How'd you get your nose bust, Hardrocks? Trying to take the same sucker twice?"

O'Connor paused on a step from the stage to rub the place where the bridge of his nose

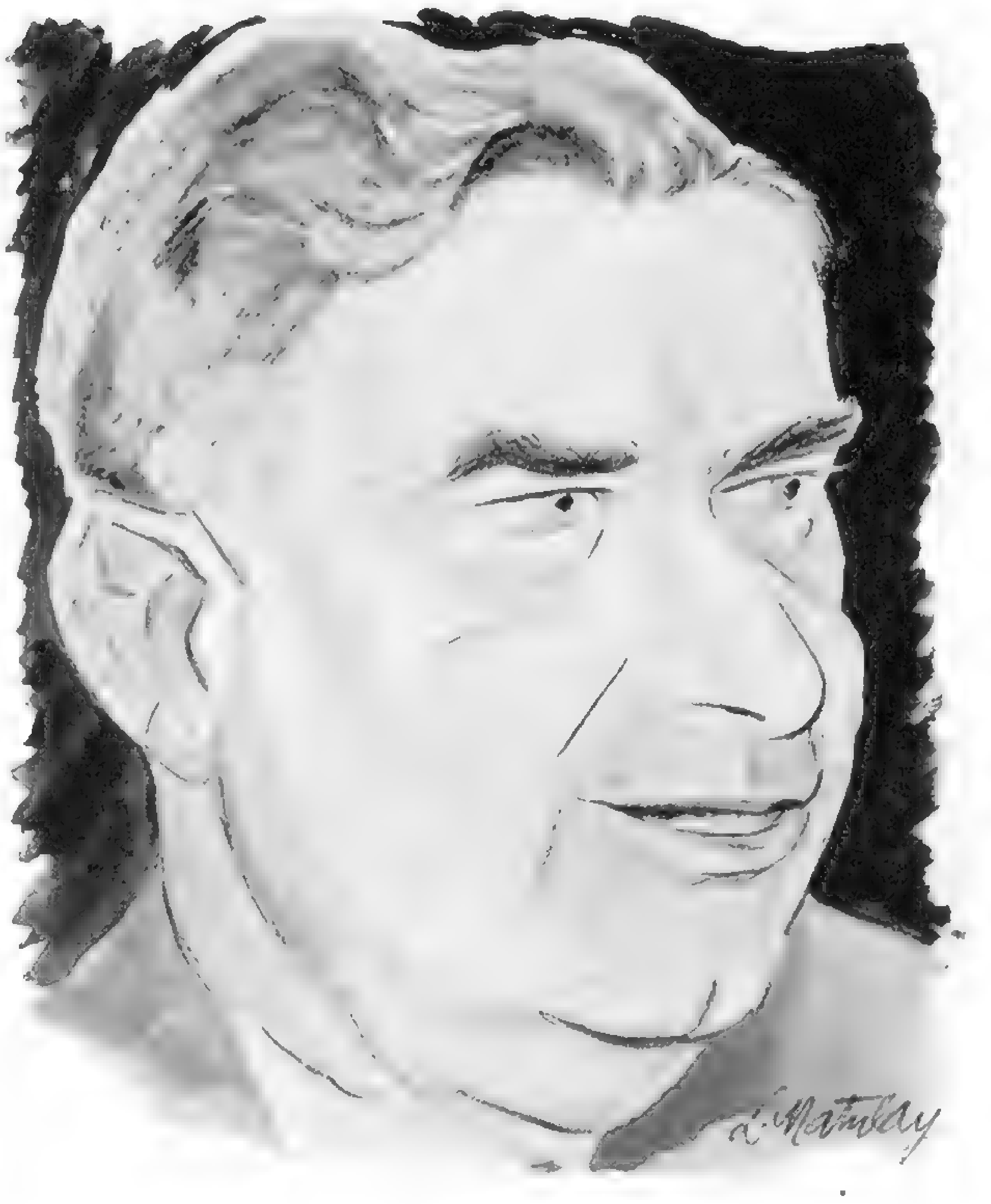
Continued on page 162

Ambassador From Arizona

McFarland scorned the political maxim that freshman senators on newsworthy committees should be discreetly dumb

by JOHN McCARTHY

• ARTICLE •



Out of the traditionally partisan, shrewd, crude, brash thrust and parry of Washington politics has emerged lately a new, refreshing figure —Ernest W. McFarland, freshman Democratic Senator from Florence, Arizona; and one of the youngest members of the Senate. In two highly political Senatorial Subcommittee hearings, namely the so-called Movie Investigation of last Fall and the recent protesting of President Roosevelt's nomination of Herbert W. Christenberry, a friend of the late Huey P. Long, as the U. S. Attorney, Eastern District of Louisiana, McFarland sponsored such a totally unexpected precedent-breaking, non-partisan, common sense attitude that his performances in both hearings were headlined from Coast to Coast.

According to the Capital's deeply entrenched seniority political tenets, freshmen Senators, when appointed to widely publicized Committees, are supposed mainly to be seen and not heard. A former Superior Court Judge, an independent thinker, blessed with personality and a Will Rogers' dry sense of humor, forty-seven-year-old Senator McFarland is no respecter of such political persiflage. About him, there is none of the one-gallus, terbacker chewing, hill billy demagogue makeup which some Washingtonians expect in a new Senator from a small town in the Far West. Instead, he is university-bred, widely-traveled, well-informed and imbued with the same long view pioneering spirit of his Scotch-Irish ancestors who wagoned West.

About six feet tall, solidly built, conservatively groomed, Senator McFarland resembles in appearance more the urbane ambassador than the legendary rustic Senator. In Washington he performs his duties much in the same unassuming, diplomatic judicial way in which he handled cases in the Pinal County Courthouse back home. Inherent foe of red tape, bureaucracy and ballyhoo, McFarland first gets at the basic facts in a problem before expressing his own views. A good listener, he is also a persistent and pertinent questioner.

Senatorial colleagues like Gerald P. Nye, for instance, who is addicted to long speeches, might term McFarland a heckler rather than a sincere interpreter. As a matter of record, though, McFarland's questions are usually fundamentally straight and to the point. His slow, western drawling manner of inquiry is unusually facile and courteous. Even when the recipient of his queries becomes annoyed, irritated and resorts to snappish retorts, McFarland ordinarily remains calm, cordial and continues his sifting until he gets the answers he desires.

The Senatorial Subcommittee to investigate the movie and radio was the result of a resolution sponsored by two then noted Isolationists, Senator Nye of North Dakota and Senator Bennett C. Clark of Missouri, and was not authorized by a vote of the Senate. The Investigating Committee was appointed by another then famed Isolationist, Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana, in his capacity as Chairman of the Interstate Commerce Committee. Of the five Senators appointed by Wheeler, four of them shared his then Isolationist beliefs. These were Chairman Clark of Idaho, Bone of Washington, Tobey of New Hampshire, and Brooks of Illinois. Hence, McFarland was the only non-partisan member of the Committee.

To represent its interests in this Senate probe, the movie industry had engaged Wendell L. Willkie at a reported $100,000 fee. However, at the outset, Willkie was quickly relegated to the sidelines by Chairman Clark who ruled that he could neither examine or cross-examine witnesses. Naturally, Willkie protested vigorously on the grounds that in the past Senatorial Committees allowed witnesses and organizations to have counsel. Later, commenting upon the enormous power of Senatorial Committees, Willkie stated their investigations ruined more reputations than any other Governmental method.

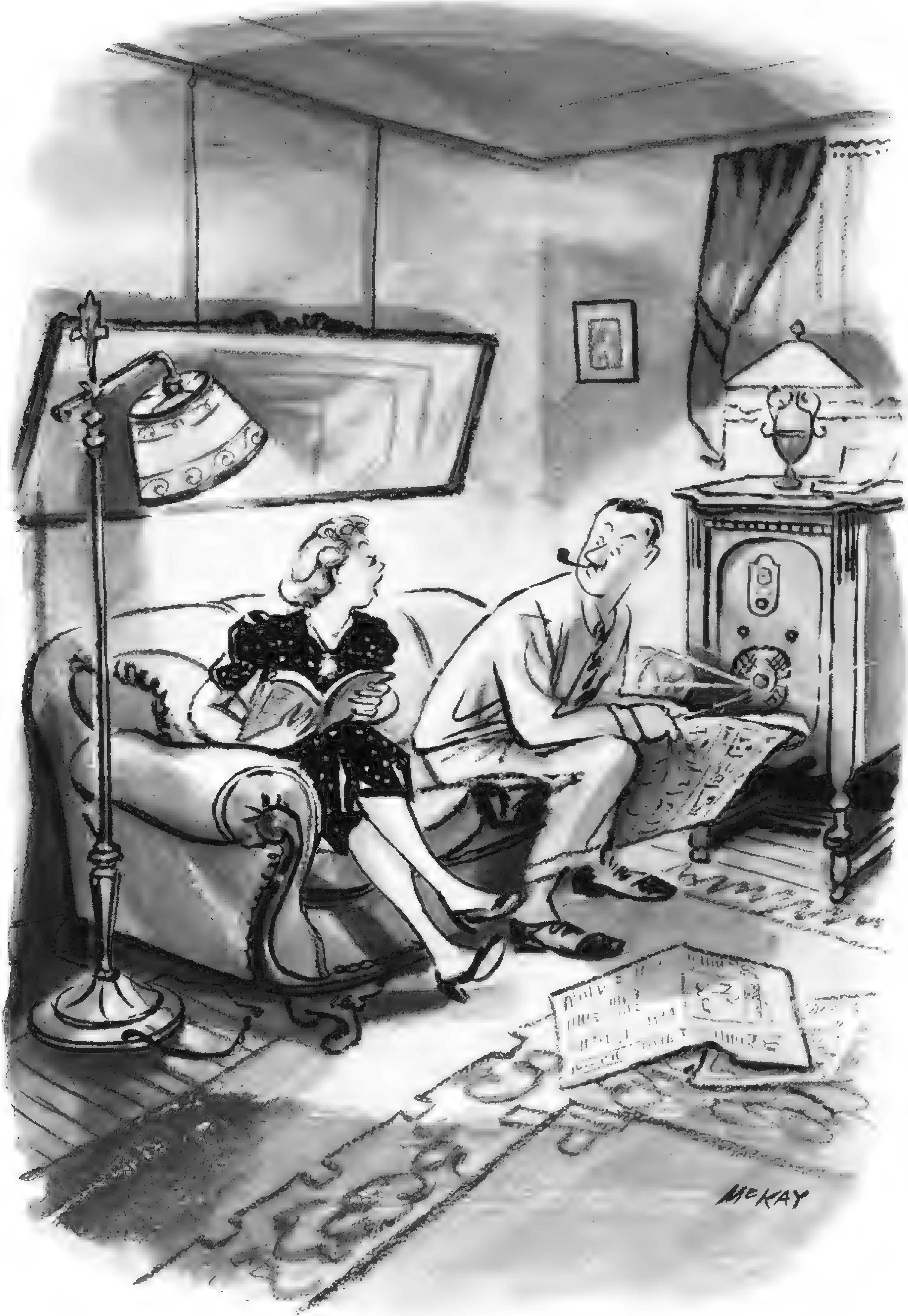
After the ruling on Willkie, the Hollywood contingent expected the worst, opined that they would be butchered to provide a Senatorial holiday. The picture people had reckoned without first considering the then comparatively unknown McFarland. To their amazement and to the bewilderment of their opponents, the Arizona Senator interrupted traditional procedure for these Senatorial probes by inquiring why the Investigation was being held at all. He wanted to know frankly whether the Senators "should conduct this inquiry just for the purpose of publicity."

Such unexpected audacity and perspicacity by a freshman Senator at the opening of a Senatorial Investigation so nettled the first witness, Senior Senator Nye, that the best reply which he could muster to McFarland's pointed question on the publicity angle was "I think that you are being very, very unfair when you imply that."

Throughout most of Nye's testifying, McFarland kept right after him like a basketball guard dogging the heels of a forward. Each time that Nye got all set to score a point in denouncing the movies as war propaganda mongers, McFarland would be on top of him popping a poser. For example, McFarland made Nye admit that he had not seen all the pictures such as *Sergeant York*, *The Great Dictator*, *Convoy*, *Escape*, etc., which he had roundly condemned as pro-war propaganda. He also got across to Nye that there were other groups in America besides Hollywood who were Anti-Hitler and believed it was to their best interests, too, that the Fuhrer be beaten.

Variety, famed trade sheet of the amusement industry, is regarded by showmen as the final hardboiled arbiter on what is really a star performance. In its own highly original reportorial style, *Variety* headlined this Senate Investigation as "Hollywood Being Taken For A One-Way Sleighride, But It's Bumpy For All," and commented upon McFarland's performance as follows: "Everything isn't smooth going for the Isolationists, with Senator Ernest W. McFarland the surprise package. The Arizona Democrat, serving his first term, has proved extremely hard to squelch. Lying in wait for rock-throwing witnesses, he has helped develop some of the best copy of the sessions with pointed inquiries backed up by knowledge—or at least a pretty shrewd idea—of the real facts. He has been industrious in protesting the waste of time, with almost daily motions that the solons quit hearing a lot of shop-worn suspicions and speculation. McFarland wants to see the pictures, obviously convinced nobody but a person determined to see something under the bed would find anything to get excited

Continued on page 156



"Was that a news bulletin interruption, or did Jack Benny down 18 enemy planes, dear?"

What Every Woman Hater Knows

Stressing the alarming fact that the ascendancy of the female has become a sure-fire theme for motion pictures

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

About three months ago a moving picture made a spectacular hit; Spence and Katie, according to a notice I saw, stole the show from one another; and day after day and night after night crowds stood all over the streets trying to get into the theatre playing *Woman of the Year*. Only a few weeks earlier the same crowds or a reasonable facsimile stood in line at Raleigh and Richmond and points south (where I saw and joined them) to see another picture in which Barbie (I suppose) and Coop handed the show to one another on a platter; it was called *Ball of Fire*. In between and since these pictures dozens of others have made supersmashing hits and if I haven't seen all of them, I've seen enough to get the idea.

The idea is that man, the male sex, not the whole human race, is a mouse. The famous question is answered at last.

About the only film not supporting this theory is *Our Russian Front* (documentary, as the listings warn you). In *Johnny Eager* same vintage, the mouse turns rat and the woman isn't any too bright; *Roxie Hart*, as I recall it, is dedicated to all women who have drilled their husbands full of holes—and loved them or made them love it. *Bahama Passage* presents a bronze man with blond hair who plays opposite Madeleine Carroll and makes her look dandy; in *Captains of the Clouds* James Cagney plays a man; but you remember, it was Cagney's grapefruit, wildly all-hailed in these very pages, which marked the first rebellion against the ascendancy of the female back in the lovely days of the first depression. *Johnny Eager*, by the way, is a psychological remake of *Public Enemy*.

You will not actually need to be reminded of the story which so entranced Miss Hepburn that she bought it and sold it and made it and starred in it and made a fortune out of it. But let me tell you the truth about that story—the simple, rather awful truth about it. Miss Hepburn played a woman with all the beauty of Miss Hepburn, the dazzling brilliance of Clare Boothe Luce, and the international significance of Dorothy Thompson—I'm not kidding about any of these. Vichy was on the wire to explain something while she chatted in Spanish to Fulgencio Battista in Cuba and the whole fate of the V-forces in Czechoslovakia depended upon her meeting a clipper; out of some deference to fact, she did not call Churchill "Winnie," but I bet she could have if she tried. In a rather crafty way the picture conveyed the idea that this woman was a little above herself all the time, but I gathered she was the daughter of a friend of Cordell Hull, was the most brilliant woman writer in America according to Fadiman, and could discuss Pareto and Spengler without getting drunk on all the Scotch it takes to discuss them. She wrote a column which occasionally spat at a sports writer on the same paper, but what she generally wrote was, in these times of war, tremendously sane and intelligent and influential.

This sports writer who ought to have been named Spike was Spencer Tracy and he wasn't, so far as I could see, as good a sports writer as Bill Corum or fifteen others you could mention. He was possibly a good reporter, because he went to baseball and football games, and was able to explain them to his Katie. He had a byline in his paper. Apart from that he was one of the least important human beings you have ever seen. He was fond of children and he phoned his mother; and he had some sense. He preferred a born baby to an adopted one, but he refused to go to a dinner where his lady (the same character described above) gets a prize as the Woman of the Year—because the adopted little Greek would be lonely. So they part (why they married is a problem) and she goes to watch her father being married and is so moved by the marriage service that she runs back to her man; and tries to cook breakfast in straight Keystone comedy; then she breaks down and refuses to go launch a warship so you gather that she is going to abandon Vichy and Winston and everybody, forget the nineteen languages in which she is annoyingly at home, and settle down to learn to cook for a guy like that sports writer, and not a good writer at that.

Obviously this is the most immoral picture ever made. There are few things worse, ethically, than wasting your talents; hiding them under a bushel of sentimentality is dreadful; deserting yourself is a crime, sinning against the light is the worst crime. And for what? For a third rate boob—not even for terrific sex-appeal. (Miss Hepburn nuzzles Mr. Tracy's chest at one point, but passion is only hinted between them.) No. The most intelligent woman in America deserts because her husband wants her to stay home. And in wartime, too. It's treason.

Why, do you imagine, are women so impassioned about this picture? They love it. They see the most brilliant of their sex throw herself away for a dull second-rater—and they love it. Why?

Because they know it is a fake. Because the vast intellectual superiority of the woman makes the man a worm. Because they know that any man worth his salt would be able to keep up with any woman; because women like to think that men are nothing—I suppose. And does that signify a revenge-complex? Do they want to think man low because they are dependent on him? Never think it, as Hamlet says. They are not dependent on men—and they know it.

Look now at the other principal item: *Ball of Fire*. With my profound admiration for Sam Goldwyn, I am shattered to have to

Continued in center of page 164

BURLESQUE
TICKETS
Lucille
norment

"What man doesn't long for beauty, romance, love—"

THE PICASSO GIRL

Kodachromed by

ERWIN BLUMENFELD

ARTHUR SZYK 1942.

"IL DUCE . . . ." *by* ARTHUR SZYK

Tattooed Forehead

The prisoner wanted to face the world and let all men read that brief phrase describing his life

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

It was decided: and nothing could have persuaded them against carrying out their intention. They sharpened the tattooing needles on the stone prison floor and later polished the points on the wooden rail of the cot. Between two smooth, flat pebbles they crushed a crumb of coal which they had found in the yard. They were grinding it to a fine dust.

A screech of a bird flying low over this far-flung prison island suddenly broke upon the evening silence. The one who was pulverizing the coal looked up at his companion in the cot. In this glance everything seemed questioned. It seemed to say: Hear! A bird is flying low over the waves and over the stone walls. The air of the sky is uncharted and all horizons are still free. Wait! Perhaps there is a little crumb, a grain, a thread, a speck . . . And if nothing now, surely tomorrow or someday perhaps there must be a return of hope. . . . All this seemed asked in a single glance.

"No," said his companion in the cot. "Do not delay. Begin on the first letter."

They wet the powdered coal with a drop of saliva and the process of tattooing was begun. The needles, bound together in a little bundle, pricked the skin on the forehead of the prisoner on the cot. The task was begun.

"Make them clear and distinct," ordered Jules.

"Yes. I am starting with the first letter."

"Good."

"And with you, Jules," asked the tattooer, "how far back can you remember? How far back did it begin?"

"Back, back—Oh, very far! Ever since my first recollections. When I first went to do my military service; even before. When I was at school and even before. When I was a boy. Yes, I remember when I was a boy; but it began even before. I was told that the very first day of my life was marred with a sort of thing that has hung on with bull-dog grip. The first day of my life the nurse dropped me and they said later on that my stammer—it was bad when I was a boy—was the result of my being dropped. But that of course is nothing. People live with a stammer and they live with other misfortunes. And a man must take what he gets and not grumble like an old woman."

"But when did you begin to notice it seriously?"

"Little things you don't notice. That is part of life. But soon they add up and suddenly you discover that it is all one thing. I remember when I first came into the service and I got my uniform and equipment and spent two days in Paris parading the boulevards and saluting every tailor-made uniform which strutted past me. Then I came into the barracks. There was trouble. No, I did not bring the trouble with me; it was already there before I arrived. The men had been complaining about the food for some time and the more they grumbled the worse the food became. I came into the mess hall and catcalls and wild oaths were being flung through the air. Early the next morning some very high officers arrived from Paris and after a long conference, during which time we marched up and down the field, we were ordered to line up in two long files facing each other. The officers walked between us and every tenth man was drawn from the line. When they placed their hands on me the fellow beside me could not restrain himself and he cried out: 'He is innocent. He knows nothing. He arrived only last night.' One of the officers frowned and snapped back: 'And you! You want to take his place!' There was a silence. He could not reply and they went on with the counting and bringing forward each tenth man. We were marched off to prison. And the charge? At first we were charged with mutiny, for which there is only one penalty. Then the charges were changed to petty-treason and later to inciting insurrection and violence, insubordination and disobedience. Ah! They have fine words. We waited a year to come to trial and then each received only thirty days at hard labor. Of course my discharge papers are not so clean. But then, supposing they are not clean, what of it! I know I am innocent. And every man in the company knows I am innocent. And all the Saints in Heaven also know I did nothing to deserve this rating. So what of it! Little black marks made with a pen on a sheet of paper—it's nothing. I can still face the world and I can look every man in the eye. And even today . . . That is what I want. I want to look every man in the eye straight and with frankness and they can look at me and read . . . Sum it all up in one word—a whole life."

He spoke these last words with great emotion. His whole frame trembled.

"Keep quiet," said Lucian, wiping his needles with a quick stroke on his sleeve. "Keep still. I am putting the little spurs on the initial."

"One done already?"

"Yes, almost. I will need the crayon now to mark out the other letters evenly."

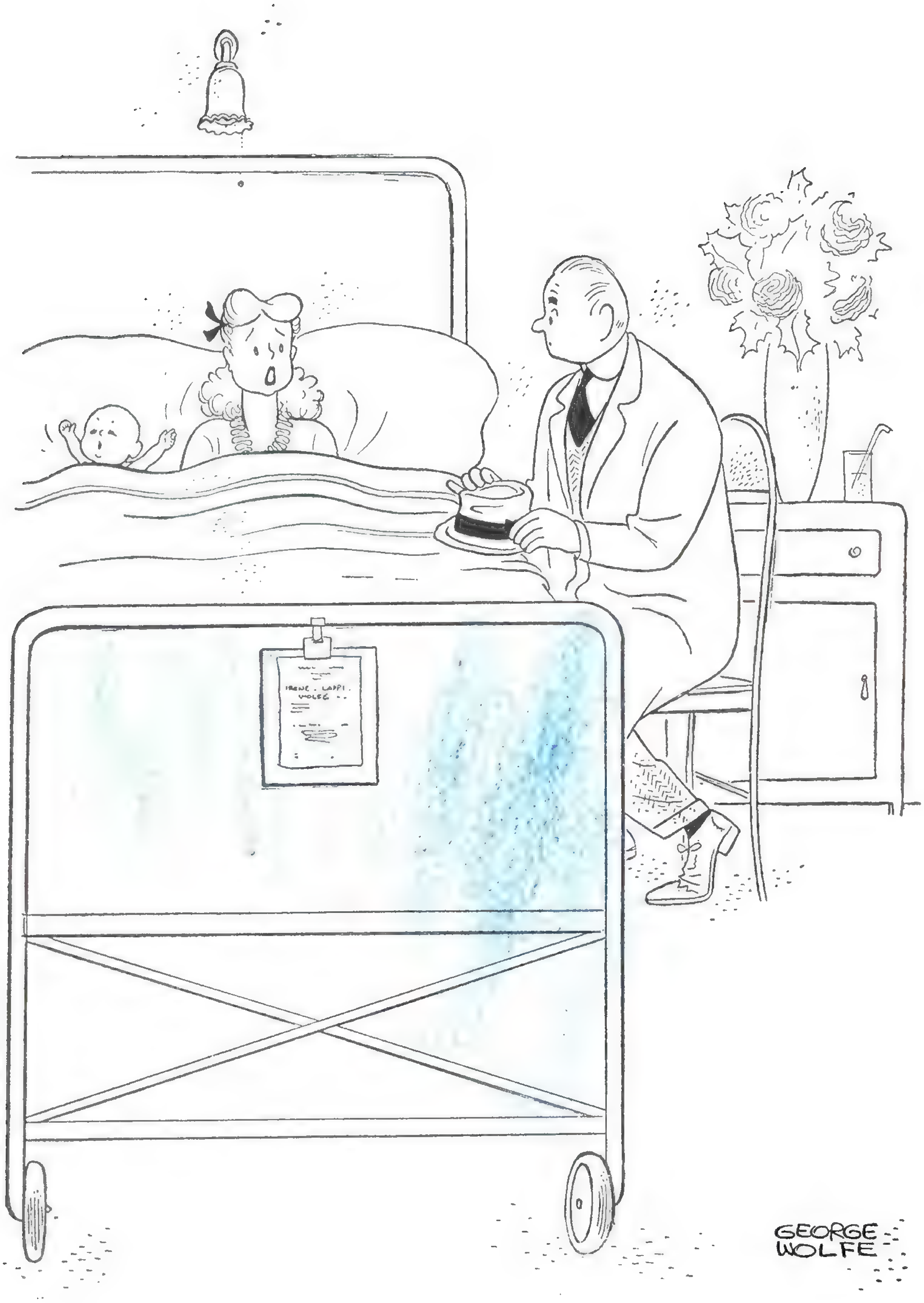
He counted the letters and spaces and measured each off with a mark of a stub of a pencil. Then he began on the second letter with small quick jabs of his needles, which he dipped now and again in the wet coal dust.

"And the second time?" asked Lucian.

"Little times don't count. I remember only the big ones. She was beautiful. I told her everything and she was willing to take a chance. We were well matched and she loved me and I had eyes for her alone. The banns were posted and we were making ready to

Continued on page 116

"Shall we play one more?"


GEORGE
WOLFE

"Oh, dear—it won't be long before I'm a grandmother!"

The Place Where Good Sailors Go

Sailors of the windship days believed implicitly in Fiddler's Green, Mother Carey's Chickens and Davy Jones' Locker

by ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN

▪ ARTICLE ▪

A CRACK liner was coming into port, maneuvering gingerly through the shipping, and a small boy in a sailing skiff kept tacking back and forth across her bows. The chief officer, finally exasperated and apprehensive, leaned over the rail and yelled, "Hey, kid! Get that thing out of the way! You're liable to be run down!" The boy looked up and said, "Are you skipper of that crate?" The chief officer roared, "Of course not! I'm the first mate!" The boy sniffed. "Then talk to your equals," he said coldly. "I'm skipper of this!"

It was in such factual stories, either humorous or tragic, bandied with ever growing embellishments about the fo'c's'les, that many of the old legends and superstitions of the sea had their root. You seldom hear them discussed much on your modern vessels, for as a compact body of belief they largely died away with the advent of steam.

It is important to remember just what the old time sailor was, if you want some understanding of his fantasies. Invariably from an ignorant, poverty-ridden family, he went to sea as a very small boy, without education, untouched by religion or any decent home environment. He was tossed about in a strange world that had its own language, that imposed its own uncompromising conditions, and had its own ethics. He was subjected, as often as not, to heart-breaking labor. There were no union hours then and he could be kept at work for just so long as was necessary for the safety of the ship or its cargo (still a necessary law), or so long as the whim of the master directed. He was fed, and frequently and maliciously, treated like a dog, often shot like a dog, or brutally battered down for some simple fault. On the rare occasions when he was loose ashore he was the prey of crimps, politely known as boarding-house keepers, who took his money, fed him rotten liquor, and sold him to the next skipper who needed a crew. The women battened on him. He was lost and bewildered in the strange shore world which he did not understand, and it was a relief in many ways to get to sea again. He could understand a man-killing skipper or a bucko mate, as they could understand him; but he was at a loss in a decent household, and he was acutely conscious of his uncouth tongue, and his rolling gait when with landsmen.

Their status, as regarded by their employers, can best be stated by quoting the words that were said by bitter fo'c's'le hands to be stenciled on the salt-beef-and-pork barrels, and the sacks of wormy beans and wormy flour and biscuits put on board for each voyage. These barrels and sacks carried the words: NOT FIT FOR HUMAN CONSUMPTION. GOOD ENOUGH FOR SAILORS! And I am not writing of the remote past. Many of the fore-going conditions existed (including cramming from ten to thirty men into a one room fo'c's'le; lack of adequate toilet and washing facilities; twelve hours a day regular labor, etc.) up until the 1920's, even in steam; in the ships of some countries they still exist. They were intensified on the sailing vessels mainly because of the harder work, the lack of refrigeration to keep food fresh, and the uncertain length of the voyages, so even water would be apportioned a quart a day per man, and that quart stinking and poisonous.

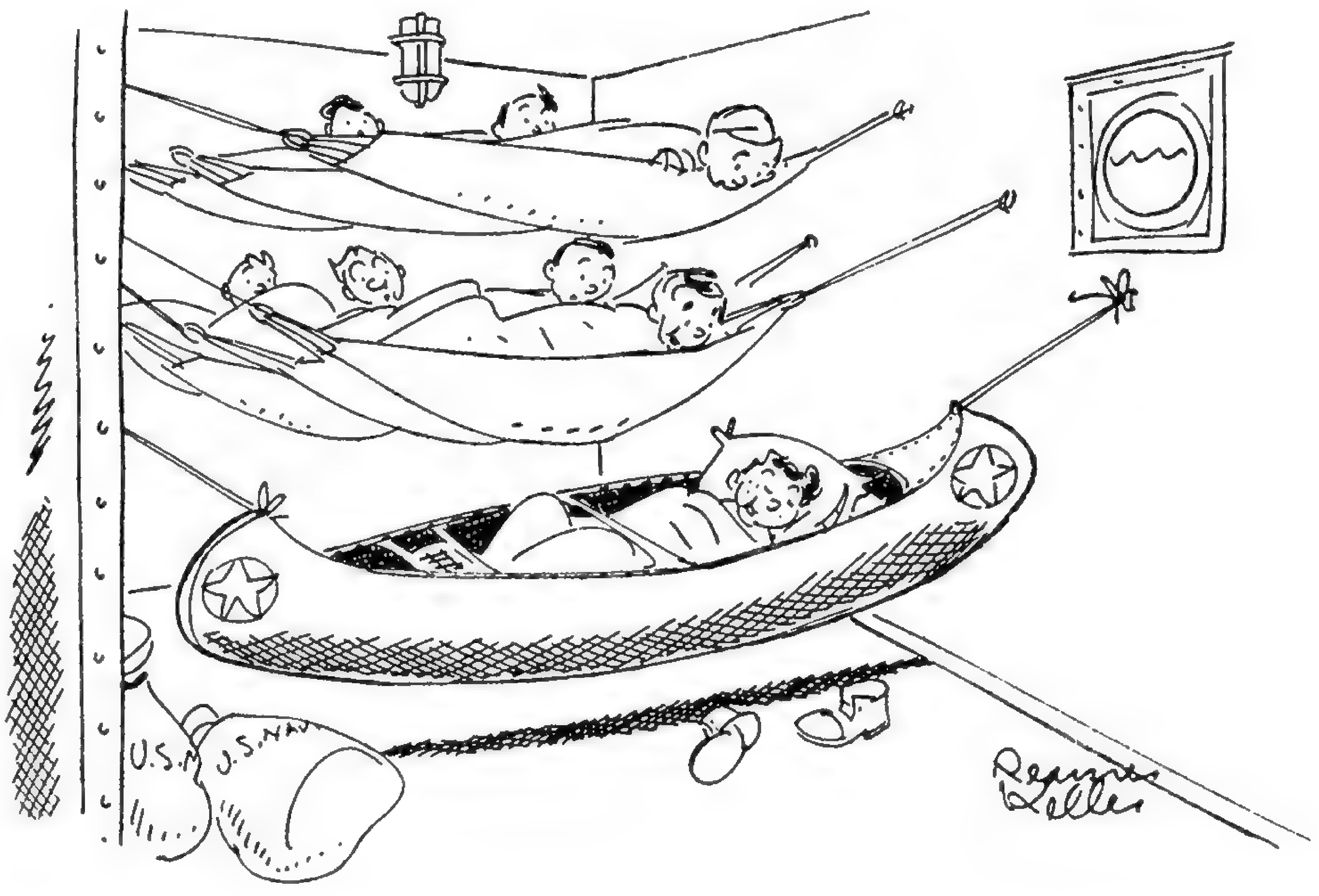
Men under such conditions had to make their own amusement, find their own relief. Being, legally, human beings, they had their hopes, dreams and aspirations, and they could give vent to these only through yarns; through wistful visions of a better world. So it happened that a humorous or tragic incident, occurring on some previous voyage, gained enormously in the retelling, and eventually was apt to settle down as a legend. Natural phenomena which the illiterate sailor encountered were awesome and mysterious to him, and he explained such things as best he could; men hedging everything about with a strange if satisfying glamor of unreality.

There is an idea current today that all sailors when they die, and ships when they're sunk, go to Davy Jones' Locker. Your old windship men didn't think so. Davy Jones' Locker was the sailors' *hell*, Davy, the personal devil. The term Davy Jones, in fact, is derived from two words, Devil and Jonah. Davy had a huge Locker (or cupboard) on the sea floor, and all the bad seamen went to him; all the men who had Mutinied Unreasonably, who had Wrecked Their Ships Through Carelessness, or had in some way done their shipmates harm. The good sailors went to the Great Ship.

The Great Ship was the sailors' paradise. Everything about her was just as a shellback would want it to be. In the first place the ship was so big no gale, or even typhoon, could disturb her; no heavy sea could throw even a spray on her deck. She was so large that once, passing between England and France, she scraped the land on both sides, which is why the cliffs of England and France are white to this day. She took twenty years to come about, seven years to tack, and a boy sent up to the royal yard would come down a white-bearded man. Every rigging-block contained a brothel; every belaying pin a tavern, and all girls and liquor were free. First mates scrubbed the decks and skippers reefed the canvas, and shipowners were the stewards to wait upon honest a.b.'s.

The rainbow was her pennant because it contained the colors of all flags. When a sailor died the Great Ship came looming over the horizon. It hove-to and dropped a shallop, and Ben the Bosun steered it and picked up the canvas-wrapped body as it slid to the water. Then he took the tired old sailor to the

Continued on page 166



"Hank can't swim"

Mr. Beasley's Caller

When Mrs. Beasley threw tantrums Mr. Beasley took to brooding in the woods until lo he met Silvia

by WALTER BROOKS

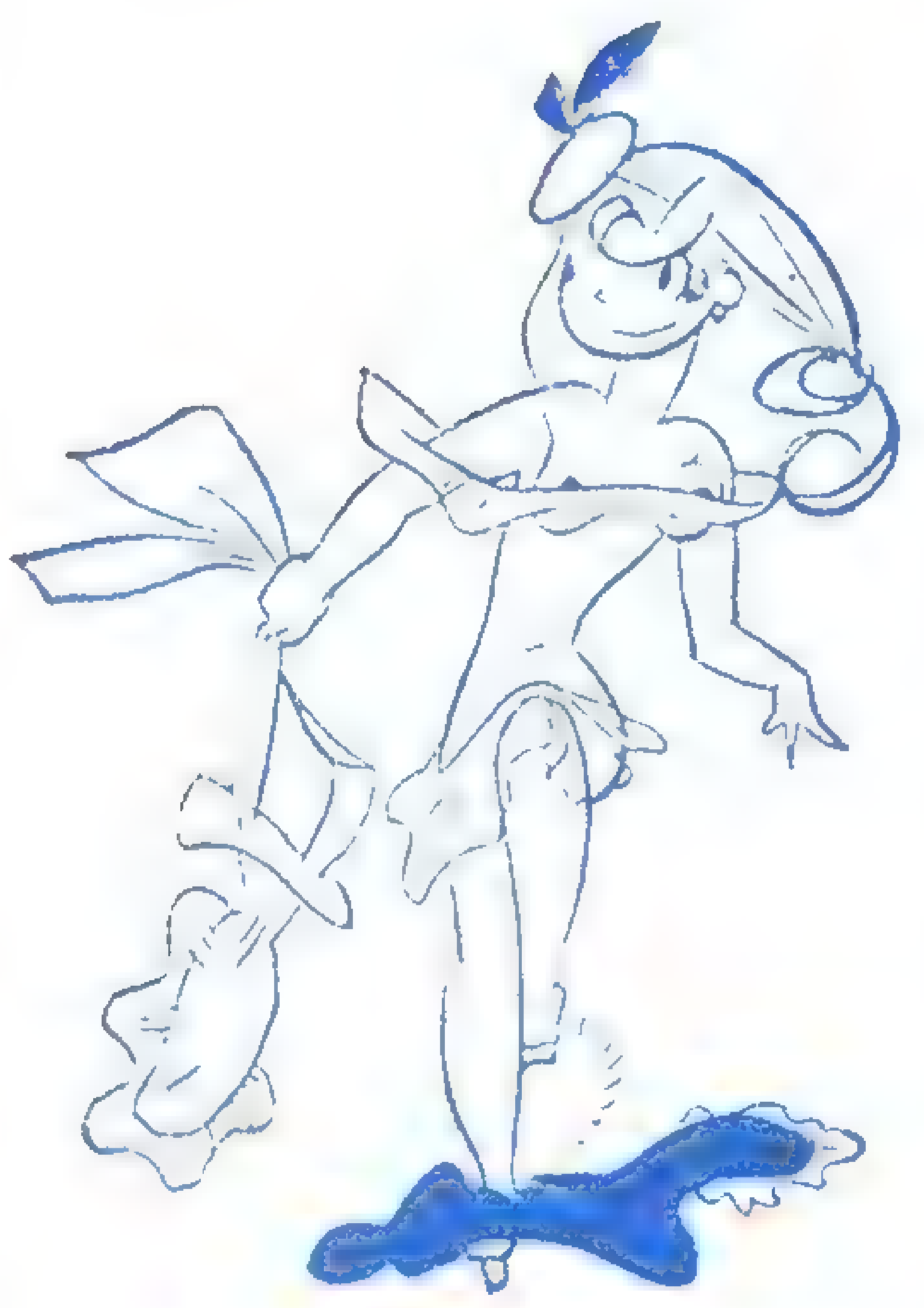
• FICTION •

I GUESS you remember this Mr. Fred Beasley. He had a wife named Jessica who was very pretty and had tantrums and they lived up in Westchester which is a nice place to live if you don't live somewhere else. And Mr. Beasley found a little red hat which made him invisible and when Mrs. Beasley had a tantrum he put it on and that cured her of tantrums because it's no fun having a tantrum if you can't see the person you're having it at. By and by he lost the hat but he didn't tell her and so she never knew when he was going to disappear again and she put the tantrums away on a top shelf in her mind and left them there.

Well that was all right but I guess I was a little previous when I told you that they lived happily ever after. It didn't work out that way. For a while Mr. Beasley wore the pants in that household and never more markedly than when they were invisible but when a year went by and he hadn't disappeared once Mrs. Beasley began experimenting. She began making small scenes about unimportant matters and she gradually worked up from gentle tears through hysterical sobbing to throwing myriads of small objects and then finally to the climax of a genuine tantrum.

Well poor Mr. Beasley. Everything he did was wrong from kissing Doris Ingalls at a New Year's party to leaving the garage door open all night and he had to retreat from all the advanced positions he had won. He even thought sometimes about leaving home but he liked being married to Mrs. Beasley and he said to himself After all she is my wife. I suppose he was in love with her.

Well it got so Mr. Beasley took to sitting around and brooding a lot. But he couldn't brood in peace anywhere around the house because Mrs. Beasley would come in and break it up. So he had to do his brooding outdoors.



Now no place is so suitable for brooding as deep woods and Mr. Beasley was fortunate in having probably the only sizable tract of virgin forest within commuting distance of New York right at his back door. For his garden bordered on the back acres of the enormous estate of Mr. Matthew Pinckney the plutocrat. The Pinckney mansion with its lodge stables pool and other accessories was a mile away across heavily wooded hills which were part of the original Pinckney Grant and which though Mr. Pinckney employed a forester to look after them were seldom visited. In them only the squirrels and the rabbits and an occasional brace of Pinckney servants pursued their primitive amours. So they were a nice place to brood in.

Well one Sunday in spring Mr. Beasley was sitting on a log in the woods. The leaves weren't out yet and the ground was squashy and the birds and treetoads and other fauna were all yelling and making the hell of a racket but Mr. Beasley didn't mind because there was nothing personal in it. He had lit a cigarette and was leaning back against a convenient treetrunk when something sneezed.

It was a small sneeze directly above him and Mr. Beasley looked up expecting to see perhaps a cat. Then he scrambled to his feet and said Hey what the devil are you doing up there? for looking down at him through the budding twigs was a little girl's face wearing what I must describe as an impish expression.

Well Mr. Beasley was surprised all right for how had she got up there? and he said severely You might fall. Come down at once and I will help you. The little girl gave a laugh that sounded like rubbing your finger around the edge of a glass full of water but she started down. And Mr. Beasley blushed. For all she had on was what appeared to be a nightdress of a material far sheerer than anything in his experience. And she wasn't a little girl either.

Mr. Beasley was so embarrassed that he didn't see how she managed to get down the tree but in no time at all she was beside him. You must be frozen said Mr. Beasley not looking at her Here put this raincoat on. She laughed again and leaned against the tree and just looked at him. Then she spoke for the first time. I like you she said.

Why that's very nice said Mr. Beasley nervously but don't you think you ought to be getting home? I mean won't your people worry? I am home she said and nobody is worrying but you. O said Mr. Beasley you mean you are staying at the Pinckneys'? Well then put on this coat and I will take you around there in the car. And he thought I wonder if old Pinckney has a skeleton in his closet and it is this lunatic daughter and she has escaped from her keepers? a very charming skeleton but my God this is no place for her nor for me either!

He held the coat for her but she pushed it away and said Why do you want to cover me up don't you like to look at me? Why I yes of of course said Mr. Beasley but you can't go around that way. But I do said the girl and then she laughed and said I think you don't understand about me I am different from you. Mr. Beasley started to say yes he could see that but said No. Look! and she turned and faced the treetrunk and put her arms around it and she sort of shimmered and then became part of the trunk and wasn't there any more. Well—gosh! said Mr. Beasley. You see what I mean said the girl reappearing.

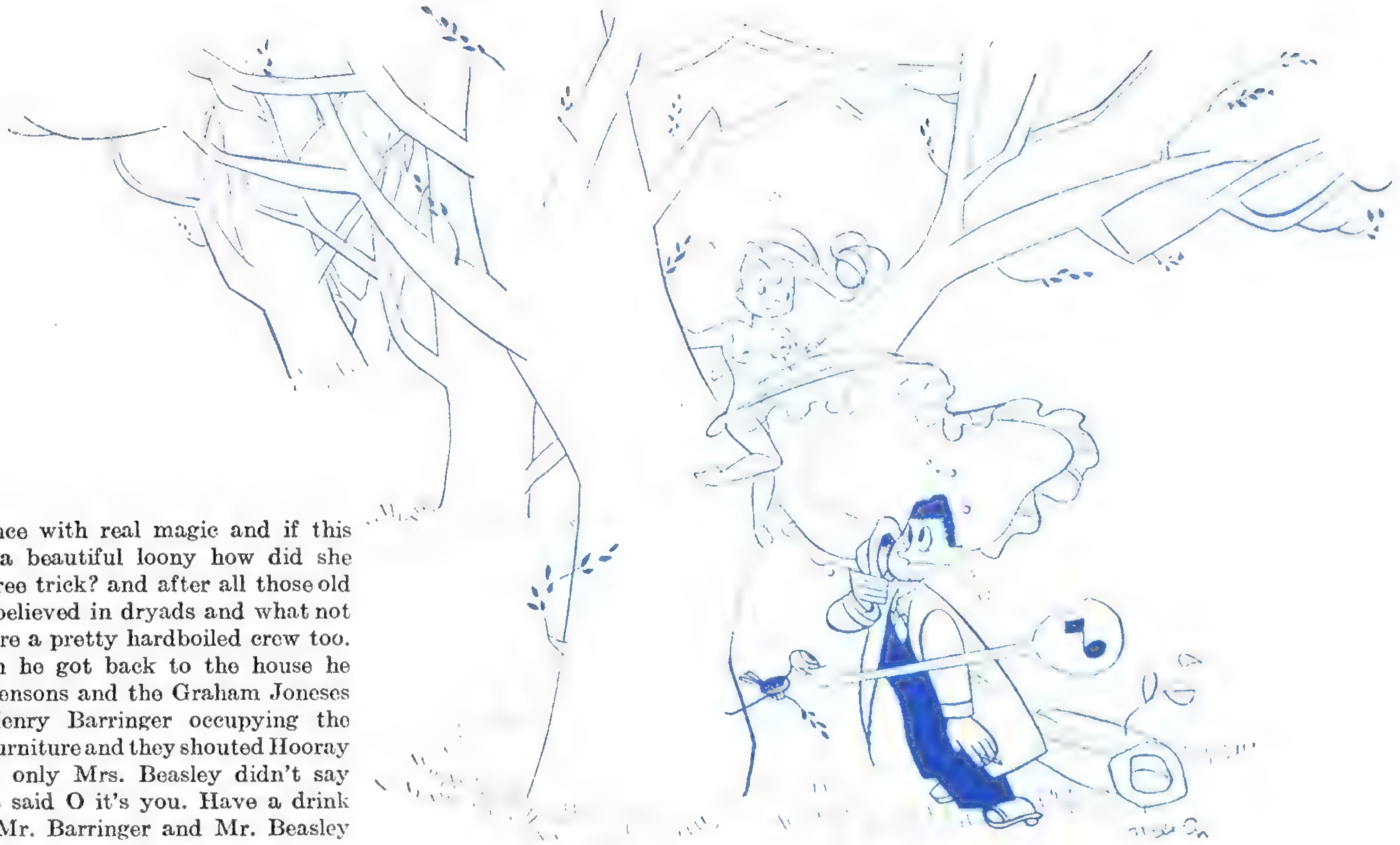
Well Mr. Beasley had once done some vanishing himself with the little red hat and so he probably wasn't as astonished as you or I would have been but still he didn't quite get it and he said Gosh again and sat down quickly on the log. That—that was pretty good he said. You have to know how said the girl and then she sat down beside him. Now what are *you?* she said.

Me? said Mr. Beasley Why I am just a—a commuter. The girl didn't know what that was and he tried to explain but he was too worried and puzzled to do a good job. For being alone in the woods with a lunatic girl who has some sort of hypnotic power might be interesting for a psychiatrist but it was a little beyond Mr Beasley's range. So when the girl still didn't understand he said Well I'm sorry but I'm afraid there isn't time to explain it now for I must be getting back. And he got up. And she said I'll go back with you.

O no said Mr. Beasley that wouldn't do and you had better go home and perhaps another time—But I want to go with you she said for I am lonesome here and I have been watching you for a long time—ever since you came to live in that white building with your two women—I don't live with two women said Mr. Beasley sharply I live with my wife and the other woman in the house is the cook. The girl looked puzzled. Well anyway she said I'll go over with you for a little while.

You stay right where you are said Mr. Beasley and started but she went right along so he stopped and said Now look here you can't go with me and that's flat. Why not? she said and he said Because you aren't properly dressed. O she said you mean you'd let me come if I had on things like your I mean those women do? Sure sure said Mr. Beasley who was only anxious to get away. O said the girl that is easy You wait here and she turned and ran off into the woods.

Mr. Beasley did not wait there two seconds. For he said to himself She is not my responsibility and I am not going to get mixed up in anything like that. And yet he wondered because he remembered his little red hat and he thought I have certainly had



one experience with real magic and if this girl is just a beautiful loony how did she work that tree trick? and after all those old Greek lads believed in dryads and what not and they were a pretty hardboiled crew too.

Well when he got back to the house he found the Bensons and the Graham Joneses and Mr. Henry Barringer occupying the livingroom furniture and they shouted Hooray here's Fred! only Mrs. Beasley didn't say Hooray! she said O it's you. Have a drink Fred? said Mr. Barringer and Mr. Beasley said Thank you just as if it had been Mr. Barringer's whiskey and not his own best Scotch that was being offered. But Mr. Barringer had just volunteered as one of those plane spotters who stand on hills at night and scan the firmament and Mr. Beasley thought he ought to be nice to him.

Well they had been arguing about the proper way to deal with incendiary bombs and Mr. Graham Jones who had been in London once though before the war tried to explain what he said he knew but it wasn't very clear so Mr. Benson lay down on the floor and fizzed and said Now I am an incendiary bomb and you show us how to put me out. So Mr. Jones went out to get the garden hose and Mr. Barringer seized Mrs. Beasley and hugged her. What's all this? said Mr. Beasley and Mr. Barringer said I am protecting her from this terrible bomb. Yeah? said Mr. Beasley lighting a match well you'd better protect yourself for your coat tails are afire and he touched the match to them. Fred! screamed Mrs. Beasley What a rotten trick! And she grabbed a glass and threw a highball on Mr. Barringer's coat tails. And just then Mr. Jones came back into the room without the garden hose and said There's somebody's maid coming up on the porch.

So they looked out the window and sure enough there was a girl in a little black maid's uniform with white cap and apron standing on the porch. O boy o boy! said Mr. Benson now I really am an incendiary bomb and Mrs. Jones said Why doesn't she ring? and Mr. Beasley who saw that she was the girl from the woods said quickly I will go out and see what she wants.

So he did and the girl said reproachfully You didn't wait. I think you had better go away said Mr. Beasley. But I got these clothes as you told me to she said. Well they are the wrong kind said Mr. Beasley for they are a servant's clothes. O pooh said the girl they are like what one of your women wears and anyway they are all I could get and I went way over to the big house and climbed in a window and got them from a room where nobody is in the daytime. You went all the way through those woods—began Mr. Beasley and then he stopped because there was no sense asking about that or indeed in trying to explain why a maid's uniform was unsuitable for calls. And just then Mrs. Beasley stuck her head out the door and said What does she want? have her come in Fred and don't stand out there in the cold.

So Mr. Beasley moaned and stood aside and the girl went in.

Have you a message for me? asked Mrs. Beasley. A message? said the girl No I was lonesome and your man said if I would put on some— This is Miss ah Smith Jess interrupted Mr. Beasley in a loud voice She lives at the Pinckneys'. I'm afraid I don't understand said Mrs. Beasley If you are one of the Pinckney maids Miss Smith—My name is not Miss Ah Smith said the girl. Sounds Chinese murmured Mr. Benson. My name she said is Silvia. Well Silvia said Mrs. Beasley but Mr. Beasley interrupted again and said O Jess can't you take a joke? this maid's costume Miss Smith has on is just a joke and when I met her on my walk through the woods I asked her to come over because I have known her a long time—haven't I Miss Smith? and he winked meaningly at the girl. But she laughed and said O you do not know me at all and if you wanted me to put these clothes on for a joke I don't think it very funny because they itch. And she wriggled. Well really! said Mrs. Graham Jones.

Where are these woods that you take walks in Fred said Mr. Barringer back stage at the Follies? but Mr. Beasley just shrugged and looked at Mrs. Beasley who was beginning to throw off sparks. But she controlled herself and said Well Silvia if Mr. Beasley asked you here as a joke I think it was in pretty bad taste and I think you had better go home now. And I will escort you over said Mr. Jones stepping forward. Silvia slid her long dark eyes around towards him and she smiled. Her smile was about fifteen years old but her eyes were not a little girl's eyes and she said It wouldn't do you any good and then she turned to Mrs. Beasley and said I don't think you understand because he did not ask me here and coming was my own idea because I wanted to see how you lived. Slumming! said Mrs. Benson with a giggle and Silvia said to her I don't know what that is but if it is funny I will laugh. And she did.

Well I think we've had enough of this said Mrs. Beasley and her eyes were angry You had better go. And she said I intend to report your extraordinary conduct to Mr. Pinckney at once. So she went out and they heard her telephoning. What is all this Fred anyway? said Mr. Benson but Mr. Beasley did not know by this time what it all was himself and he threw up his hands and said God knows and sat down on the davenport. And Silvia came and sat down beside him and said Why is she so cross? O gosh why don't you go? said Mr. Beasley.

So then Silvia stood up and said Why I will go if you want me to but just then Mrs. Beasley came back and she said O no you won't my girl you will wait until they come for you. I think we'd better be going Pete said Mrs. Benson but Mrs. Beasley said no she wanted them to stay. So they sat there looking uncomfortable and in about five minutes a car drove up and Mrs. Beasley went to the door and came back followed by a chauffeur. Here she is she said pointing to Silvia. But the chauffeur said She isn't one of our girls madam I don't know her at all. But I know you said Silvia for I saw you last

Continued on page 146

Baseball's Thirteen Best Batters

Famous umpire selects from close-up observation outstanding peers of swat in forty years of big league history

by BILLY EVANS

• SPORTS •

I SHALL never forget the day that I heard Wee Willie Keeler expound his now-famous batting theory: "Hit 'em where they ain't!" That was in 1906, the year I made my big league debut. We were sitting on the bench of the New York Highlanders, now better known as the Yankees, awaiting game time. Mark Roth, then a baseball writer on the *New York Globe* and now traveling secretary of the Yankees, had come down to the bench to interview Keeler on the art of hitting.

The day before, Keeler who was on the way out at the time, having passed his peak, had made five hits in a row. Two of them were bunts that he beat out; another was a drag bunt that the pitcher, first baseman and second baseman chased, with the latter finally reaching the ball but finding no one covering first. The other two hits were fly balls that dropped between the shortstop and left fielder, although the outfielder seemed to be playing almost directly back of the shortstop.

"What have you to say to the kids of America on how to become a great hitter?" asked Roth.

"Hit 'em where they aint," replied Keeler.

"I understand," said Roth, "but you must explain to the youngsters how you manage to 'hit 'em where they ain't'."

"Just do it," was Keeler's answer.

It is questionable if the game ever produced a hitter just like Keeler. He had no power. The outfielders knew it and played in close. In reality, when Keeler came to bat there were seven infielders, all set to stop him. Yet he always batted better than .300.

Whenever he stepped to the plate, it was even money that he would bunt. The third baseman played almost under his bat and the first baseman dashed in close on every pitch. The pitcher was always set to move to his right or left to field the always-expected bunt.

Despite all the defenses set up to stop him, Keeler, with his uncanny ability to place the ball out of reach of the opposition baffled all attempts to stop him. Hitting was a science with Keeler. He was one of the originators of so-called "place hitting," so gauging his batting stroke, according to the pitch, that the ball would fall where no one was playing. It was not uncommon to have a lot of Keeler's safe blows labeled "brain hits" by the baseball writers.

It is my conviction that all the great hitters past and present are born not made. Over nearly forty years in baseball, twenty-two in the role of big league umpire in which I have called balls and strikes on these great hitters who made baseball history, I have reached the decision that hitting is a gift. You either have it or you don't. It is seldom, if ever, acquired. I have asked many of the great hitters to explain just how they did it, but invariably their answers were just as illuminating as the favored reply of Wee Willie Keeler to all such questions: "Hit 'em where they ain't."

Unquestionably, timing is the greatest asset of all the outstanding batsmen. Better than the average physique is quite important in the production of power at the plate. Yet there have been some truly great hitters besides 145-pound Willie Keeler who were just average size. Earl Averill, whom I dug up for Cleveland and who for a dozen years was a .300 hitter in the majors, with an amazing number of total bases when you consider his size, weighed only about 165 pounds.

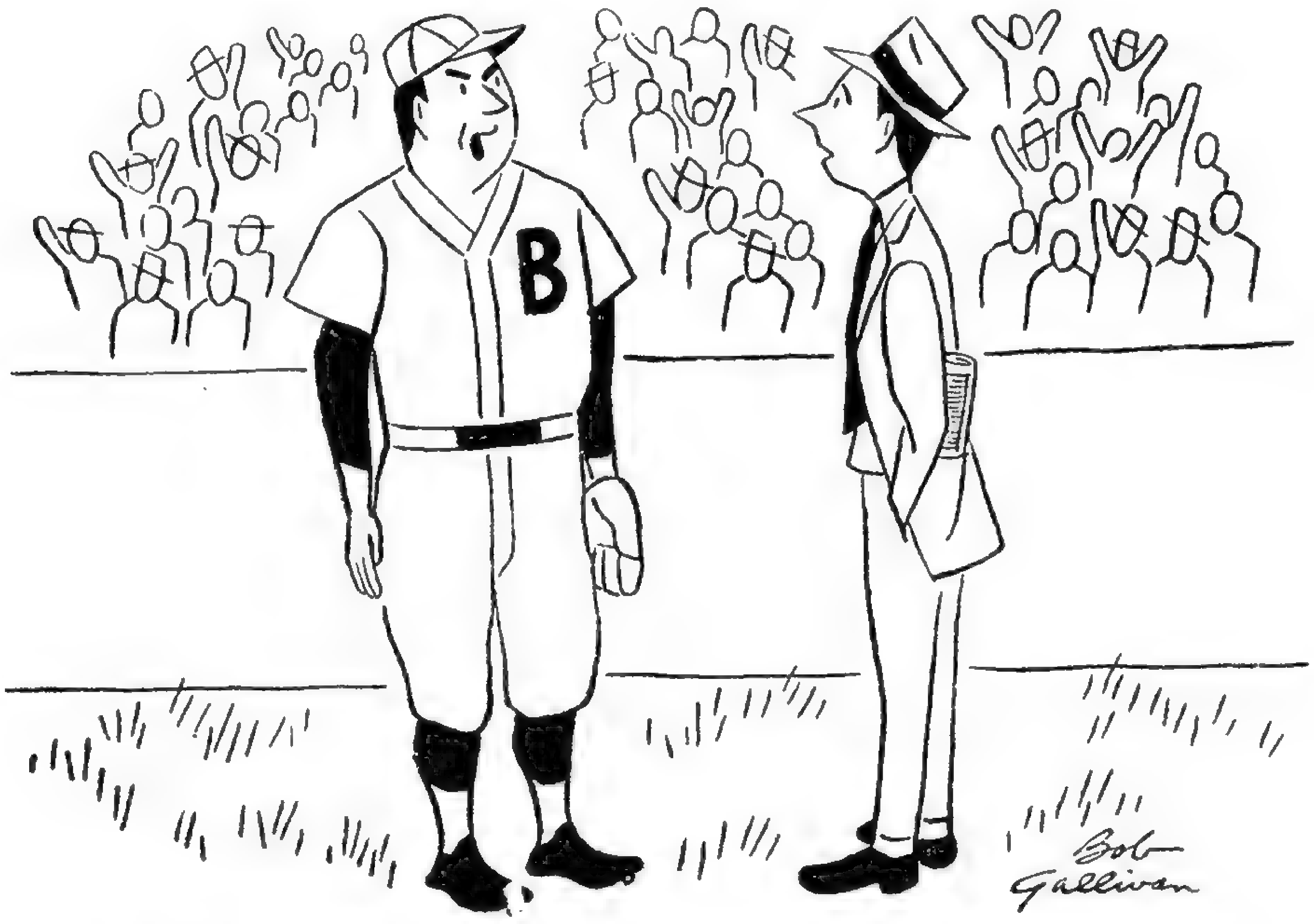
Timing at the bat is a combination of a number of things. There must be perfect rhythm between the stride and the swing. If either is a trifle late, the co-ordination between brain, muscle, feet and arms is lacking. Over a six-months season, for various reasons, batters often fall into a "slump." Usually a slump is brought about by lack of proper timing.

If there ever was a greater all-around baseball player than Ty Cobb, I have yet to see him. Babe Ruth had more power. Tris Speaker was a greater fielder, Joe DiMaggio has a better arm, but none possessed the all-around finesse of the Georgia Peach. Cobb did everything well. He had great speed which he used to marvelous advantage in the field and on the bases. He had the keenest sort of a mind and always sought to take advantage of any slip on the part of the opposition, whether he was at the bat or on the bases. He could bunt, he could drag the ball, he could place-hit; when he wanted, he could go for distance and get it. He hit at few bad balls and walked often. His great speed caused the opposition to hurry the play on all balls hit to the infield and he often profited by some slip. On the bases he was a constant threat. He developed the "fall away" or "fadeaway" slide that gave the fielder handling the ball little more than the spikes to touch as he slid into a base.

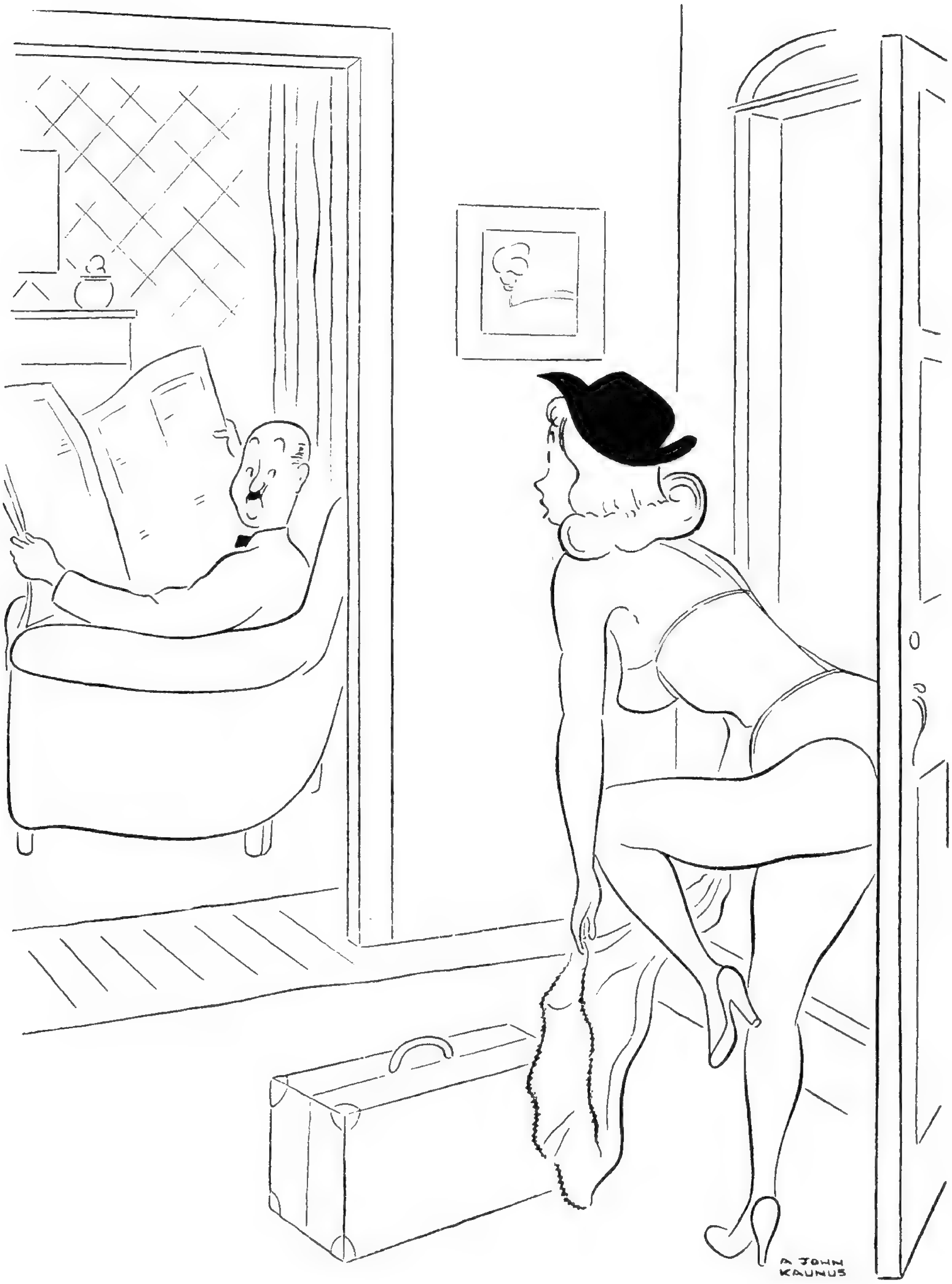
Well do I recall a reply that Cobb made to me years ago when sitting on the bench with him. I asked how he analyzed batting slumps, which every now and then overtook even him.

"It's hard to explain why they happen," Ty replied. "It's even more difficult to offer a solution as to how to come out of a batting slump. Illness and injuries often cause a batter to fall into a slump. Illness destroys some of his physical resistance, causing him to press in an effort to make up for the lack of that little extra zip in his swing. Injuries to either arms or legs often cause a player to lose his timing, simply because in favoring the injury, he unconsciously throws himself off stride. When a slump is directly attributable to temporary physical defects, a return

Continued on page 106



"Thanks for the nice write-up you gave that error I made yesterday!"


A. JOHN KAUNUS

"Is the lady of the house in? I'm demonstrating a new synthetic girdle"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Despite several chin-up-carry-on efforts, there isn't a single box-office hit that concerns the war

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

I WOULD not at this late day enter into any critical activity over such a dead duck as Lesley Storm's *Heart of a City* were it not that, from its musty grave, it gives off certain effluvia that may be sniffed to a constructive theatrical end. What I have in mind is the theatre in wartime and the disposition of audiences, particularly and most relevantly American, toward what is offered them in the way of stage entertainment and, possibly, instruction.

In the time intervening between the composition of these radiant words and their appearance before an avid public, it is possible that changes in world conditions may prove them analytically incompetent. However, I'll take a chance and that chance, herewith tendered to you in this beautiful month is, in triplicate, this:

1. What may be described as the bomb in Gilead drama is henceforth out. That is, the drama with a quondam complacent and peaceful background suddenly shocked into tragic consciousness by the dropping upon it of enemy explosives. We are fed up on it; it has from repetition grown forceless; and it has become invested with the tedious flavor of hokum.

2. The drama grandiosely purveying the chin-up, stiff-upper-lip heroism of our Allies, the English, is also out. The symptoms of its demise were never more clearly apparent than in the case of the imported Storm exhibit noted. At one point in the play—the scene was an officers' mess at an English bomber station—an English woman guest inquired of a young officer what his nationality was. "Officially Canadian," he replied. "Officially?" she arched her eyebrows. "I come from Kansas City," he apprised her. "Thank heaven," she cried, "that there's *one* American who likes us!" Whereto quietly the young officer: "Who says I like you? I don't! I just like your cause." The applause of the American audience was the loudest of the evening.

The truth is that we have grown just a little weary of stage testimonials to the matchless valor of our English brothers—they have been going on for too many years—and that even the most indomitable Anglophile amongst us now admits to a faint pain when young English actors dispense the theme over the footlights. A theatre that wouldn't tolerate for a moment the spectacle of its own American heroes embellished with heroic greasepaint and that would gag at any such melodramatic lack of taste certainly cannot be expected to relish the business in the case of the English or any other nation, however friendly and however militarily close.

Collaterally, stirring radio speeches by Winston Churchill, the singing of *God Save the King*, and the tricky device of heightening bravery by an appearance of minimizing it are also mementoes of the dramatic past.

3. Although an exception may disconcertingly pop up to give some encouragement to the kind of disputant who preens himself on discovering someone to be a mere ninety-nine per cent right, I have a notion that audiences will in the not far future elect to the storehouse plays dealing literally, seriously and singly with the immediate war and that, save perhaps for some comedy in the vein of, say, *The Good Soldier Schweik* or some highly embossed peanut-gallery melodrama, most of the rest of them will get nowhere, unless Lunt and Fontanne happen to be in them. (This does not include, the one way or the other, the new Steinbeck play which, as I write, still awaits production.)

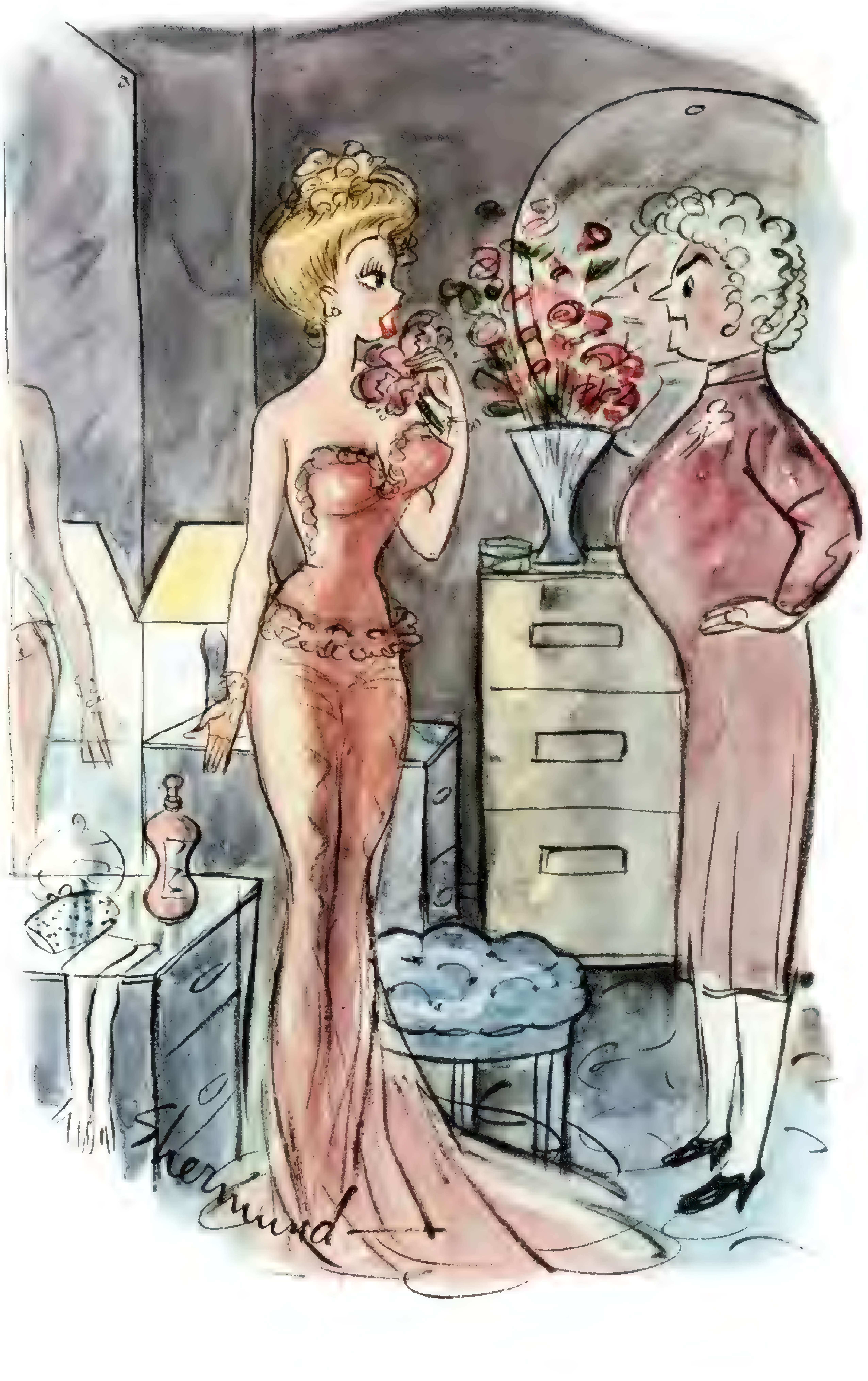
At this point, you unquestionably think that I am about to go into an essay about the drama of escape, but I am fooling you, and for two good and sufficient reasons. In the first place, I have already written so much on the subject that I have nothing new left to say. And, in the second place, even if I had, future theatrical eccentricity might in all possibility prove me wrong, which would be very embarrassing. Nevertheless, at the moment of writing and with the nation in a state of profound concern, not one single play or show doing box-office business in New York has any even remotest connection with the war. The biggest draw of them all—it did $42,000 in this writing week—is the crazy revue, *Sons o' Fun*. (If you care to argue that it's strange that the very audiences who can't stomach plays with loud bombing in them nevertheless rush to a revue that contains more shooting than the Battle of Chickamauga, go ahead; who am I to stop you?)

II

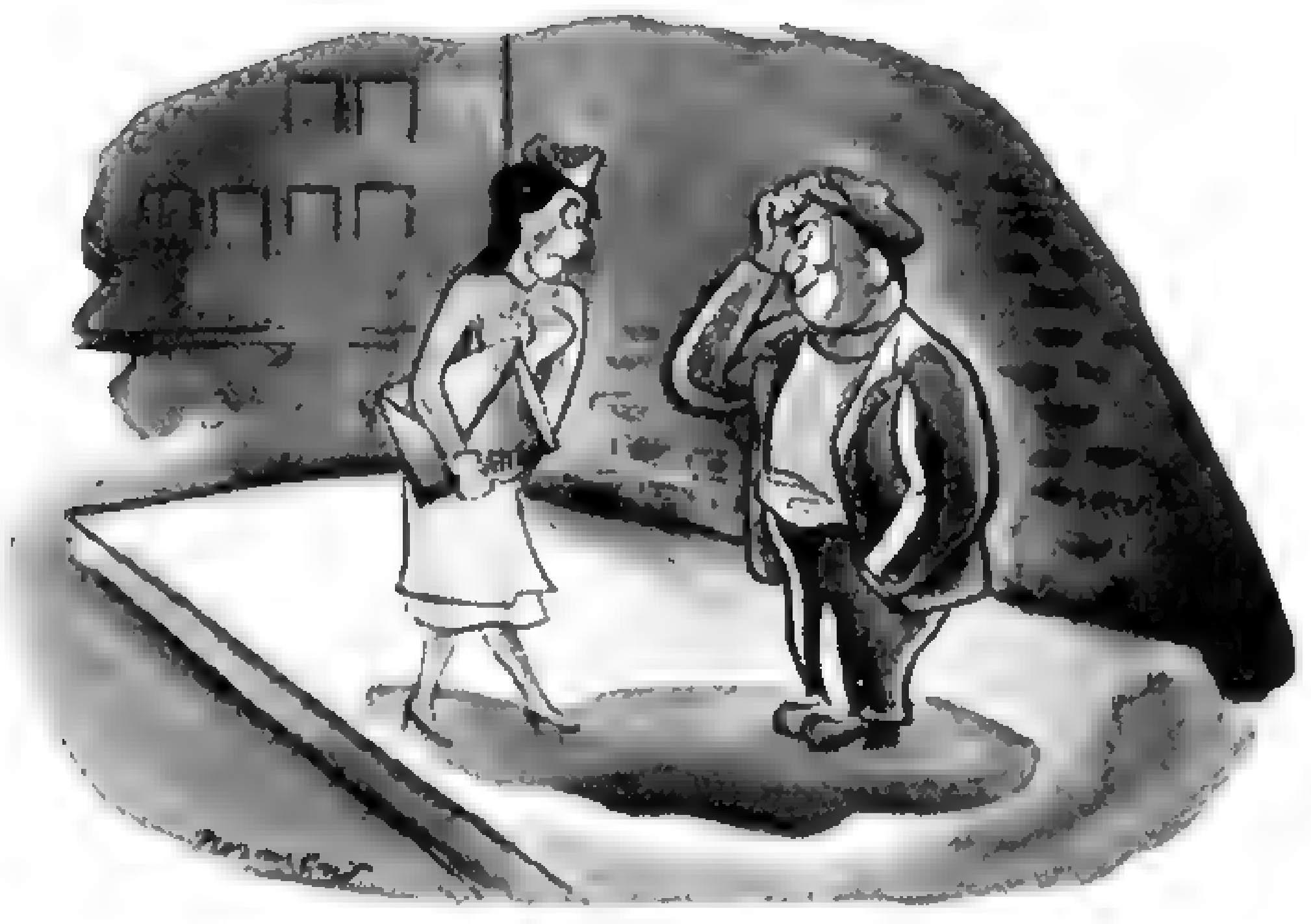
Another species of play that seems to have had its day is the backstage one like the aforementioned *Heart of a City*. (Incidentally, any such title always rebelliously suggests that it should be followed by a comma and an *or*. While at the play, my attention was constantly distracted by such meditative embroideries as *Heart of a City*, or *The Girl Who Went Wrong; Heart of a City*, or *She Was Only a Millionaire's Daughter; Heart of a City*, or *The Adventures of Bertha and Nellie in the Great Metropolis*, etc.) However, as I was saying, these backstage plays are so much of a basic piece that even a theatregoer who can't possibly figure out what is going to happen to a Nazi villain in the last act of another kind of play knows exactly all about the backstage one ten minutes after the curtain is hoisted. He knows that "the show must go on" will be the leitmotif. He knows that the chorus girl characters will include the sweet womanly one, the sexually promiscuous one, the brash loud one with the heart of gold, the demure one who is otherwise a

Continued on page 181

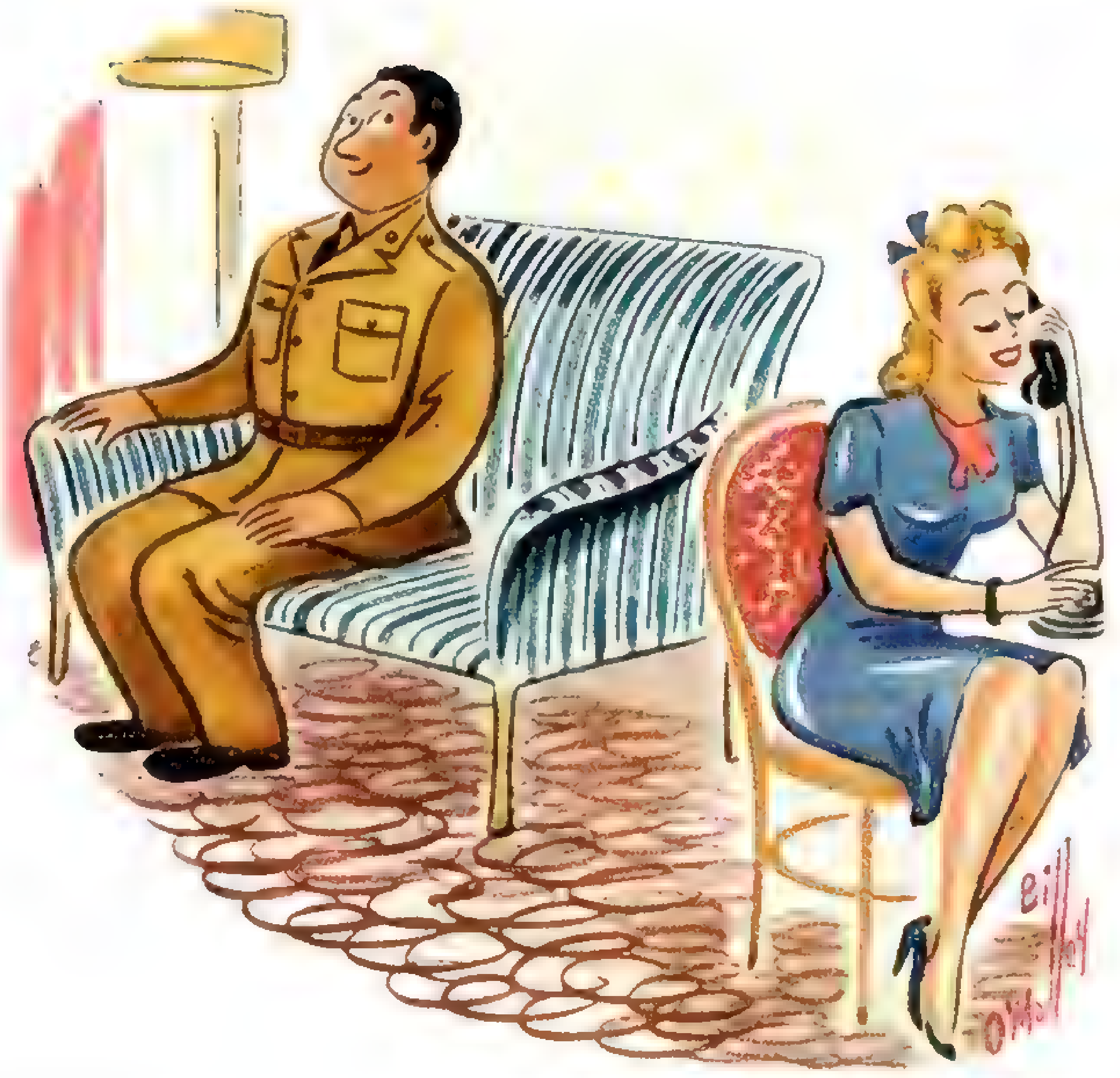
"Never mind, dear—I have a charge account"



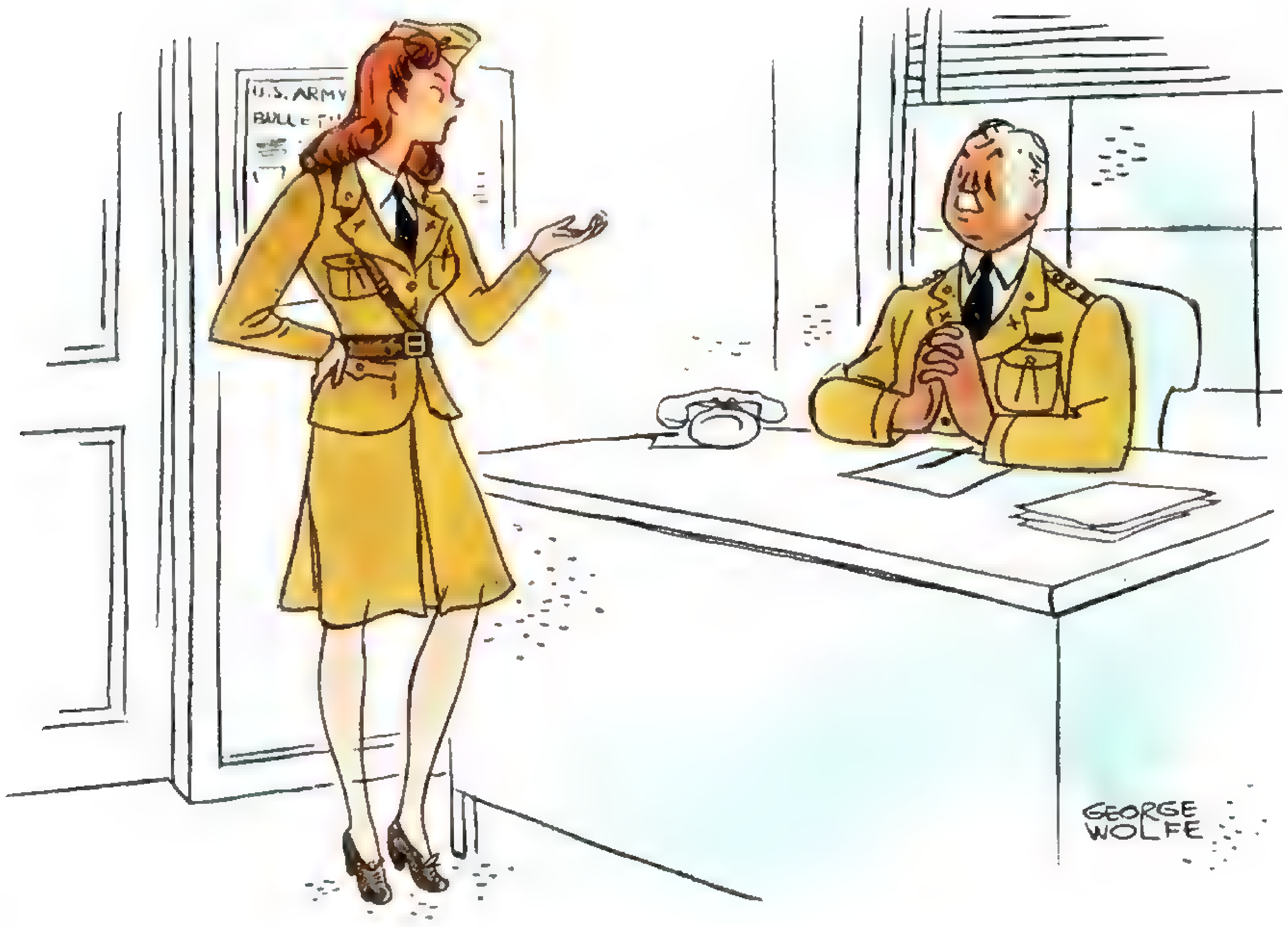
"But, mother, you know you can't catch flies with vinegar"



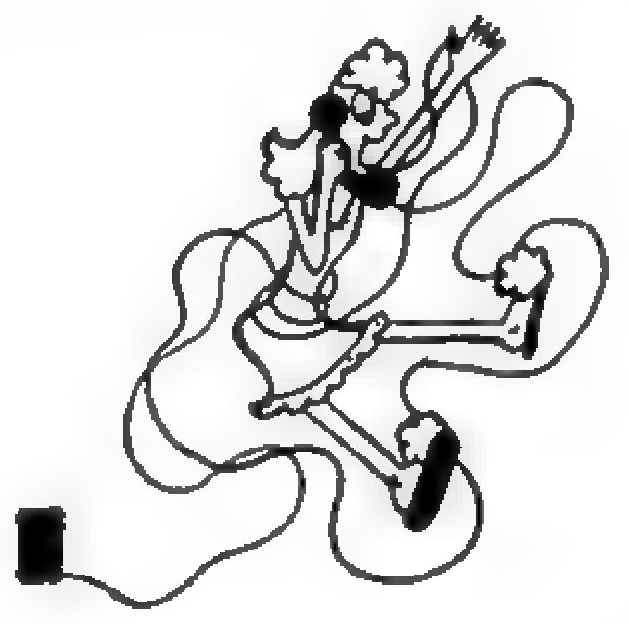
"Help you carry your purse, lady?"



"Sorry, Edgar, but you understand—government priority"



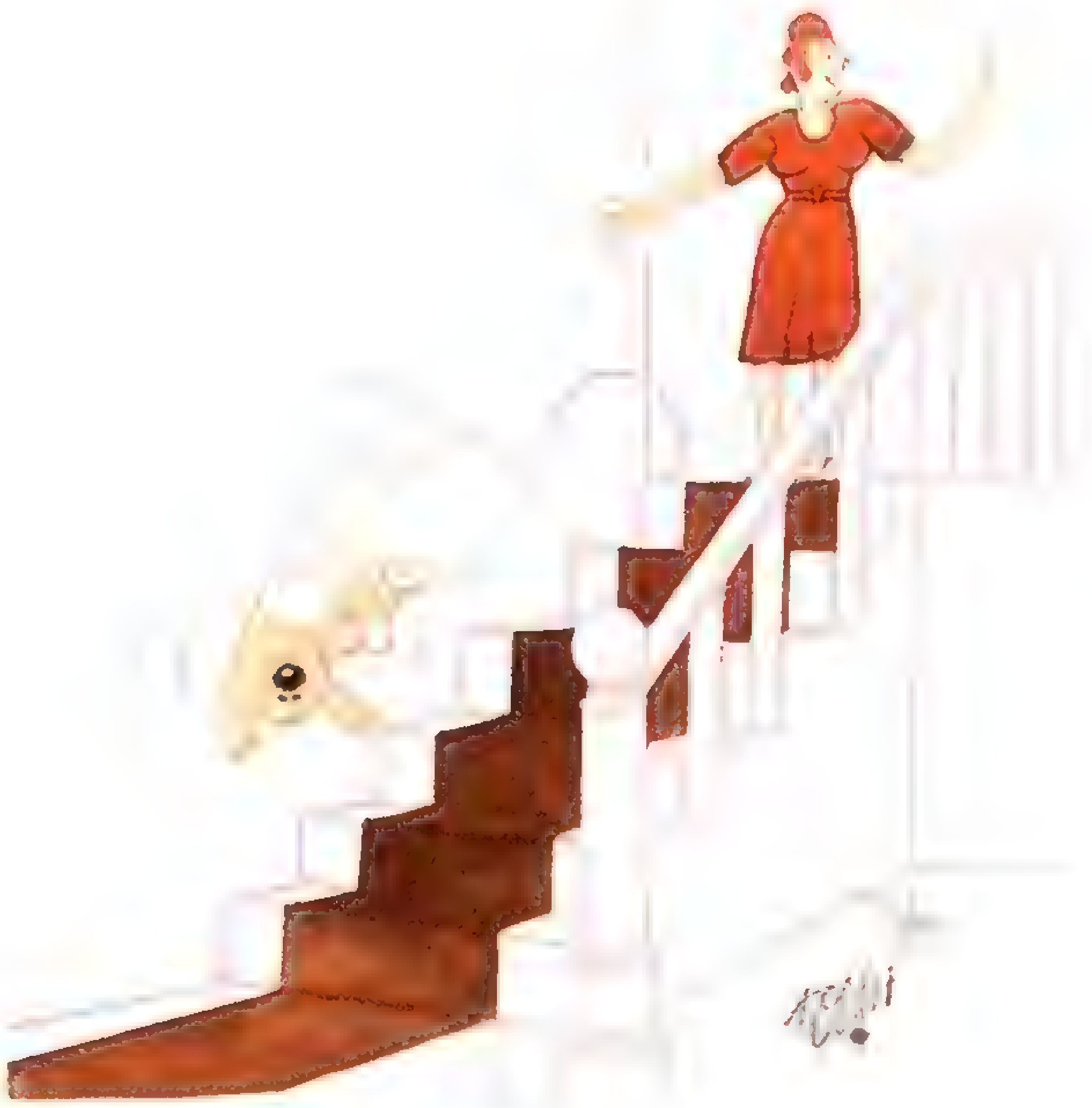
"I like it here, but I'm not very popular—with the other hostesses!"



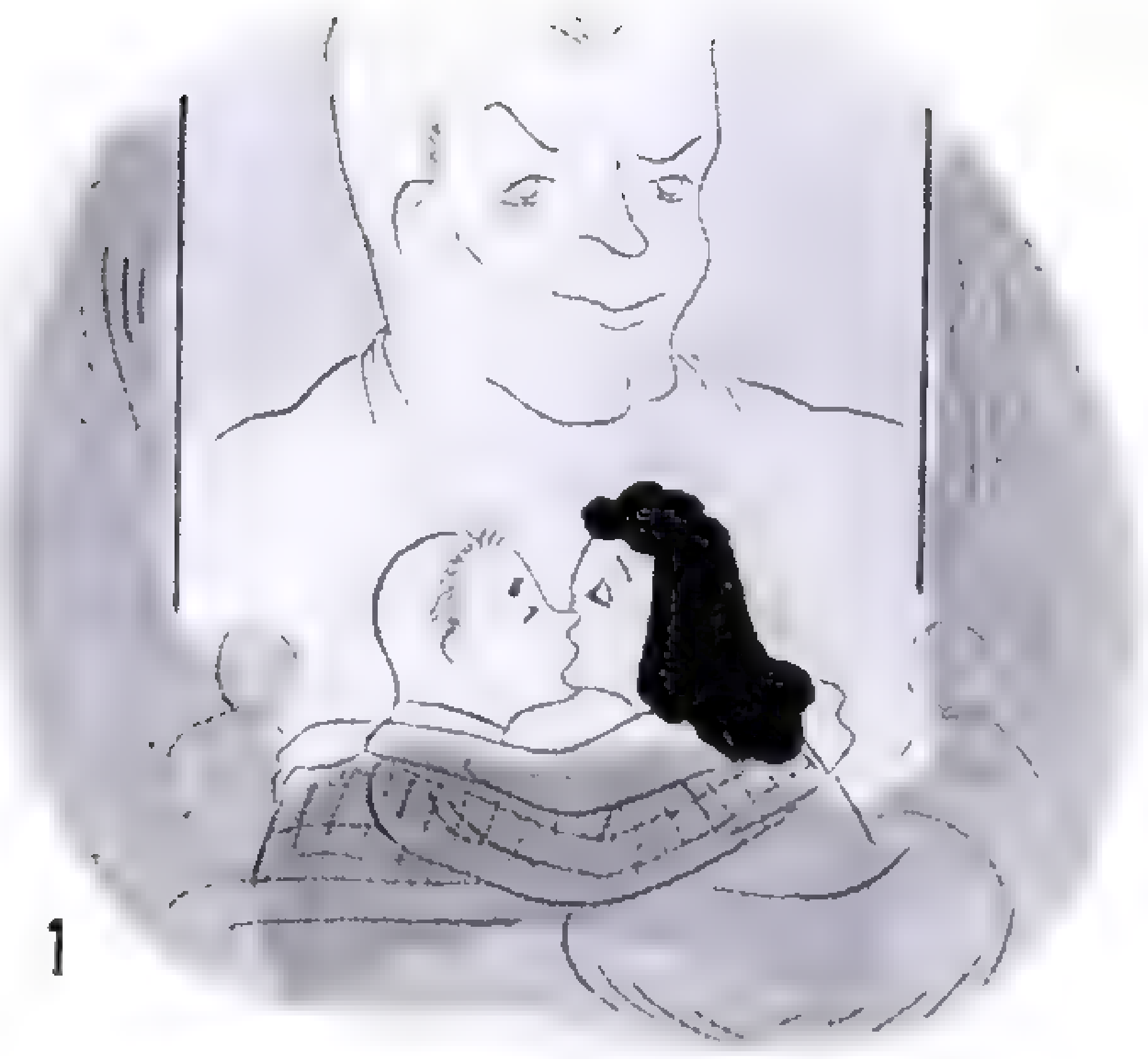
When girls get loving notions
In their pretty little beans
Whatever it is they have to tell
They tell it to the Marines!

Misfit Jobs

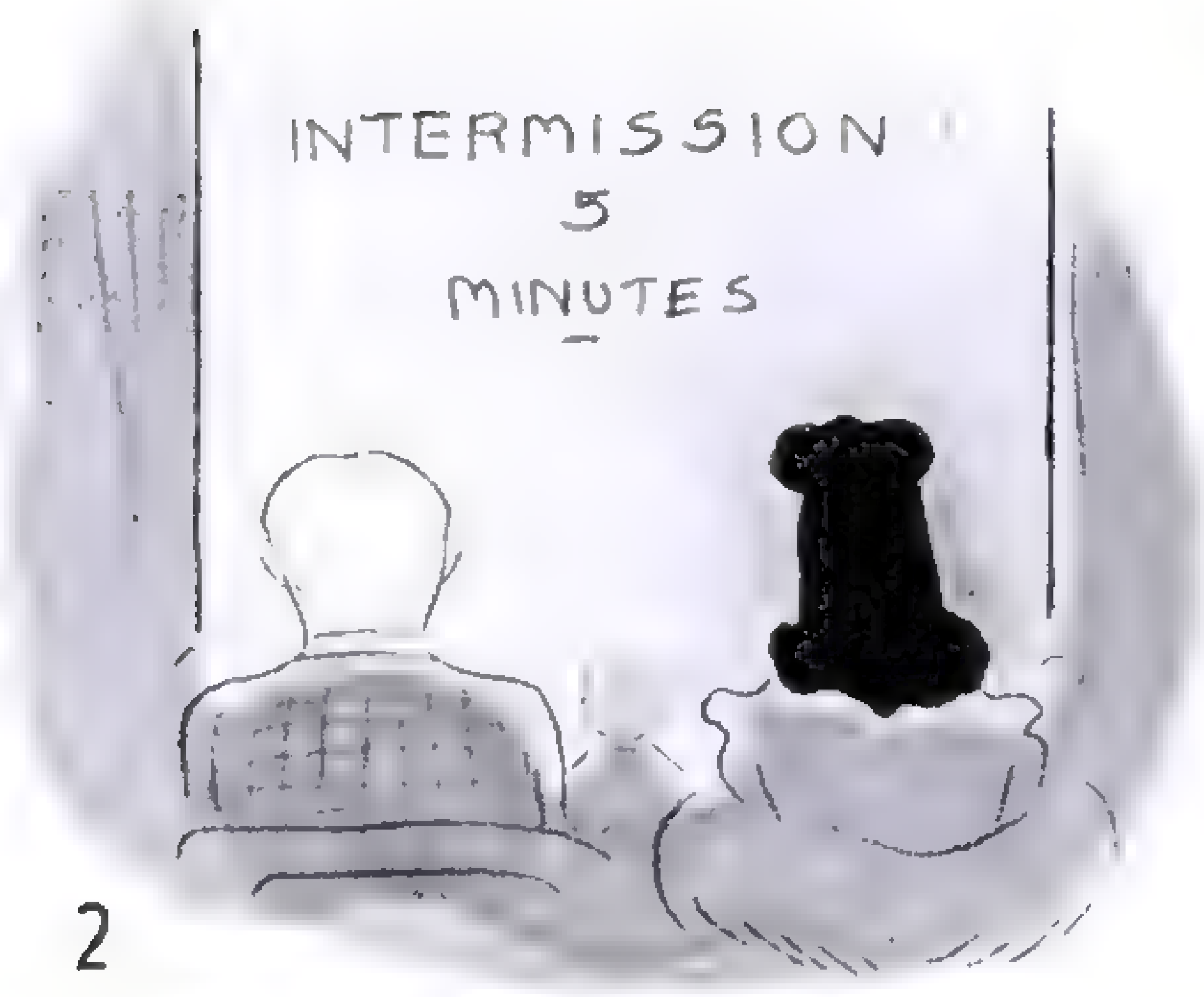
Fred Allen playing Rhett Butler . . . General MacArthur on a conciliation board . . . Cornelius Warmerdam as an under-cover man . . . Practically everybody in the Italian army . . . Charlie McCarthy coping with incendiary bombs . . . Martin Dies as ambassador to Russia . . . Wallace Beery as the Thin Man.



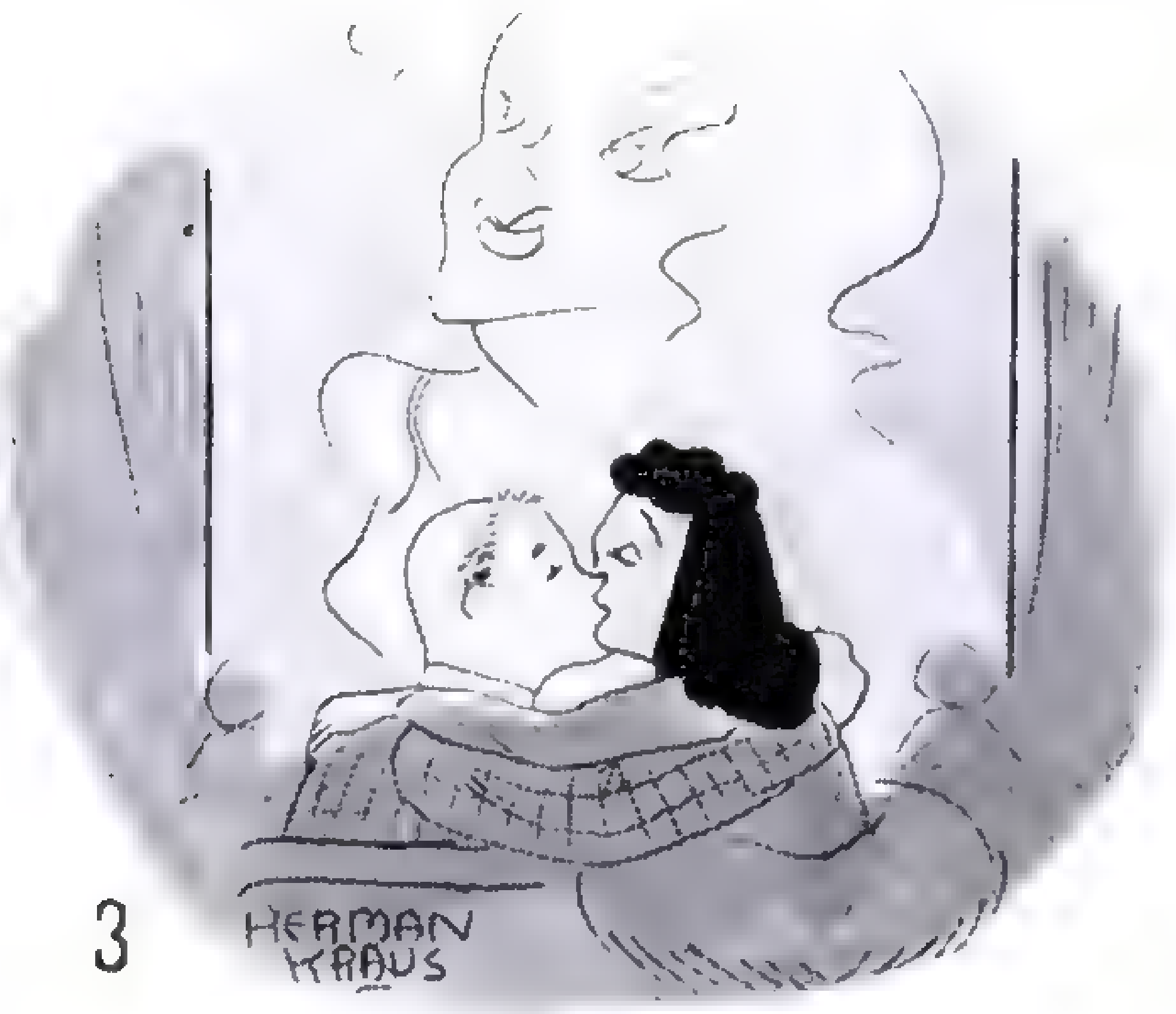
"Ambrose! Come quick and see Junior take his first steps!"



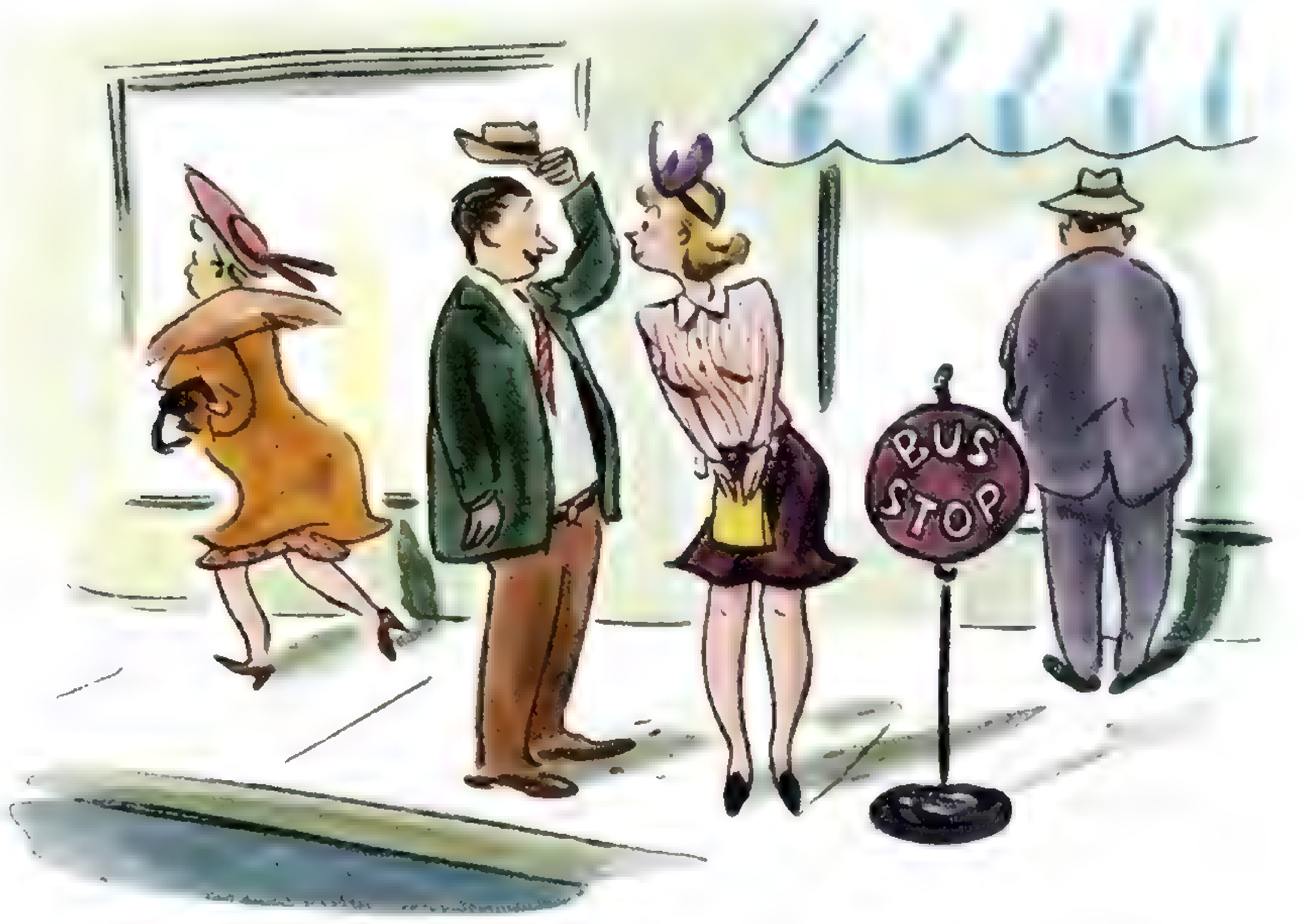
1


INTERMISSION
5
MINUTES

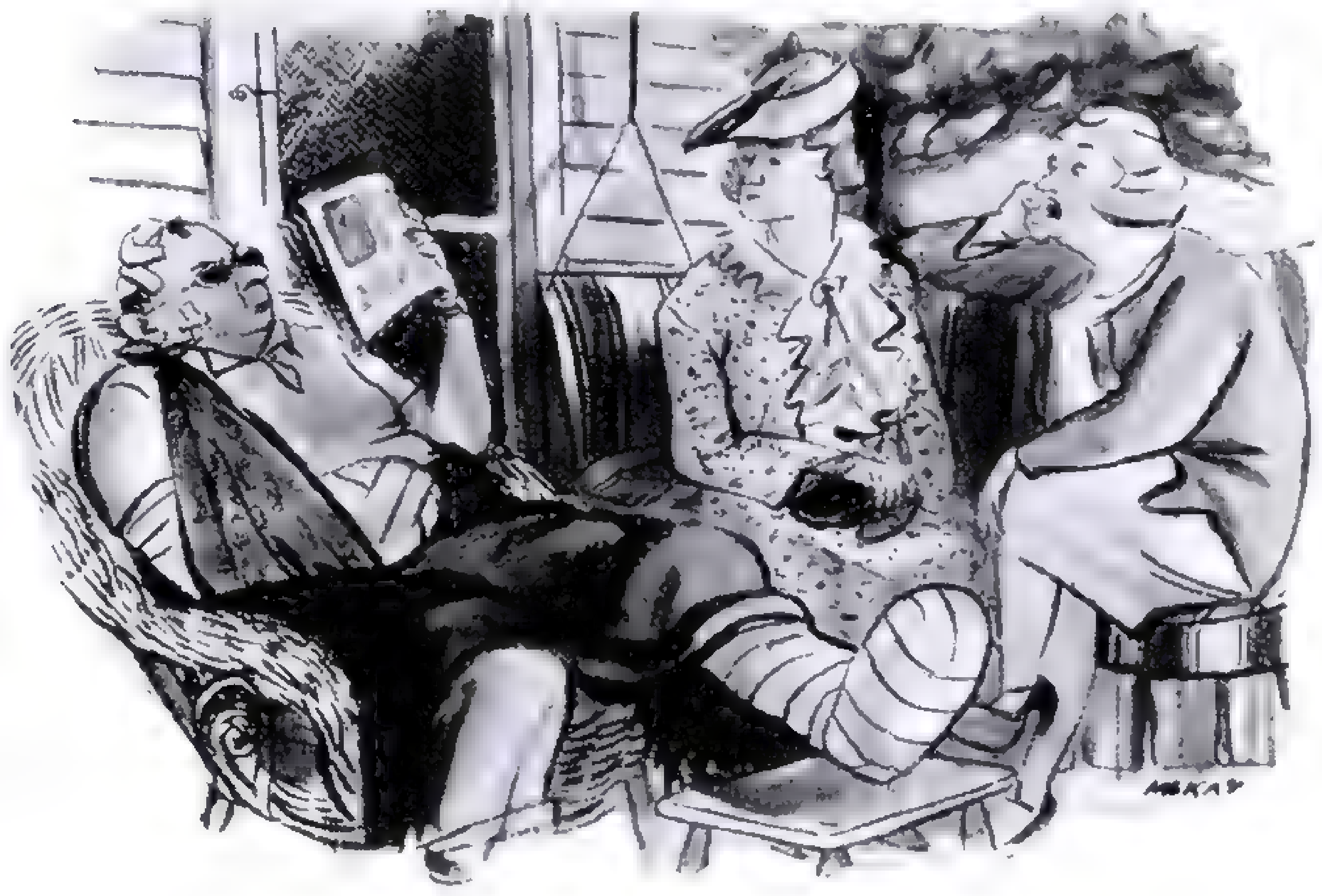
2


HERMAN
KRAUS

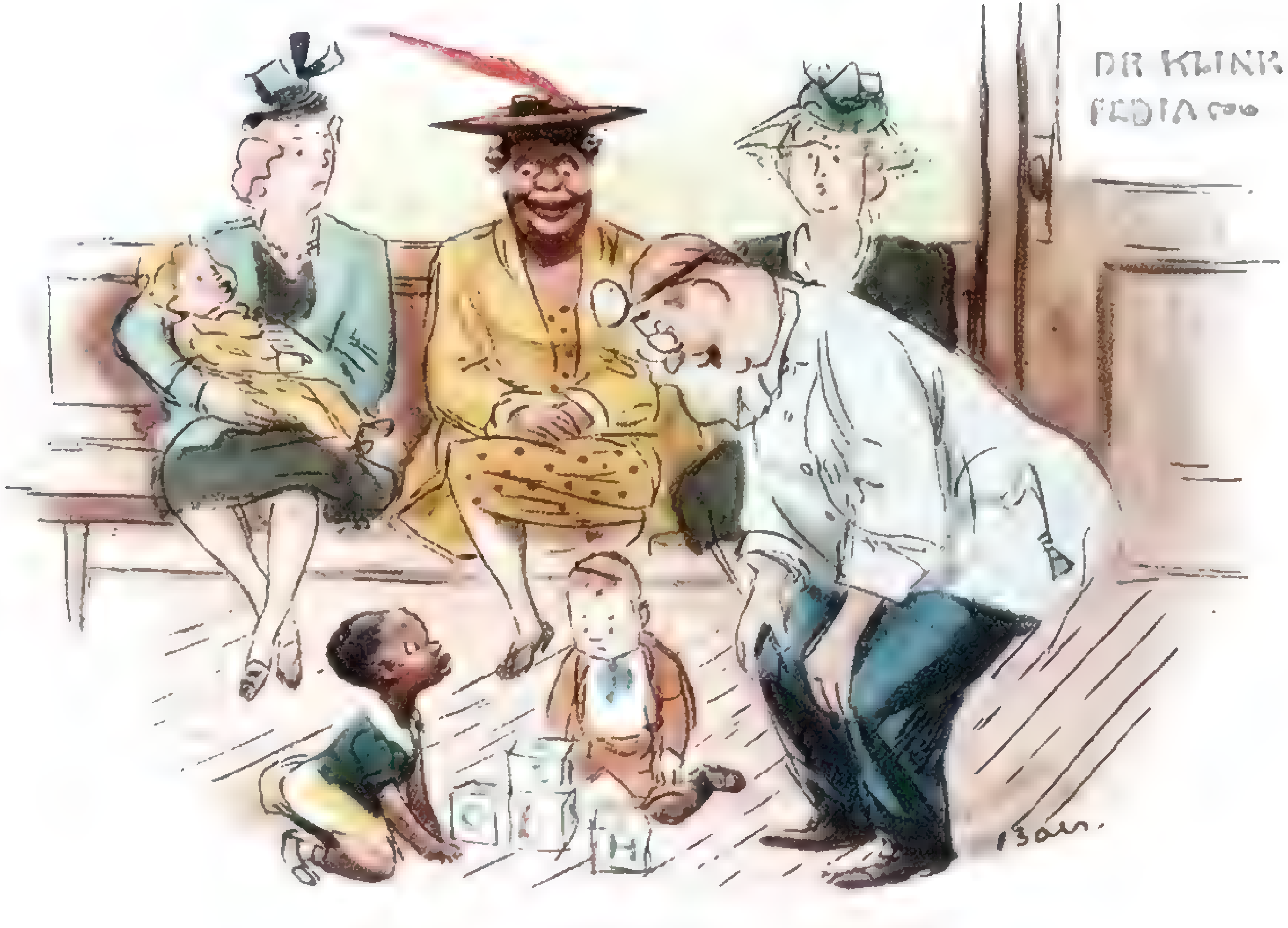
3



"I see we're to be fellow travelers—mind if I introduce myself?"



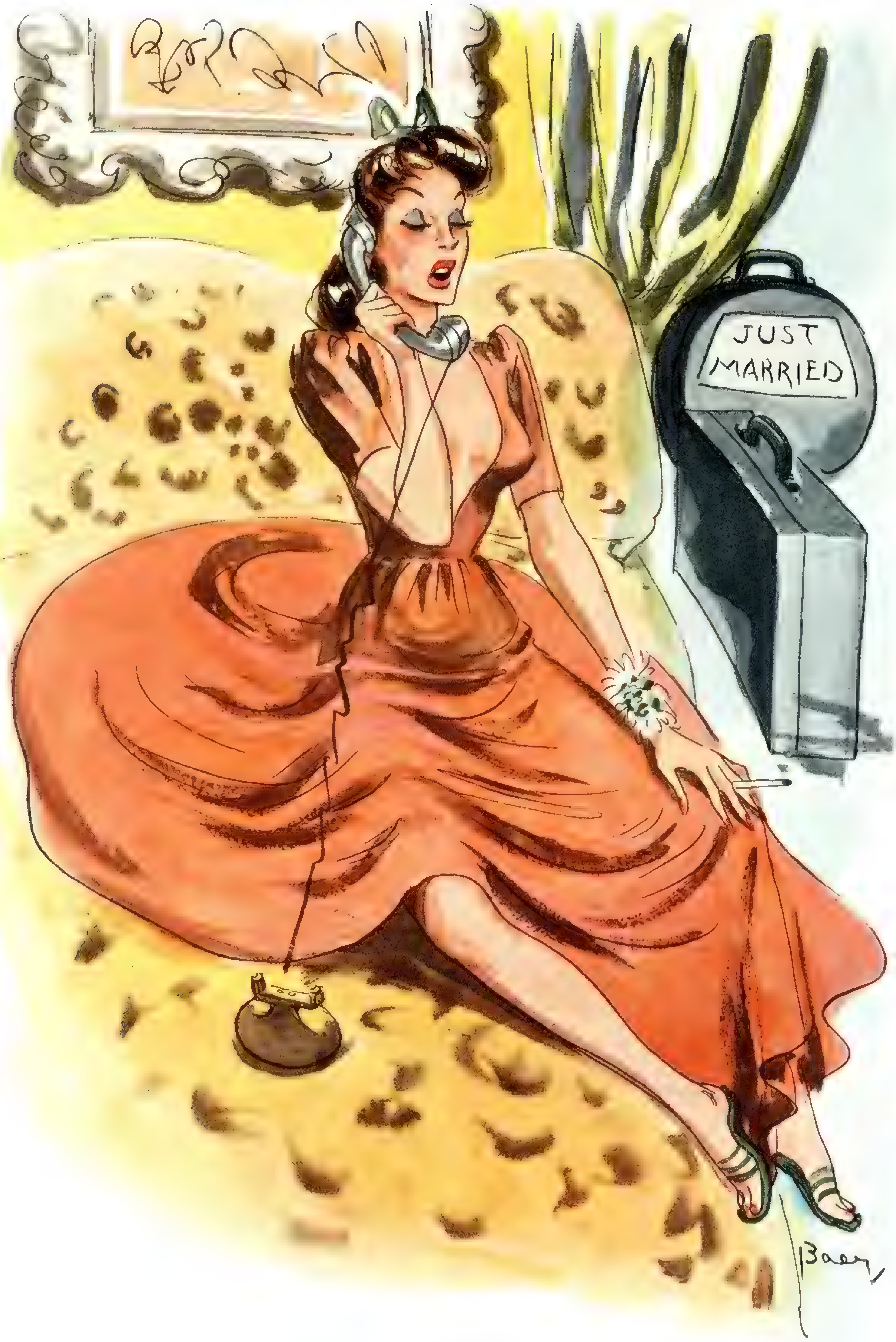
"The garage door got stuck"


DR KLINK
PEDIA

"And whose little baby are you?"

Statistic

There are some 130,000,000 people in the U.S.A. of whom approximately 390,000,000 have turned out to be dependent on men who are of draft age.


JUST MARRIED
Baer

". . . of course his duties as an air-raid warden come first"

The Sporting Scene

The Navy favors athletes, Notre Dame adopts the T while physical educators forestall possible Urlaub's psychosis

by HERB GRAFFIS

• SPORTS •

SOLDIERS have been muttering about the way the Navy's been putting it over the Army in enrolling athletes.

The Army men's complaint is that the Navy is using athlete proselyting methods that begin where the technique of the football colleges left off. Soldiers claim that rarely does an athlete get a better offer than $30 a month or a slight reduction in drilling time from the Army, but an athlete who's a good shopper can start in the Navy all the way from $60 a month as a petty officer to $200 a month as Lieutenant Commander, plus the life of the traditional Admiral Riley.

Bucking this competition of Navy terms to athletes the soldiers declare that the star athletes the Army gets are those who think of sport as a minor sideline to fighting, or selectee athletes who waited too long for better terms from the Navy.

With the sports situation as it is in the services, according to Army men, competitive sports events between the two branches seldom would be on an equitable basis. The Army, however, is willing to put up its man against the Navy's choice to contend for the heavyweight championship of the world.

The Navy dismisses the argument in a way that does not balm the Army lads. The sailors' attitude is that its branch of the service appeals to superior athletes who are entitled to higher pay. Postal regulations forbid recording the soldiers' retort.

Strangely enough the Marines, habitually eager to deal themselves a hand in any controversy promising spirited action, have stayed out of this one.

An athlete seems to be just another Marine to the Marines, which the sea soldiers consider honor enough for any lad.

* * *

The Denver (Colo.) Junior Chamber of Commerce is planning to make a bid for a major league baseball franchise, although Denver has had the dubious distinction of being the largest U. S. city (pop. 322,412) without a team in organized ball.

Denver's Jaycees figure that after the war major league revisions may permit the Phils and the Browns to be transferred. Los Angeles has been ambitious to get a major league franchise. The Denver promoters figure their city will fit into a schedule when substantial financial backing is guaranteed.

Los Angeles' campaign for major league baseball also has the Junior Chamber of Commerce as its main driving power.

Junior Chambers of Commerce have been chiefly prominent in sports promotion as sponsors of golf tournaments. They have staged Professional Golfers Association national championships at Buffalo, St. Paul, Milwaukee and Denver, and have provided the backbone for the P.G.A. circuit with annual events at Los Angeles, St. Paul, San Francisco and Oakland.

* * *

Top price for ordinary non-reserved seats for a Red Cross sports exhibition match this year has been $11. The price was that of admission to the court tennis match played on the Greentree court on the Payne Whitney estate, Manhasset, L. I.

Pierre Etchebaster, world open champion at this ancient game of royalty, was the star of the performance, as usual.

* * *

A bomb destroyed the London premises of the John Thurston firm, makers of billiard tables for more than 140 years. The company promptly set up another establishment.

Looks like the Thurstons are hard to get into a pocket.

* * *

Track meet fans maintain that Greg Rice's record of consecutive victories outshines the performances of Joe DiMaggio and Ben Hogan.

When the fleet little star legged to a new indoor three mile record in 13:45.7 for his 43rd straight triumph sports fans who'd previously been staunchly immune to the appeal of track and field demonstrations began to blink their eyes and chatter.

The average guy feels he is doing himself proud if he can go three miles running, walking or crawling, in 45 minutes. In fact the average guy generally brags if he can go three miles without calling a cab.

* * *

Baseball follows skating in selecting a new design to replace the former red spot flag, used in many places to indicate the ice or the diamond was in condition for play.

The red ball on a white field looked like a Jap emblem and was a very nasty reminder of work to be done.

* * *

Among the sure signs that the world we once knew is no more is news that the T-formation is to be used with the Rockne shift in Notre Dame's attack design this fall.

The reason for Frank Leahy's revision of the traditional procedure is Bambino Bertelli. As a sophomore Bertelli passed sensationally. As a blocker and runner he was so-so. His deficiencies in these departments were conspicuous in the Rockne pattern. As a quarterback in the T system he can handle the ball and pass in a manner Mr. Leahy believes will be highly disconcerting to the opposition.

* * *

Shortening vacation periods, consequently the entire school term, is having a confusing effect on intercollegiate athletics. Schools that have reduced the over-all time required for graduation don't retain much hope of holding their own against teams of schools

Continued on page 160

"They're growing old gracefully!"

Like Something in a Book

He could imagine poor, romantic little Miss Hottaway, writing her tale about a blond god named Charles Pauncefoote

by SIDNEY CARROLL

▪ FICTION ▪

The book stores were on one of the streets on his way home and he sometimes stopped to spend a few idle moments among them. He never bought any of the books. He would stop if he were in no hurry to get home, or, if it was raining, to keep dry under the awnings. He would pick up a book—carefully, because his fingers were always very clean—and he would raise the cover tenderly. He would turn with the tips of his fingers to the title page and then he would put the book back in its place. He told his friends that the thing he liked best about the neighborhood he lived in was the fact that he was just a stone's throw from the book stores. He could always step outside, he said, and browse.

This day he was in no hurry to go home. It was four o'clock and Rosalind wouldn't be expecting him until five. There was a phone call he would have to make but he decided that four-thirty would be the right time to make it. He stopped under one of the awnings and looked at the books.

They were old books, tired old books in blistered red and fading purple covers. A three-volume thesaurus of medical terms. Nine volumes of *The Bobbsey Twins.* There was a small white cardboard sign tacked up behind the books and the pencilled words said "10c apiece 2 for 15c." He did not stand too close to the stall, for it was covered with dust, but when he bent over slightly from the waist, and squinted, he could read all the titles. The first one he saw was *A Castle in Illyria,* by Cornelia Hottaway. That was a green book next to the medical books. The other titles, he decided, were just as dull. *My Other Life. Cousin Mary Tillitt. Round Trip Ticket to Reno.* These were to the left of the collected works of the Bobbsey Twins. His glance continued from left to right.

He was, somehow, slightly amused. "This is rather fun," he thought. With a flick of his wrist he brought his watch to within seven inches of his nose. He was pleased to see that it was only 4:10. He had plenty of time.

He reached down and plucked *A Castle in Illyria* from its place in the stall. It came away with a reluctant cracking sound, as though it had not been disturbed in a long time. Then, holding it with both thumbs and both index fingers, he buffed it against the backs of the three volumes of the thesaurus. He continued to do this until all the visible dust had disappeared from the green fields of Illyria and then, deftly, he pulled a handkerchief from his breast pocket. He patted his nose with it, placed it back in his pocket precisely as it had been before, with the three corners barely peeking out like the points of a little paper coronet. He ruffled these corners a bit for he did not want them to look too flat against his chest. Precision, he liked to say, was a thing he prized in his dress, but never to such an extreme that it destroyed the thing he prized most—the dégagé look. When the position of the handkerchief suited him h cleared his throat and gave all his attentio to the book.

"*A Castle in Illyria,* by Cornelia Hottaway," he read again. On the title page, in small type it said "The Third in the Series of Adventure of Charles Pauncefoote."

He smiled what he knew was a sad littl smile. These romantic ladies! Cornelia Hottaway! He could see her very easily; she would be a schoolmistress somewhere in a prairie state, a maiden lady with her hair in a bun. She would rush home from the little red schoolhouse every day to write mythical kingdom tales about a blond god named Charles Pauncefoote. His smile trickled inward and *titillated him as he thought of little* Miss Hottaway. Delicious! Then he turned the page. "Fourteenth printing," he saw in tiny type. He raised his eyebrows. He pursed his mouth and whistled softly.

He reached inside his jacket and pulled out the hardback spectacle case. He extracted the pince-nez, held it up to the light, squeezed it with elegance and precision into the two elliptical dents that had become a permanent part of the bridge of his nose. He turned to the first chapter of *A Castle in Illyria* and he started to read. In a few moments the smile came back. He read quickly.

Charles Pauncefoote, all the lean six feet three of him, reclined luxuriously in a deck chair on the deck of the S. S. Brazilian Prince. Pauncefoote, a fugitive from the gay round of New York night life, breathed deeply of the sea air. "Ah," he murmured sleepily to himself, "this is good . . . good."

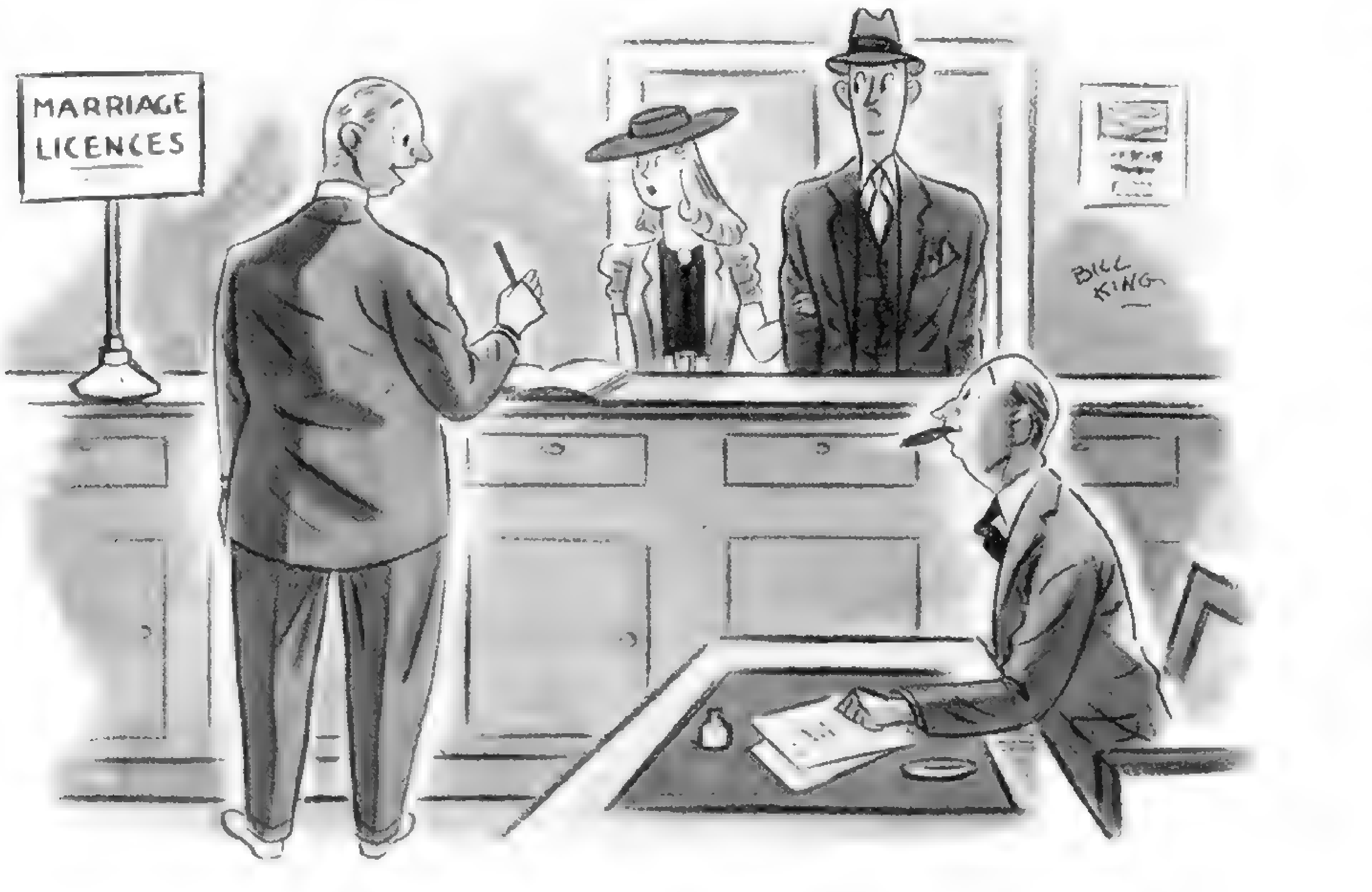
As he read, he rejoiced. He had guessed so correctly! In the next two paragraphs he learned that Charles Pauncefoote was blond, handsome, and terribly rich, the scion of an old and honored family who had a flair for athletics and adventure. He turned the next few pages over very rapidly and then, impatiently, he began to riffle the pages and sniff his way through the rest of the book. When he came to the very last page he was ready to snap the cover shut—to shut the door forever on Miss Hottaway and Miss Pauncefoote—when a short passage of dialogue caught his eye. He read it because his own name was Charles and he liked to see it in print.

"Oh Charles, Charles," she said, clinging to him, "they can never harm anyone again, and it is all your doing, all because of you."

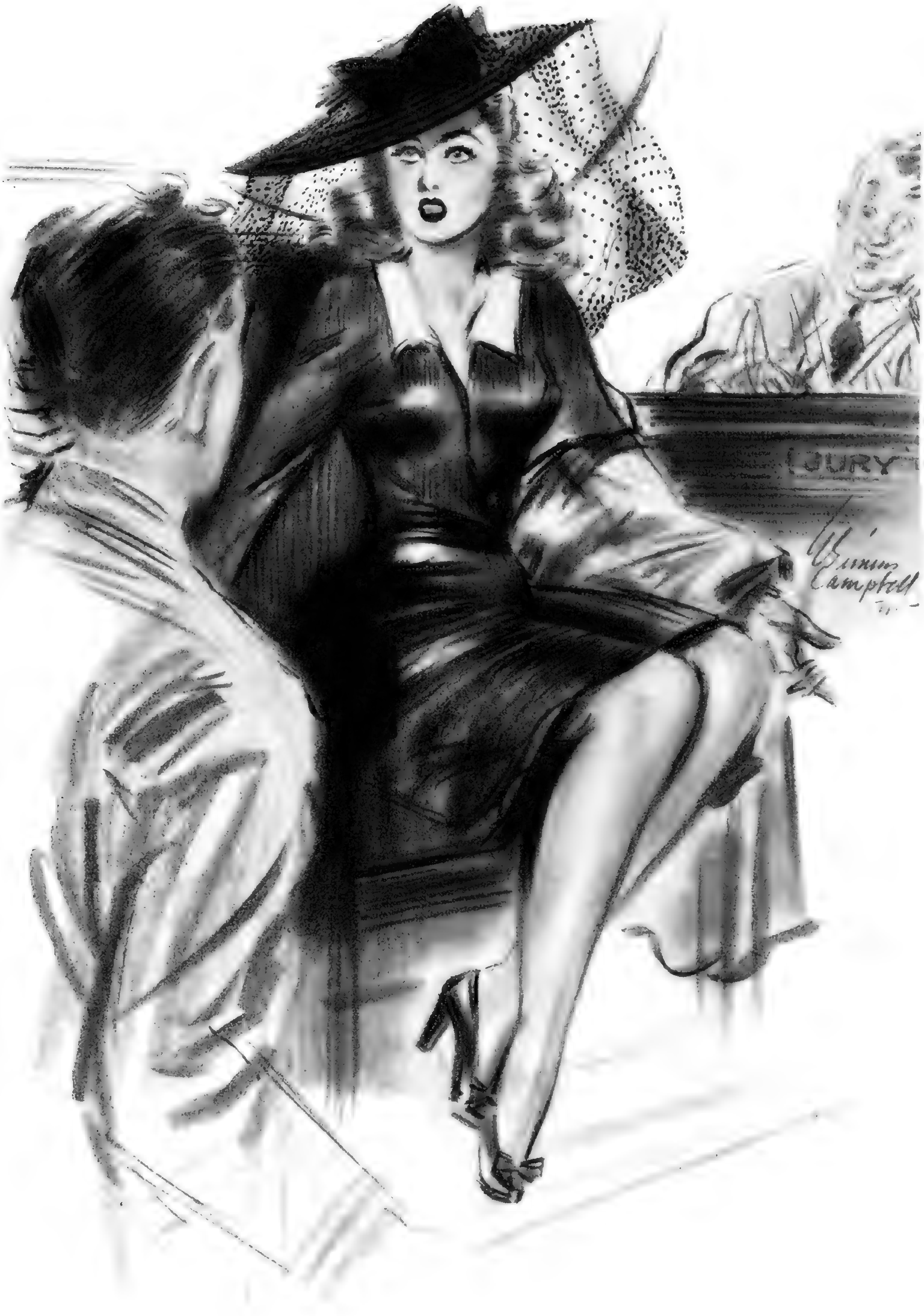
"There is only one way to deal with men of their calibre," said Charles, stroking her soft black hair, "and that is to show no mercy. Thank heavens they are out of harm's way. From the first moment I laid eyes on them I knew them for what they were, miserable schemers who were out to keep everything but their promises."

She clung to him. "Oh Charles, Charles," she

Continued on page 115



"You know, Barnum was wrong—there are two born every minute"



"I fired five shots—then suddenly I had that horrid feeling of being all alone!"

A Song in His Heart

Corporal Ortwingle gives out with some patriotic learigs to inspire the troops which is going into war

by LOUIS PAUL

• FICTION •

CORPORAL ORTWINGLE chewed the end of his pencil stub. "What's the matter with you guys?" he demanded. "Can't you see I'm tryin' to concentrate my brains?"

Corky Smith grunted. "I awys figgered Ortwingle's brains oughta be in a concentration camp."

"If you are writin' a letter to that old grandmother of yours," said Sergeant Smoot, "be careful not to put no military information into it."

"If I like to write a letter to my ole grandmother, that is my business," said Ortwingle. "Ony with the noise that is goin' on around this here barrack a guy would be plenty lucky if he could hear hisself think." Ortwingle turned to Harrison Hyler, the ex-university student. "How many m's is it in plumbing, Hyler?"

"Just one."

"Except that the funny part of it is that this don't happen to be no letter, in case it's any of anybody's business."

Corky's curiosity was aroused. "What is it, your life's histry?"

"This," said Ortwingle, "is a learig."

"Is that something that is already been invented?" said Smoot inquisitively.

"Certainly it's been invented. It is a war learig. You haff to be a kind of a genius to make up these here learigs."

"I never hear of a learig in my life before," said Corky Smith. "But if you haff to be a genius to do it, I bet yours is a stinkeroo."

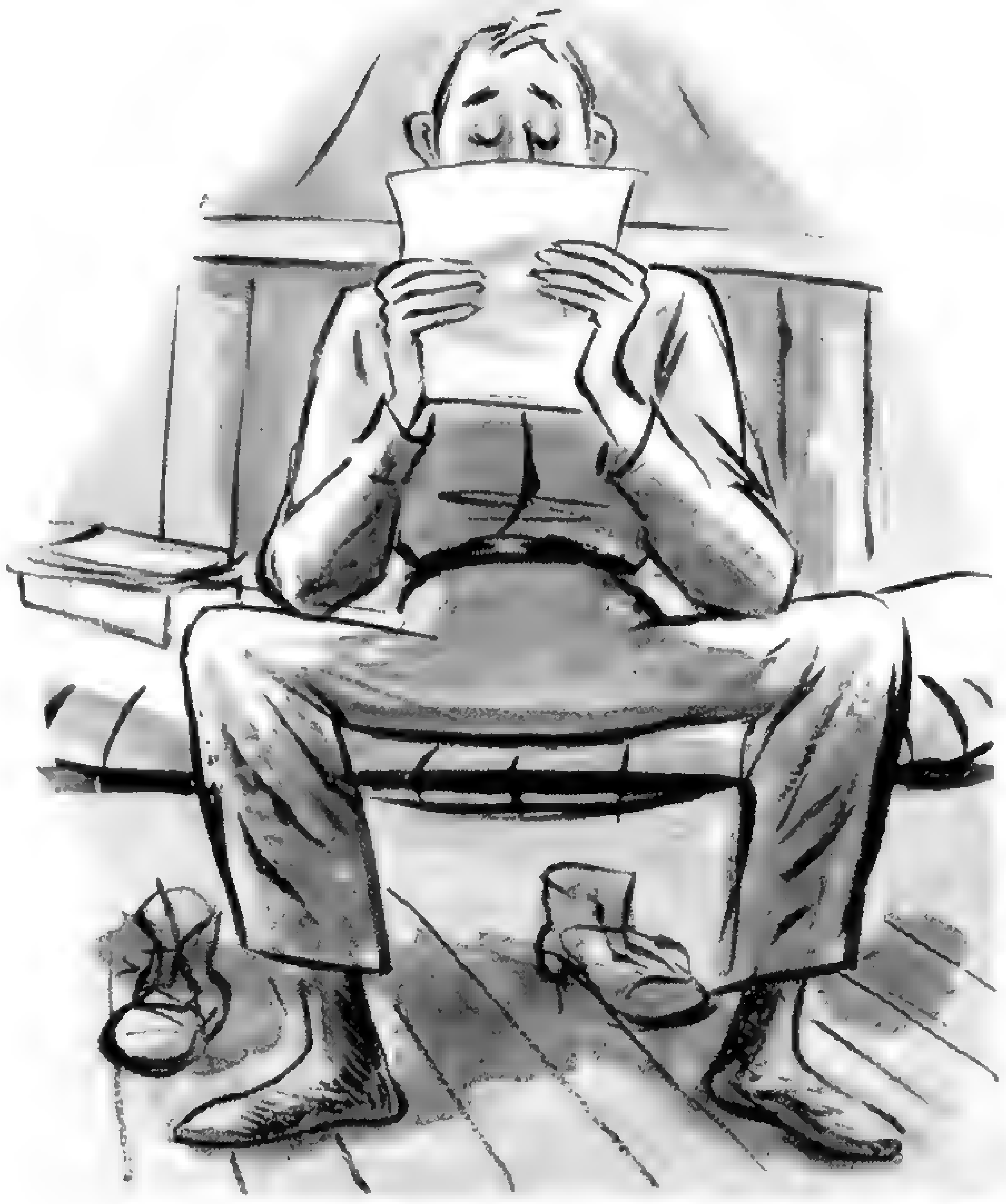
"I think he means lyric. A song lyric," said Harrison Hyler.

"That's it, a learig. What I am writing here is the words that you sing when somebody writes a song that needs a learig to go with it. This learig is called, *Okay, Mr. Hirohito*, and in it it tells the Japs where to get off at."

Corky Smith scratched his head. "You mean anybody, even Ortwingle, kin write songs?"

"Certainly jist anybody can't write learigs," Ortwingle protested indignantly. "A person is got to have talent. This here learig called *Okay, Mr. Hirohito* ain't finished yet, but I will read it out loud. It starts off:

America, the gem of the ocean
Has went ahead and declared war.
Them Japanese monkies got the notion
To bomb Pearle Harber, which made us sore.
Okay, Mr. Hirohito!
We except your challenge bold.
We will eventually squash you like a mosquecto,
And knock your Navy cold.
Uncle Samy's coming
So watch your open pluming.
You'll never know what struck you
When Our Boys sail cross the foam.



Chorus:
Hirohito, you think your terrific
Way out there in the Pacific,
But we'll make you dance to Yankee Doodle yet . . .

That's about as far as I am got," Ortwingle added. "I am writin' this war learig for the boys to sing while they are marching to meet the foe."

"Who's Mr. Hirohito?" asked Corky Smith.

"One of them Jap admirables, I guess. I dunno. Anyway, he's a bastard."

"Where you gonna get the music from to go with those words?" inquired Sergeant Smoot.

Ortwingle shrugged. "Where does the music come from that goes with the words of any song?"

"I don't know," said Smoot. "That's why I'm askin'."

"As soon as somebody that kin write music writes some that needs words to go with it," Ortwingle patiently explained, "why then there's the words all ready for him."

"It don't sound like no sense to me."

"It don't sound like no sense to me also," said Corky Smith.

Ortwingle was hurt. "I might of knew better than to read you guys the outpourings of my brains, because you ain't got no finer feelings. A person who he wants to help his country by composin' a patriotic war learig to inspire the troops which is goin' into battle ought to be gave a little encouragement instead of being made a mockery of. Oh well. They laughed at Ford and Edison."

"Then what are you kicking about?" Smoot demanded.

"Some day after this cruel war is over I guess I will probly take up to be a real song writer in Tin Pan Avenue. I figger I might even take a correspondence course in composin' music for my learigs."

"You mean you got other learigs wrote up beside this war learig?" said Corky Smith.

"Certainly I got other learigs. I got one here that is also practically a war song, ony instead of being sang by our boys when they go out to meet the foe, this here one is suppose to be a love song that I call *Be True to the Boy in the Khaki Suit.*" Ortwingle fished around in his writing box. "Of course if you don't want to hear it, that is okay with me," he added modestly.

"I would not be able to sleep all night if we didn't hear this new learig," said Smoot.

"Well, the first voice starts off the way I have it here, it starts off:

Since I been called to the colers, dear
Your face is awys in my mind;
I figger if I don't see you soon
I am very liable to go blind.
But your back home in Tennessee,
While I am serving the Nation,
So do not pine,
For I am fine,
And some day I'll come back to you.
Chorus:
Be true to the boy in the Khaki suit,
For no bullit can kill true love.
Remember the lad, and the fun you had,
For he still thinks your kinda cute.
Remember he was drafted against his will,
So don't let no worker in a airplane factery named Bill
Steel your effections away.
Be true to the boy in the Khaki suit,
And he'll come back some day."

Ortwingle, having read his verses with tender feeling, concluded: "That's what is known in the profession of learig writing as a ballot."

"Maybe," said Sergeant Smoot, "maybe it is something you et."

"Is that a crack?"

"No. Why would I want to go ahead and make a crack? I jist thought maybe something you et disagreed with you and give you the nightmares."

"Why is it," Ortwingle demanded rhetorically, "that in the army if a person is got an unnatural talent in the line of some artistic endeavor everybody thinks they got to make a mockery of him?"

"I ain't makin' no mockery of you, Orty," said Smoot. "Ony it couldn't do no harm to report on sick call in the morning and let the doc look into you with a X-ray. Sometimes it is very possible to ketch a pretty serious disease in its early stages that way."

"Nuts," said Ortwingle.

Harrison Hyler tried to soothe the songwriter's ruffled feelings. "Of course I don't pretend to be expert in the matter of popular lyrics, but it does seem to me that Ortwingle's verses do definitely display a certain characteristic style, an imaginative something that one might conceivably term *flair*."

"Yeah," said Ortwingle. "It not ony takes a person to be a genius in order to write learigs, but it is hard work."

"If it is hard work," said Corky Smith, "what is the sense to doin' it? Any person that he works when he kin be sleepin' is out of his right mind."

"That is your opinion, because there isn't no artistic feelings in you that bursts to be relieved," said Ortwingle. "It is probly hard work for a martingale to sing them high notes, but what would the world be if all the birds laid down on the job and never done nothin' but sleep? The trouble is, you jist don't understand a person that he has a song in his heart."

"Ortwingle of course is right," said Harrison Hyler. "The ebullience of nature has inspired poets since time immemorial. Genius is never to be denied, but must needs express itself in song or poem or story. Impractical as art sometimes is, it nevertheless sums up the sweet yearnings and dreams of humankind. Whether song lyrics such as Ortwingle composes are to be classified as art may be a moot point, but they do unquestionably express the flowering of the creative urge."

"That's what I mean," said Ortwingle. "At lease around in this army there is one guy who is got some finer feelings down underneath him."

"Why, I thank you," said Hyler.

"I got one here that is probly the best one of all," said Ortwingle.

"One what?"

"One song learig."

"Now wait a minute—"

"Okay," said Ortwingle. "Okay. All I said is that the one I got here is probly the best one of all. I didn't say I would read it."

"For myself, I'd like to hear it very much," said Hyler.

"So would I," said Sergeant Smoot. "Because with my imagination I have got it doped out already that we are gonna hear it whether we want to or not."

"The hell with you guys," said Ortwingle. "To read you one of my ballots is like casting pearls into the Rhine."

"What's it about?" asked Hyler.

"It's a song about a draftee. I call it *The Draftee's Lament.* In a way it's kind of sad. But you monkeys ain't got no finer feelings, so what is the use to go ahead and be made a mockery of."

"We won't laugh at you, Orty," said Corky Smith. "What would we laugh at you for when we feel sorry for you?"

"All right. Kid all you want. But some day, when my name is up in lights, it will be a horse of another color."

"I'm quite sincere," said Hyler. "Read it for me, anyway."

"Well, okay." Ortwingle drew out the wrinkled sheet of foolscap with a great show of diffidence. "If you other guys don't want to hear this, jist close your ears."

Corky Smith cupped his chin in his hands and stared ahead of him gloomily. "I hope this draftee's lament ain't too sad," he murmured, "because I cry very easy. I awys haff to bring three hankerchiffs with me to a sad movie."

"Aw, the hell with it," said Ortwingle disgustedly.

"Come on, get it over," said Smoot. "The longer you wait the worst it is, like sittin' in a dentist's office listenin' to some guy howlin' inside."

"This here song would sound better if it already had music wrote to fit it, so I will kind of sing it as I go along and that will at lease give you some idear of the way it should go." Ortwingle swallowed and cleared his throat. "This song is entitled *The Draftee's Lament.*"

"You said that a dozen times."

"And it starts off:

In Civilian life I was goin along okay
Mindin my business in every way.
Then along come Hitler, who is rotten to the core,
And he went ahead and started this war.
So F. D. R. who is pretty quick himself on the trigger
Set down and he begun to figger
A law out to draft guys for military duty
To keep the Axes from runnin off with the booty.
Then one fine day
In the merry month of may
The draft Board sent me a letter
And to trainin camp I went away.

Chorus:

My mother didn't raise me up to be a soldier,
But uncle Samy went and changed my mothers mind.
All I do is drill and run
With a gun out in the sun,
And I never get a sergeant that is kind.
My mother never thought I'd be in a Khaki,
Under the toughest Captain anyone could find.
She didn't know her pride and joy
Would become a soldier boy,
But uncle Samy went and changed my mother's mind.

"Of course later," said Ortwingle, "I will haff to write out a second voice to go with this ballot. As soon as somebody composes some music to—"

The impetuous notes of a bugle call sounded in the company street, the sharply-trilled triplets of First Call for Retreat.

"The trouble with buglers," said Corky Smith, "is that they never know enough when to blow them horns. In the morning it is too early, and in the afternoon it is too late."

"That is some joke," said Ortwingle. "It is so subtle I don't even get it."

"Come on, come on," ordered Smoot. "Is this a army or a debatin' society?"

"Okay," murmured Ortwingle. "Some day my song learigs will wring their way into the hearts of the American public, and then you guys will probly go around braggin' that you knew me when I was jist a common ordinary soldier."

"God help the Japs if Ortwingle here is jist a common ordinary soldier," said Corky Smith.

"I knew I should of never read them learigs," Ortwingle said dolefully, shaking his head. "I should of jist—"

"You will be writin' them song learigs in the guardhouse if you don't quit mumblin' to yourself and get outside for Retreat," said Sergeant Smoot.

"Okay, okay. But some day he who laffs last will be wearin' the shoe on the other foot, that's all I got to say." ⧺

Playing Poker to Win

Lie low if cards run against you, play carefully, avoid long shots, assume your opponents are sharps

by GEORGE F. BROWNE

• ARTICLE •

The most difficult point to master in the art of poker is the fine science of quitting. Especially when the cards are running right for it takes a fox-like cunning to sense precisely when they'll peter out.

This lack of perception accounts in a large measure for the high mortality among "luck" players. Scudding along under a stiff breeze they blandly ignore the squalls ahead. So reach for your hat and hit the deck if the high tide you've been riding slowly begins to ebb. The crest of your wave has been reached and the breakers, if disregarded, will shower you with regrets. On second thought, since bidding the shorn lambs a cheerful adieu hardly seems cricket, it might be best to master a subtler technique for clinging to the booty.

The bright thing to do then, is to drop out of active competition until the cards again start rolling your way for the long shots, till now completed with ease, will soon bog down like an Italian blitzkrieg. Consummate artistry should be used so the hedge is not apparent and chips previously flung about with plutocratic abandon should be doled out with artistic finesse. Lie back and ride along, for a tight play now will show a profit when taps are sounded.

"But if you want a really unbeatable combination," argue the experts, "this style of play will have to be combined with a mastery of mathematical probabilities."

And at that there must be something to this mathematical angle, for Johnny MacGregor, as canny a Scot as ever micky-finned a jackpot, is one of its most rabid enthusiasts. And one of its most ardent experimentalists, too. For into the crucible of creative research he has poured all the systems ever devised, subjected them to the cold flame of mathematical reasoning, purged them of their imperfections and fused the resulting compound into a gold-backed formula; the famous MacGregor Equation. And although the game's a hobby with him it's a pasteboard goldmine, simply because he's a specialist at mathematically booting a minor hand into a major victory.

"Among the uninitiated," says Mac, "the fall of cards is supposed to be controlled by the fickle goddess 'Chance.' What they don't know is that a good many years ago skeptical mathematicians embalmed this erratic jade and dug up the laws of probabilities; laws which discount chance entirely. Mathematical patterns must exist in all things, poker included, and cards honestly shuffled must fall with a relative frequency. Their progression is as unchanging as the days of the week, the fall of the tides or the path of the sun."

And therein, wrapped up and ready for delivery, lies the meat of the MacGregor Equation Not a parcel of thinly sliced baloney but porterhouse steaks of wisdom from a master strategist whose successful maneuvers will put chips in your corner and logic in your play.

For his is no theoretical musing. Experiments show, and you don't have to take his word for it (try it yourself), that in each thousand deals the following hands will appear.

No rank	503 times
One pair	422 times
Two pairs	47 times
Triplets	21 times
Straights	3 times
Flushes	2 times
	998

The other two hands will contain either full-houses, fours or straight-flushes.

But of that, more later. The first thing to bear in mind at the next weekly session is that the deck contains 2,598,960 poker hands. Only one of these can be dealt to you. So finding a gold mine in Central Park would be a lot easier than annexing that Royal Flush you've been yearning for. Hope, however, springs eternal but since dreams must be shattered let's start the blasting by figuring your exact chance of getting an unbeatable combination on the deal.

The only unbeatable hand in straight poker is, of course, the straight-flush. Using a full deck (fifty-two cards) there are ten possible straight flushes in each suit; in the four suits, forty. These highly profitable nuggets nestle snugly somewhere in the 2,598,960 hands the deck provides. Since only forty straight flushes are available and since any of the other combinations may turn up, your chance of jarring a straight flush loose is confined to one fortieth of the total combinations. You have therefore 64,974 possibilities. However, receiving only one hand you have only one chance of success while stacked against you are 64,973 chances of failure. The odds against snaring a straight flush on the deal, therefore, is 64,973 to 1. This includes the four Royal Flushes.

The odds against getting any other combination on the deal can be arrived at by the same process. Unless you have a flair for figures you won't care to figure them out. Anyway the table below will save you the trouble. The first column shows the number of combinations of each type in the deck.

Odds Against Holding Various Hands on the Deal

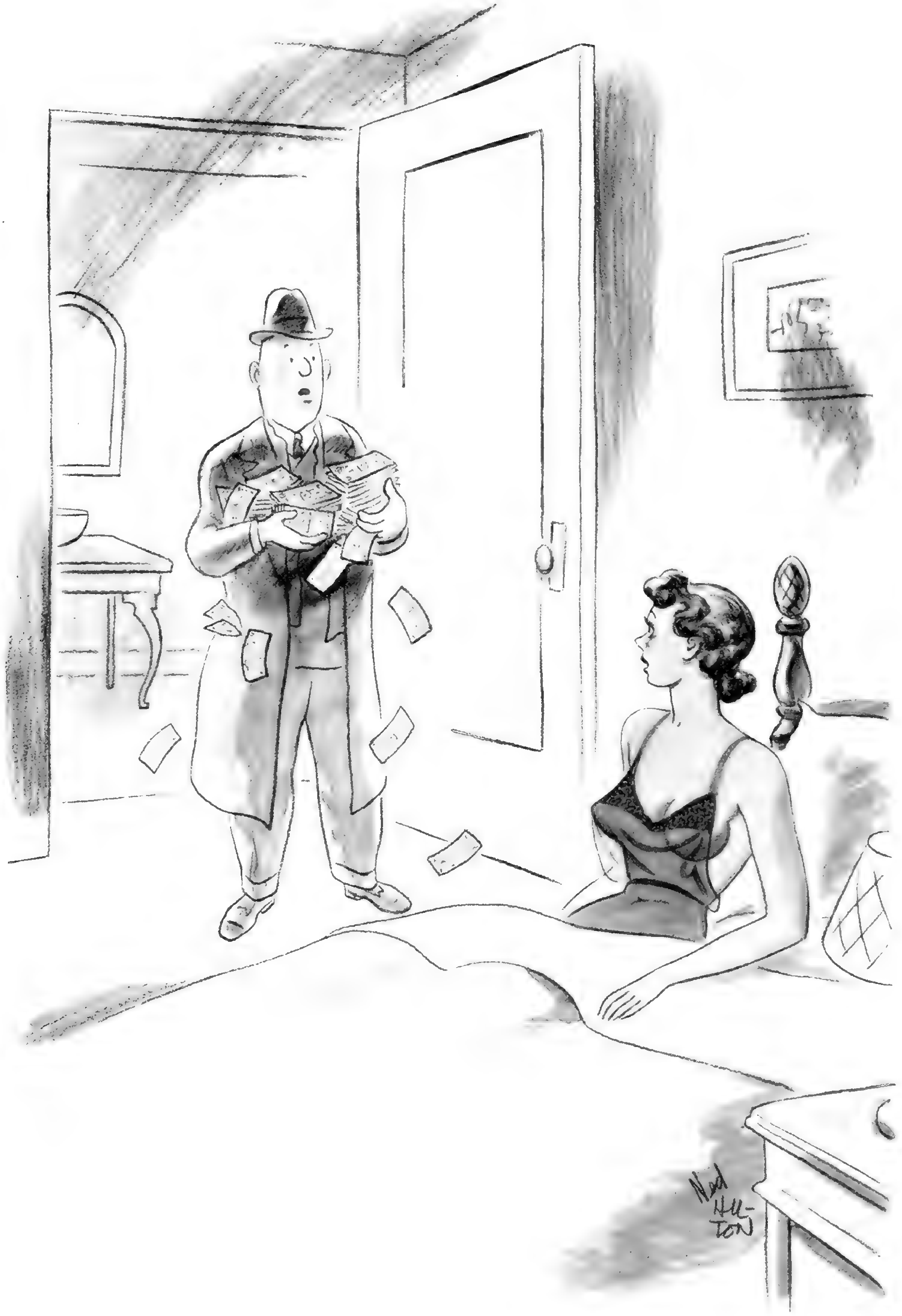
Quantity	Hand	Odds against
40	Straight flush	64,973 to 1
624	Four-of-a-kind	4,164 to 1
3,744	Full house	693 to 1
5,108	Flush	508 to 1
10,200	Straight	254 to 1
54,912	Triplets	46 to 1
123,552	Two pairs	20 to 1
1,098,240	One pair	1¼ to 1
1,302,540	No pair	EVEN
2,598,960		

If you have looked at the table you will note an almost even chance of getting a pair on the deal. But even a pair has its advantages when its mathematical possibilities

Continued on page 178

Bob Gallivan

"Oh, well—unlucky at cards, lucky in love"



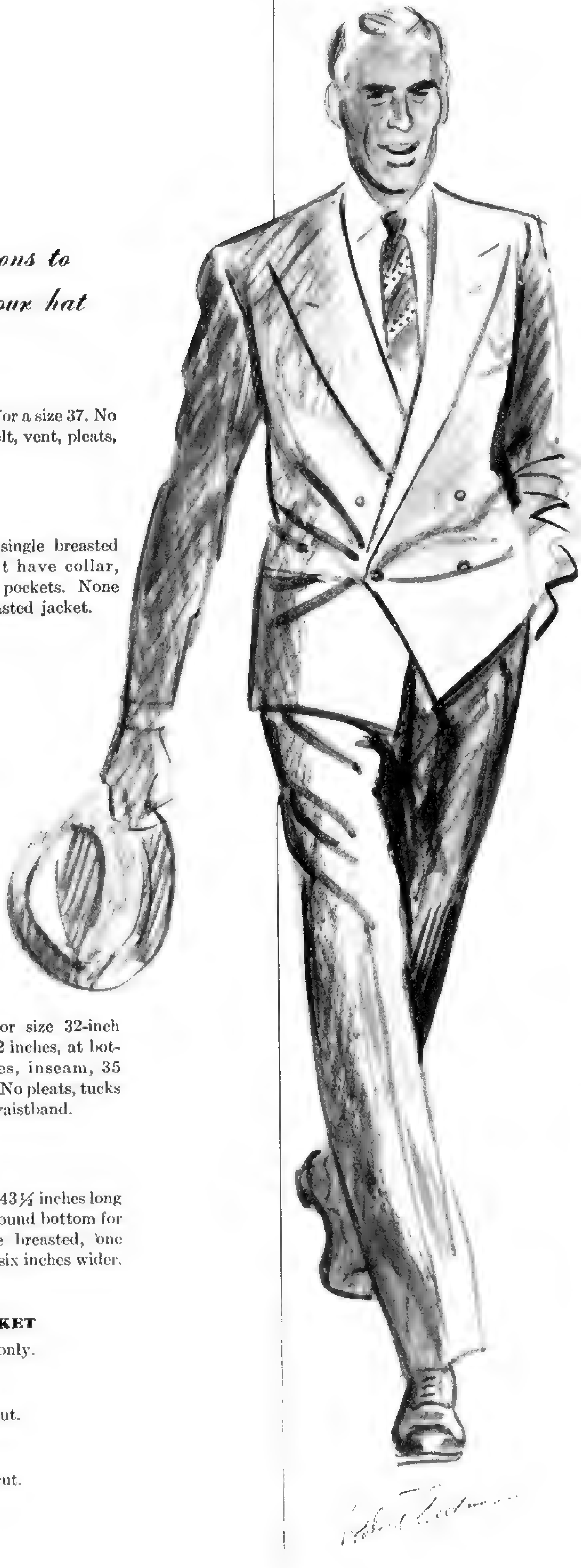
"I have a confession to make, dear—I've been gambling again"

Streamlined Suits by Uncle Sam

WPB regulations will speed up general acceptance of men's authentic fashions

by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**

▪ Wearables ▪



When the War Production Board announced certain specifications of clothes containing wool men will wear in the Fall, they did more than achieve their objective of conserving materials. The details of jackets, trousers and outercoats are in line with the general trends already visible on fashion's horizon.

Jackets are to be shorter. For example, the regulations call for a length of 29¾ inches for a size 37. Less technically, this means that jackets will be a shade shorter. They were tending in this direction anyway, so the new ruling creates no hardship, rather accelerates acceptance of clothes in good fashion. Patch pockets are out. Well turned out men had already indicated a preference for regular welt pockets.

Fancy frills are outlawed, and a good thing too. Belts, tucks and similar ornamentation on jackets have held little interest with men who give fashion leads, so no radical changes along these lines may be anticipated. Plain backs rule.

The required narrower trousers without cuffs conform to a good standard of dress. These have been noted and illustrated in the fashion pages of Esquire, particularly in connection with the Return of Simple Elegance. Pleats at the waistband are to be eliminated.

The two-piece suit, without waistcoat, becomes obligatory if a double breasted jacket is worn. This, too, has been stressed in these pages. Odd waistcoats of cotton or cotton and rayon mixture may take on new significance with men who still like the idea of wearing a waistcoat.

The single breasted dinner jacket is ruled adequate for evening dress. Increasing numbers of men have been observed wearing this type of jacket. Tailcoats, double breasted dinner jackets and cutaway coats are no longer in production.

While a reference to topcoats and overcoats might be untimely now, the length specified, 43½ inches for a size 37, is really the knee-length overcoat frequently illustrated in these pages. Less sweep around the bottom, 56 inches for a single breasted overcoat, will be complimentary to everyone.

Soft fabrics, including Cheviot, flannel, Saxony, tweed and Shetland, will be emphasized to a greater extent. This parallels the trend toward semi-sports clothes.

All in all, more men will dress in accordance with good fashion standards as a result of these rulings.

Specifications to paste in your hat

JACKET

29¾ inches long for a size 37. No patch pockets, belt, vent, pleats, tucks or yokes.

WAISTCOAT

Permitted with single breasted jacket; may not have collar, lapels or patch pockets. None with double breasted jacket.

TROUSERS

Measurements for size 32-inch waist; at knee 22 inches, at bottom 18½ inches, inseam, 35 inches. No cuffs. No pleats, tucks or overlapping waistband.

OVERCOATS

Single breasted; 43½ inches long and 56 inches around bottom for size 37. Double breasted, one inch longer and six inches wider.

DINNER JACKET

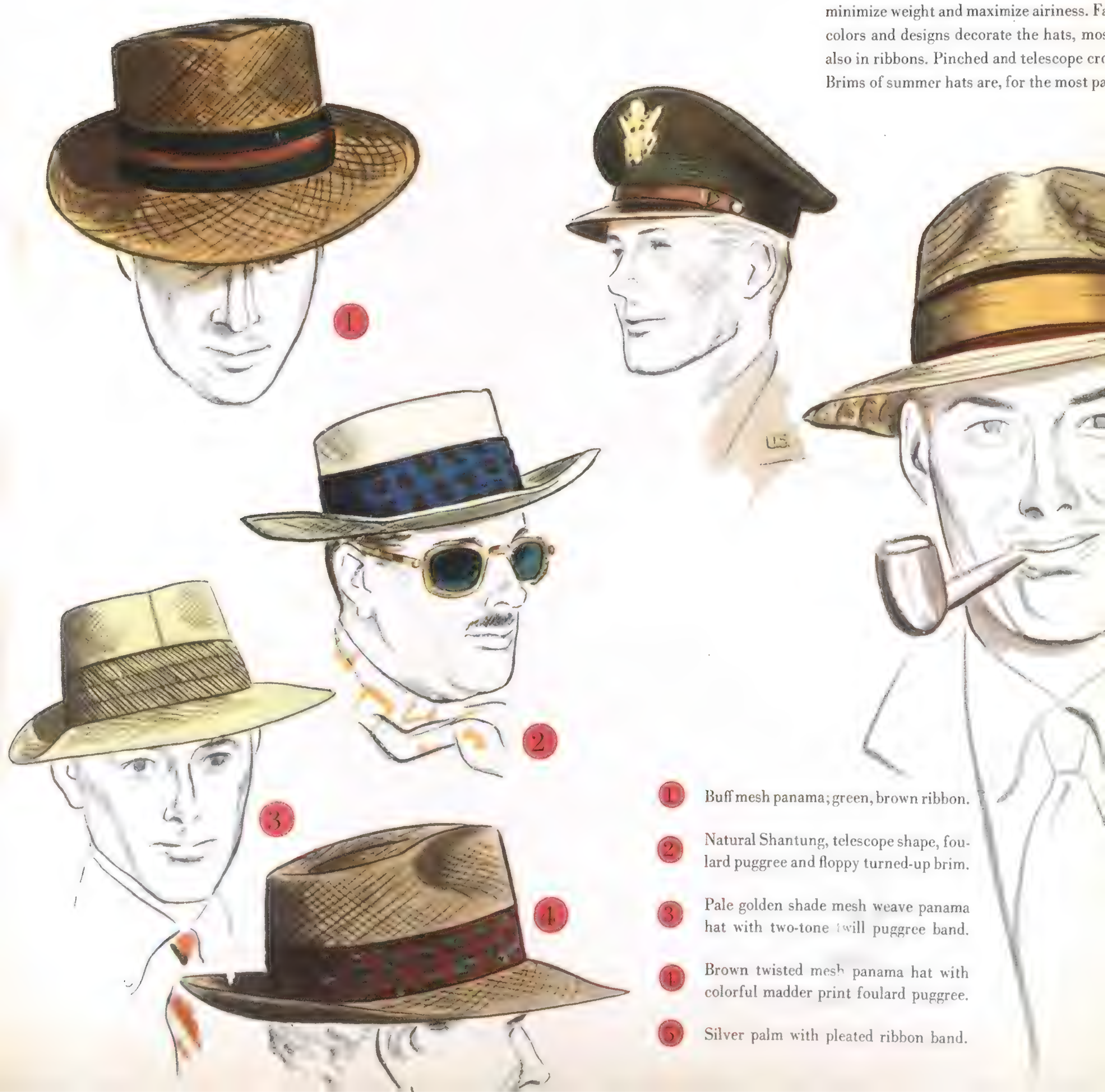
Single breasted only.

TAILCOAT—Out.

CUTAWAY—Out.

Esquire's views of su

The soft native fibers of hats connote co
correct fashions for summer. Light natu
tones are appropriately allied with the diff
weight clothes for town, country and resor
minimize weight and maximize airiness. Fa
colors and designs decorate the hats, mos
also in ribbons. Pinched and telescope cro
Brims of summer hats are, for the most pa



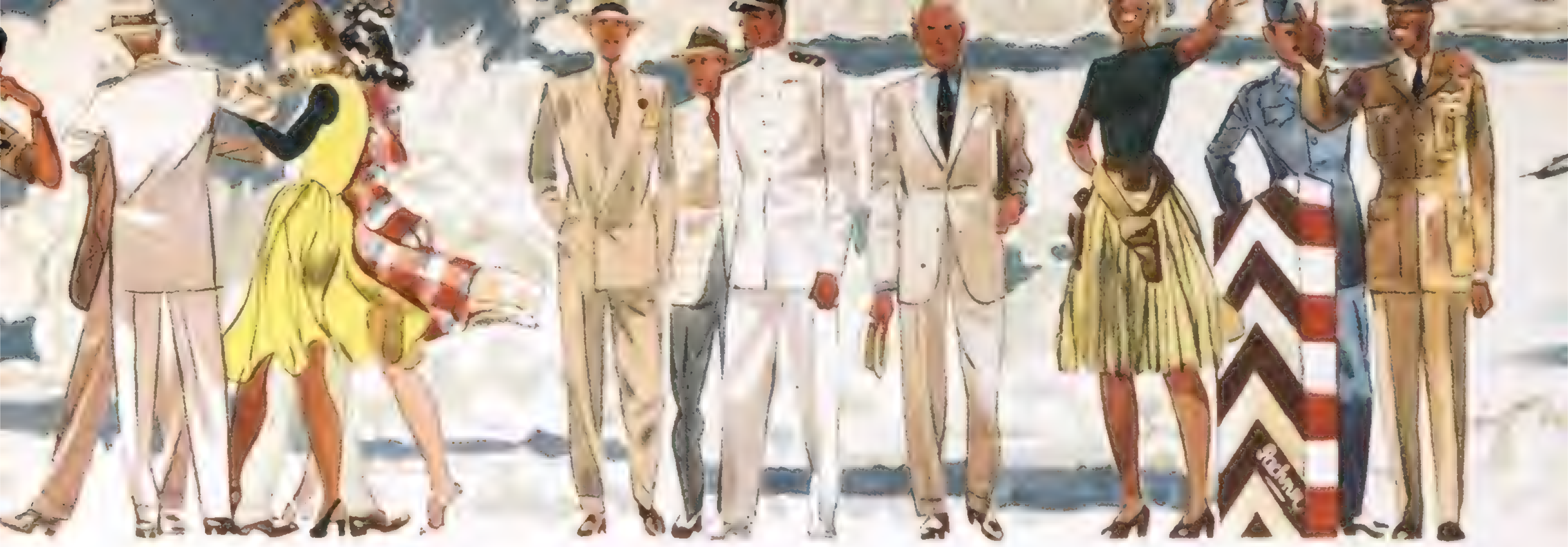
① Buff mesh panama; green, brown ribbon.

② Natural Shantung, telescope shape, foulard puggree and floppy turned-up brim.

③ Pale golden shade mesh weave panama hat with two-tone twill puggree band.

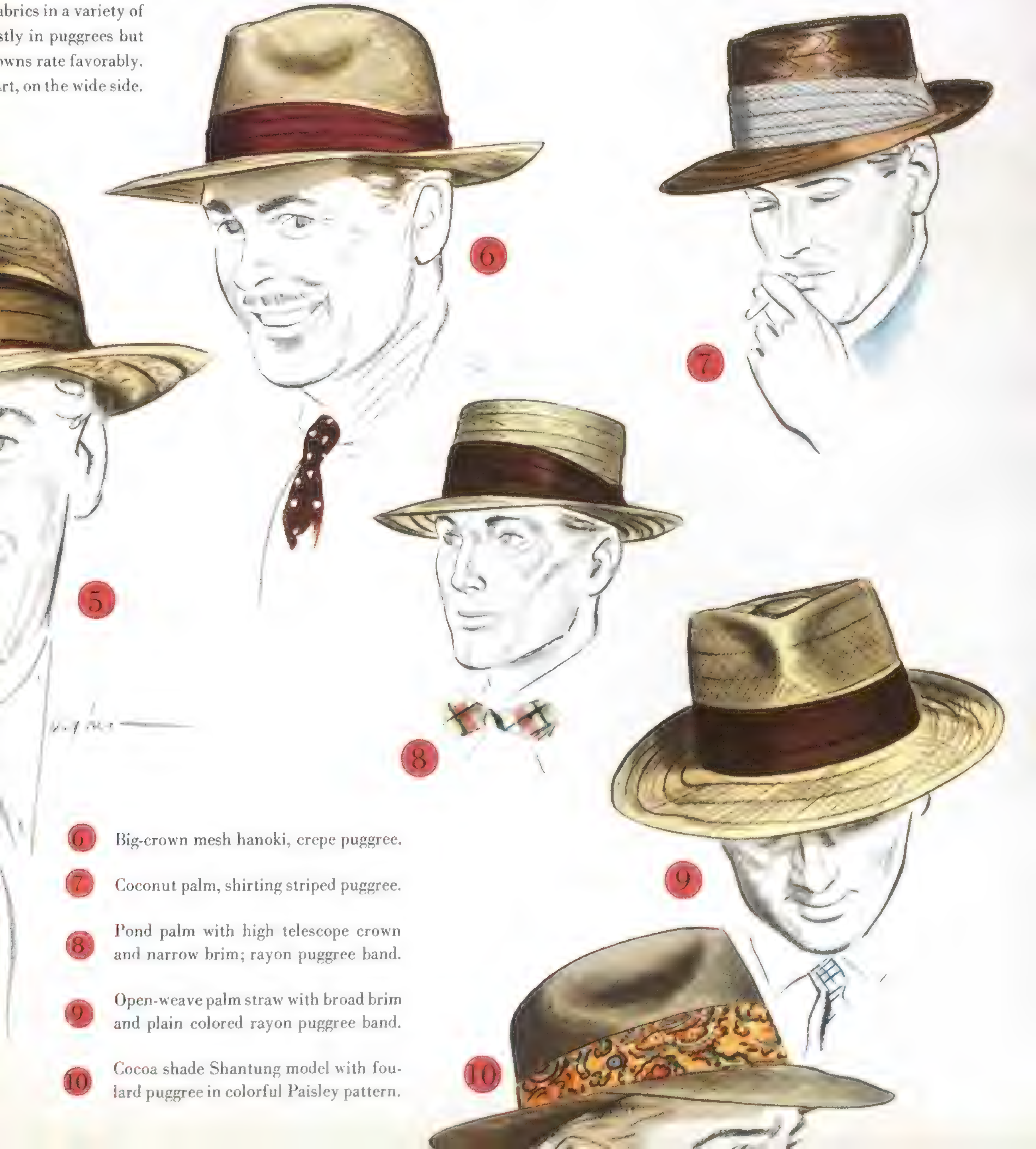
④ Brown twisted mesh panama hat with colorful madder print foulard puggree.

⑤ Silver palm with pleated ribbon band.



ummer hats . . .

mplete comfort and
ral shades and buff
erent colors of light-
t wear. Open weaves
abrics in a variety of
stly in puggrees but
owns rate favorably.
rt, on the wide side.



⑥ Big-crown mesh hanoki, crepe puggree.

⑦ Coconut palm, shirting striped puggree.

⑧ Pond palm with high telescope crown and narrow brim; rayon puggree band.

⑨ Open-weave palm straw with broad brim and plain colored rayon puggree band.

⑩ Cocoa shade Shantung model with foulard puggree in colorful Paisley pattern.

JANE RUSSELL

HURRELL PHOTOGRAPH

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

With special emphasis on books by the Bellocs, John Cournos, Edward Lasker, Sigrid Undset and Edmund Ware Smith

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

▪ BOOKS ▪

I SUPPOSE every person now living came very near not being born at all. And in the case of two world-famous authors, their birth was almost miraculous. The cards were apparently hopelessly stacked against them; it would seem they had only the faintest off-chance of ever existing. And if it had not been for the determination of an English maiden of thirty-seven years, Marie Belloc-Lowndes and Hilaire Belloc would simply not have happened. Bessie Parkes made up her mind she was going to marry a Frenchman of about the same age, Louis Belloc. Louis had had something like absolute nervous prostration for many years, so much so that the doctors would not allow him to take any part in general conversation or to show any particular physical or mental activity. A very brilliant youth, he had had a complete breakdown through overwork, something that was diagnosed as inflammation of the brain. But Bessie Parkes met him, loved him, and decided to marry him. His mother and her mother and all her intimate friends were violently opposed to this match. They did everything possible to dissuade her from it. Although she had refused many English suitors, she made up her mind that Louis was to be her husband. After that had finally been determined upon and she had beaten down the opposition of the parents and friends on both sides, Louis was forced against his will to go through what he regarded as "an unnecessary humiliation." He went to see a famous physician with the following result. "At the end of the consultation this gentleman gave it as his considered opinion that there was no hope Louis Belloc would ever become a father and that he ought therefore to give up all thought of marriage." This released the renewed ardor of the family opposition. But they were still reckoning without Bessie. Bessie had received a letter from Louis's mother who said the engagement must be broken off because *children* should be the cornerstone of marriage. Bessie replied she never thought that was a matter of any special importance. "She herself had never cared for children, and had had very little to do with them." Accordingly they were married September 19, 1867. They had a wedding breakfast at 17 Wimpole Street, which reminds us of another famous wedding that was carried through against terrific opposition.

This marriage turned out to be ideally happy. Within three months Bessie was with child; Marie was born in 1868 and Hilaire in 1870. Now when we think of the number of charming books that Mrs. Marie Belloc-Lowndes has written and the immense literary product in verse and prose, in scholarship, wit, and humor, of Hilaire Belloc, the world owes an enormous debt to Bessie Parkes.

I congratulate Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes on her new book, *I, Too, Have Lived in Arcadia*, wherein these facts that I have narrated are for the first time given to the world. This is a beautiful book, and it looks like a permanent addition to literature. It is one of the great love stories of history, filled with striking personalities, both French and English. It gives us an inside view of the terrible conditions in Paris during the German victory of 1870-71 and brings before our eyes a parade of French and English statesmen and authors.

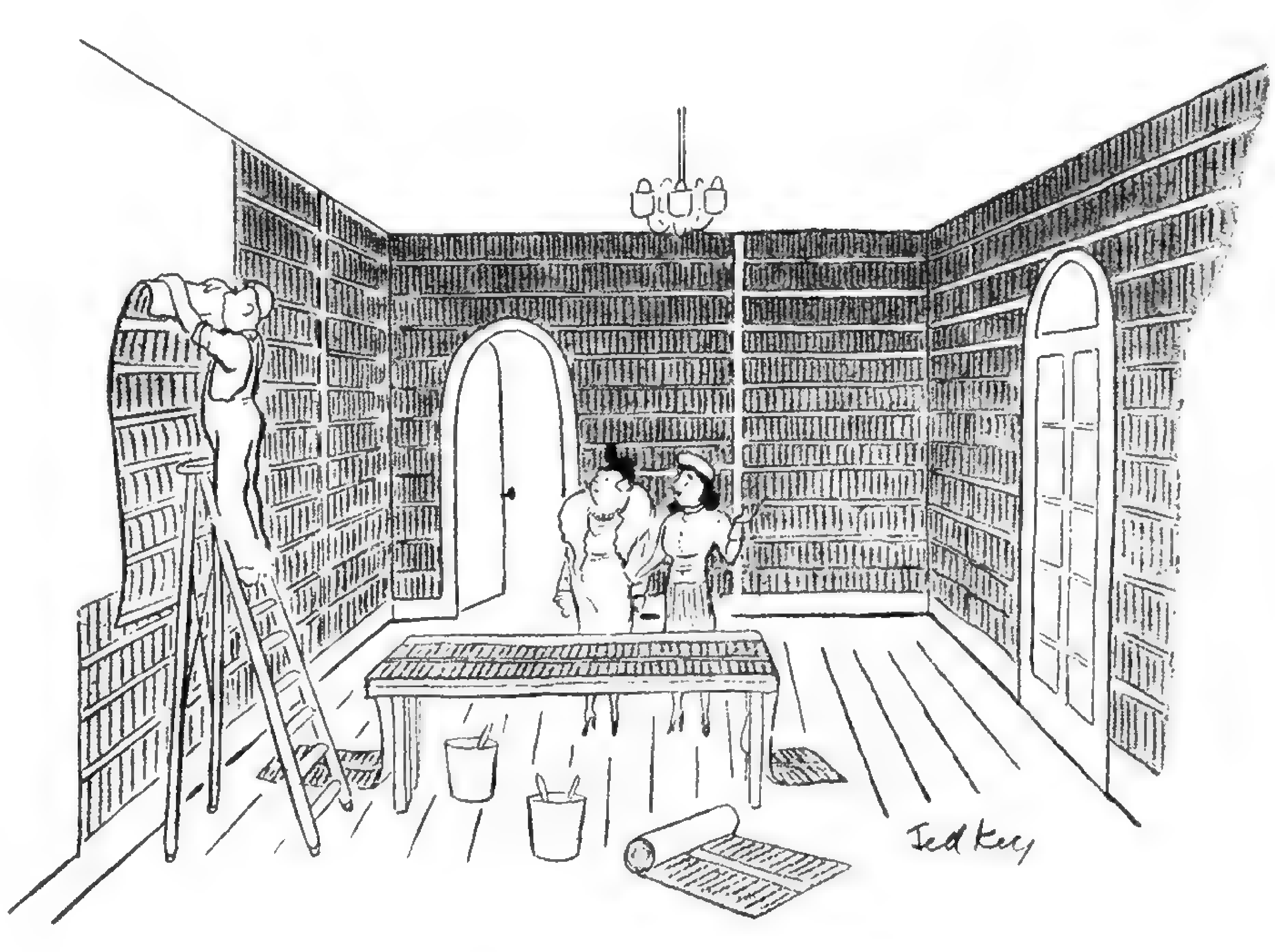
I have the honor to be an intimate friend of Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes. I have enjoyed long and intimate conversations with her which have added to my pride and happiness. I have read her murder stories and other novels, but in this book she has achieved a masterpiece.

In the January number of Esquire I printed Thomas Gray's queer poem of 1737 about the coming supremacy of Great Britain in the air, and I have just received a letter from Charles Collingwood, written from the European offices of the Columbia Broadcasting System in London, in which he calls my attention to the following astounding passage from Dr. Johnson's novel, *Rasselas* (1759). That book I reread only a few years ago, but I had forgotten this striking paragraph:

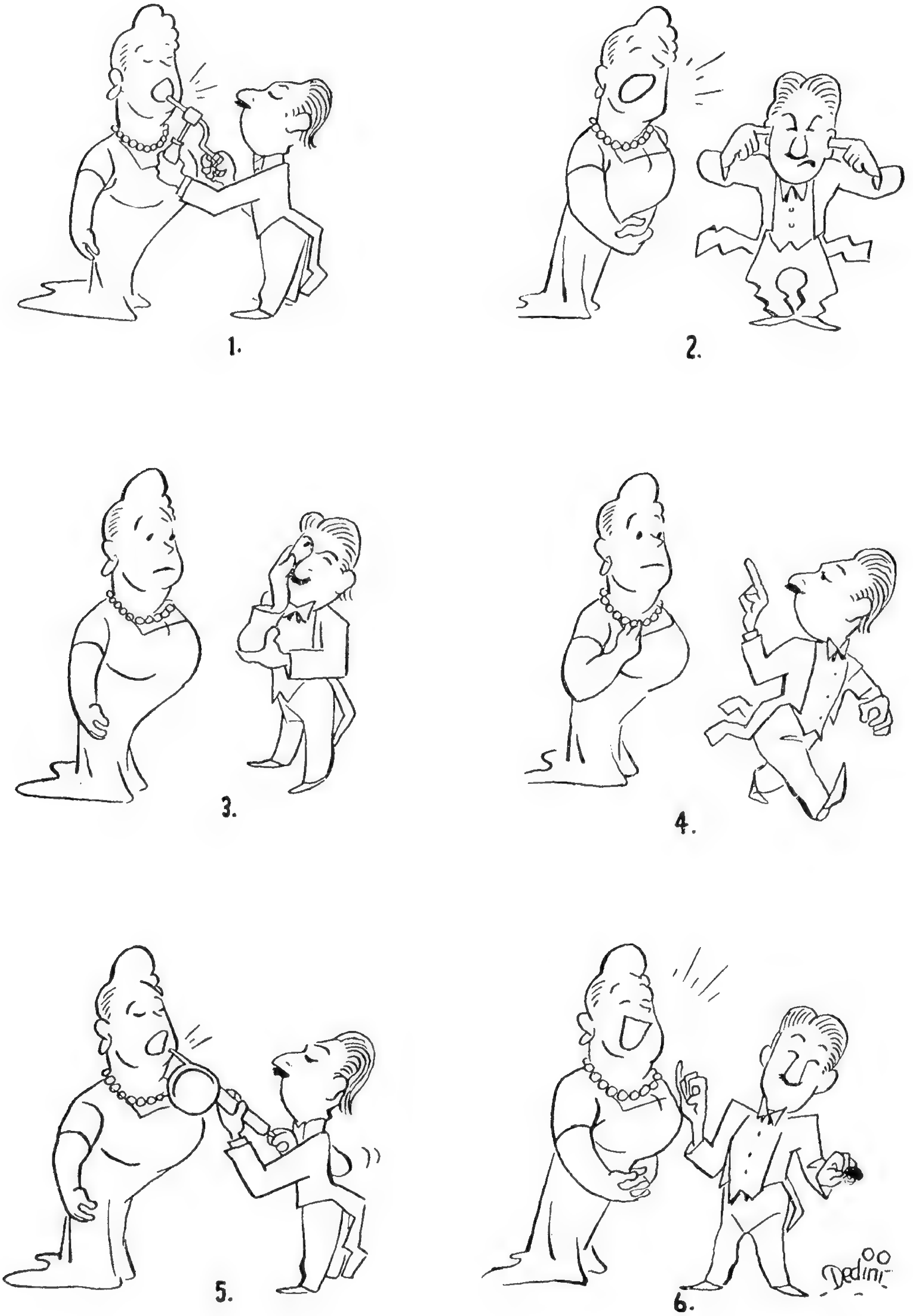
"If men were all virtuous I should with great alacrity teach them to fly. But what would be the security of the good, if the bad could at pleasure invade them from the sky? Against an army sailing through the clouds neither walls, nor mountains, nor seas could afford any security. A flight of northern savages might hover in the wind and light at once with irresistible violence upon the capital of a fruitful region that was rolling under them."

There is no doubt that during the last two years there has been a great increase in the fame of prophets and prophecies; and I suppose the reason is easy enough to guess. Let me recommend an extremely interesting work which has just appeared, *A Book of Prophecy. From the Egyptians to Hitler.* This is edited with a sprightly introduction by John Cournos and embellished with decorations. Here are quotations from a great variety of prophecies, ranging from intelligent ones, like those of Benjamin Franklin, to those of Mother Shipton and Nostradamus, in which I have no faith whatever. Mr. Cournos, as might be expected from a man of his intelligence, has exactly the right attitude toward the statements that he has assembled. I am pleased to see that he includes the one from Johnson which I have just mentioned and the one from Thomas Gray, to which I devoted a good deal of attention in a recent number of this magazine. I was myself startled by his quotation from Franklin who in 1783 seems to have foreseen the use of parachute

Continued on page 174



"Now this, of course, will be our library"


1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
Dedini

Man the Kitchenette

On the fascinating subject of smoked turkey, with recipes for serving it Vendome, Casserole and in Bone Soup

by ILES BRODY

▪ EDIBLES ▪

Although the accent of the department will be on turkeys with special emphasis on how these wonderful birds—nearly as symbolic to Americans as the eagle and with a deliciously realistic aspect besides—are smoked, I can't resist telling you a tragic childhood story about a chicken.

Long ago, in elementary school, one of my mates, a bright-eyed ten year old, became very much attached to a miserable-looking, sickly, lame chicken unfit for table. The physically infirm is often compensated by intellect—that chick had brains, while my schoolmate had a soft heart. We other boys, crazy for dogs and horses, teased the sentimental pair with infantile ruthlessness. One day when my mate returned from school, the chicken who customarily ran to meet him, remained invisible. The schoolboy sat down to luncheon hungrily and alone; his parents happened to be away. In the middle of the meal he asked for his pal.

"Where's Joe?"

Uttering the question gingerly, he went on biting the meat off a second joint with great appetite.

"Why, you're eating him!" said the housekeeper casually, in the frightfully indifferent tone of the servant who usurps more authority in the absence of the master than is her just due.

The boy shrieked and slid under the table, unconscious. He was ill for several weeks and when we went to see him we were astonished to see how terribly sad the formerly gay eyes had grown. For we boys, our hard hearts tempered by tragedy, often visited him, and sat by his bedside reverently, trying desperately to grasp the mysterious meaning of life and death and friendship. Even today—he is here in America and I sometimes have a chance to observe his eating habits—my friend cannot touch chicken.

Fortunately few people are subjected to devouring a pal, and probably only such sacred ties could make one resist eating well-prepared fowl. The fussiest feeders love it, and turkey, the central theme of this opus, is universally adored. It is the most interesting bird in the world as far as I am concerned, and in its smoked form it is utterly bewitching.

The fascination of the turkey starts at the very beginning—why should a bird be named after a country? And why precisely that Oriental country? I'll try to tell you, for the source of edibles' names is nearly as alluring as the flavor of the particular bearer. It is an established and historical fact that the turkey is a North American aborigine; while Mexico, Honduras and Yucátan are also the habitats of some wild species. The first turkeys appeared in Europe when Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, sent some back to his emperor, Charles the Fifth, a man who adored his stomach. Further shipments fetched fancy prices when sold to rich Spanish courtiers. This early turkey commerce was handled by the Spanish Jews; they seemed to know the birds and even had a word for them in their ancient Hebrew vocabulary—they called them *tukki*, and the word later could easily have expanded into turkey. This is one explanation; the other, almost as logical, is that the vast Turkish Empire used to be the best run, most commercial, and surely the most fascinating land in the 16th and 17th centuries, and if something tasted extra good or looked very beautiful, people in foreign countries readily believed that it came from Turkey, and endearingly affixed to it that magic moniker. Still another version is that the birds were named on account of the intense red-colored wattle around their head, reminiscent of a Turkish fez.

Not long ago at a New Jersey hilltop farm I stood watching with interest a flock of five hundred of the Turks, everyone of them white as snow, excepting the red wattle, and the curious tuft of black hair on the male's breast. Here was evidence of the Mendelian Law; for although many of the ancestors of this particular flock, called White Hollands, must have possessed the beautiful plumage of the wild *Meleagris ocellata*, *Meleagridae gallopavo*, or *Meleagridae Mexicana*, not one telltale colored feather was left, thus driving home the efficacy of selective breeding. However, under the creative hand of man the pure whiteness of these birds was soon going to disappear to give way to a rich brown color—for plucked nude, they were destined to be smoked. Since smoked turkey has lately become such a great fad, I was determined to find out all I could by actual and enthusiastic eating and by learning about the method of smoking. Also at the end of the article you'll find some data useful for the lone man of the kitchenette, who gets hold of a smoked turkey wing and doesn't wish to eat it cold.

There are several well-known turkey smokers in this country. The demand for this great delicacy is constant and growing. Pinesbridge Farm, near Ossining, New York, is probably the most noted, for it was among the first to smoke the birds for commercial purposes, and is the best organized as far as distribution and publicity is concerned. This farm raises only a small number of the excellent turkeys it yearly smokes; the great majority are bought outside and smoked at Pinesbridge. Then there is a firm in Rockingham, Virginia, buying neighborhood turkeys for smoking; and another in the Catskills, which operates in about the same manner. This list of commercial turkey smokers may not be complete, but it cites the most generally known concerns. To my knowledge, there are only two gentlemen farmers who raise with loving care every one of the turkeys

Continued on page 127

SOUP
GCRAMER

The Esquire Sports Poll

Yanks and Bums picked to win pennants, athletes make better officers, and Hogan's feat beats DiMaggio's, according to fans

by HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON

▪ SPORTS ▪

Again an Esquire Sports Poll gives you an earful of *vox populi* a-gazo at the crystal ball, and the oracular scrivening of seventh sons of seventh sons. Encamped warriors have been polled along with the customary roll call of Public, Sports Editors and Sportscasters. It's interesting—perhaps significant—that the lads in the camps have shown very lively interest in Esquire's Sports Poll, often to the extent of writing in to know why their outfits or shipmates haven't been given ballots. We hope to get around to them all eventually.

These combatant lads writing us and charging us with discrimination have Cannon and Graffis scared. Cannon is about .22 calibre in the weight class which limits his argumentative and protective capacity, and Graffis is a basket-bellied, short-winded old guy who can't lick his upper lip and has a few store teeth for not having been aware of his deficiency.

Among our honored guests this month is Fort Benning, Georgia, America's most complete Army post covering an area about 22 miles by 24 miles, and including more than 1,500 permanent buildings of brick, steel and concrete, and 2,300 new wooden cantonment-type buildings. It is our largest officer training center, being the home of our famed Infantry School. The post, which was founded in October, 1918, is named for the noted Confederate general, Henry Louis Benning, who was also a prominent jurist in Columbus, Georgia, which lies nine miles north of this great military reservation.

From one of the newest Army Air Bases, Williams Field, Chandler, Arizona, also came a bloc of ballots. Ground for this new Advanced Flying School was broken in the late summer of 1941, and the base was ready for occupancy by the first cadre of troops by December. It is an advanced bombardment school for flying cadets who are in the advanced stage of training. The commanding officer is Lieutenant Colonel Bernard A. Bridget, an ambulance driver in France in World War I and a flying officer with some 18 years experience. For some time this field was known semi-officially as Higley Field, but in January it was christened Williams Field in honor of Lieutenant Charles L. Williams, Arizona-born flyer, who died in a plane crash in the sea near Oahu, Hawaii, in 1927.

ESQUIRE SPORTS POLL

I

Do you believe that the average young man who goes into the military service, provided he does not become a battle casualty, comes out in better shape physically than when he went in? . . . . Yes ☑ No ☐
93.87%

II

Do you believe that the big leagues should establish a pool to compensate proportionately the clubs that are unduly handicapped by losing men to the services? . . . . Yes ☑ No ☐
50.59%

III

Was Ben Hogan's feat of being a prize-winner in 56 consecutive golf tournaments as great a sports performance as Joe DiMaggio's 56-game hitting streak? . . . . Yes ☑ No ☐
65.52%

IV

Do you believe that dancing is a valuable form of recreation for both soldiers and civilians in war time? . . . . Yes ☑ No ☐
89.74%

V

As a relative or a friend of boys in the military service, do you approve of their participating in boxing bouts? . . . Yes ☑ No ☐
90.39%

VI

Do you believe that athletes make better officers than non-athletes? . . . . Yes ☑ No ☐
61.92%

VII

Do you believe that for the benefit of national economy, betting on horse races should be banned during the war? . Yes ☐ No ☑
64.97%

VIII

If you could have your preference, which type of fishing would you choose? . . . . *Deep Sea*
36.02%

IX

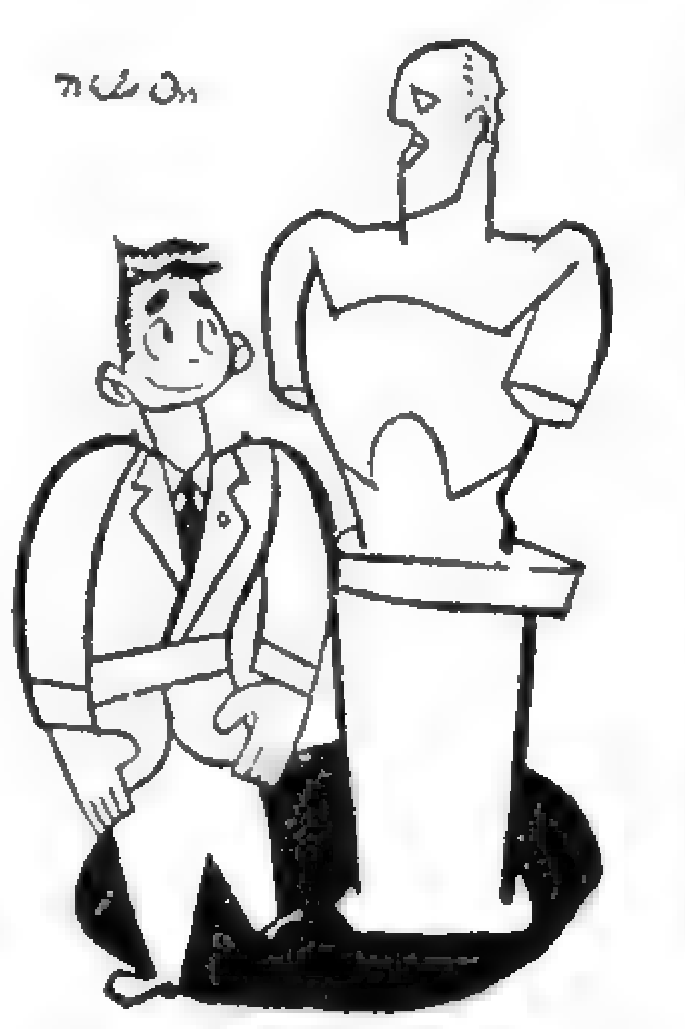
Should the sand traps, water-holes and bunkers be eliminated from the golf courses for the duration, as a measure to save lost balls? . . . . Yes ☐ No ☑
69.91%

X

How do you think the teams will finish in the 1942 major leage pennant races?

American League		National League	
1. New York	5. Detroit	1. Brooklyn	5. Pittsburgh
2. Boston	6. St. Louis	2. St. Louis	6. Chicago
3. Chicago	7. Philadelphia	3. Cincinnati	7. Boston
4. Cleveland	8. Washington	4. New York	8. Philadelphia

QUESTION I



Do you believe that the average young man who goes into the military service, provided he does not become a battle casualty, comes out in better shape physically than when he went in?

The public Yes 92.74%
Sportscasters Yes 97.02%
Sports editors Yes 94.91%
Fort Benning Yes 88.11%
Williams Field Yes 90.54%

No doubt in the world about this one. The evidence indicates that joining the Navy, Army or Marines is like marrying a rich, fussy widow—a tough but sure way of a guy taking care of himself. Back of the votes of the Sports Editors and Sportscasters there seems to be a wistful expression of hope to escape the relentless demands of dead-lines and the confinement of the padded cells in which these worthies make their millions. The continued drain of physical resources without restoration through adequate outdoor exercise gets the sports editors and sportscasters down frequently. Especially sportscasters, who have the second-hand of the studio clock stabbing at them, feel psychologically tottering at intervals and envy the fellow who works outside.

Ambition of many a sportscaster is to be able to announce to the surprised public: "Kid Louse, the middleweight so-called fighter got the obscenity kicked out of him in seven dreary rounds of taking money under false pretenses last night. The victor, although I hate to use any respectable word concerning the bum, was Positive Wasserman Paluk, whose only previous triumphs have been in kicking his mother around and loafing on the proceeds of the white slavery of his sisters. If I didn't have to make a living by reading this double obscenity script about these two triple obscenity tramps and babble their foul names into decent homes I would be an obscenity sight better off. I think I shall get washing customers for my old lady and get my kids jobs shining shoes and join the Army."

The service kids themselves obviously trust to military conditioning preparing them to celebrate peace by taking picks on their former officers—an aspiration described in detail by military historians from Thucydides to Irving Berlin.

"There is no doubt that a man comes out of the service a much better physical specimen than when he entered," wrote **Burke M. Gillespie,** Council Bluffs, Iowa, *Nonpareil*. "I entered the Army November 26, 1940 as a selective service trainee; served two months in basic training at Snelling, Minnesota, and gained 15 pounds during that time. After the basic training period I was sent to Camp Robinson, Arkansas, assigned to DEML, served there for ten months in personnel work, classification, and was released on November 26, 1941. I know that the Army puts weight on a man. The normal young fellow entering the Army is forced to discard haphazard eating and sleeping habits; and *that*, gentlemen, is the answer. The Army's combatant troops must needs be tough—and they *are*."

"I vote yes from experience in the first

World War," wrote **Albert D. Groves**, Findlay, Ohio, *Republican-Courier*. "Never felt better in my life than when I was in the service. Regular hours, regular meals, put a fellow in trim."

"I not only benefited physically myself in World War I," wrote **Earle D. Wilson**, WNBH, New Bedford, Massachusetts, "but I observed many other young men who did. Regular hours, the best diet, plenty of fresh air, plenty of exercise and drilling cannot help but put a man into better physical shape. I slept in the mud weeks on end and hadn't a dry rag on me for that period—without needing even a handkerchief. Today I can't cross the street without rubbers. Army life is a healthy life."

"Eighteen months in the Navy during World War I," commented **John S. Bentley**, Lincoln, Nebraska, *Journal*, "convinces me that the young men in the services now will come out better for it from a physical standpoint. I weighed more than I have since, and there were no 'spare tires' around the middle, either."

Private Jack W. Moore of Williams Field pointed out that "many service men have foot trouble in later years," but added, "however I feel great at present."

QUESTION II

Do you believe that the big leagues should establish a pool to compensate proportionately the clubs that are unduly handicapped by losing men to the services?

The public	**Yes 59.30%**
Sportscasters	**No 50.49%**
Sports editors	**No 54.76%**
Fort Benning	**Yes 54.16%**
Williams Field	**No 56.66%**

This one still is open for many a debate. Opinions of several who volunteered comment is that concern about equity of athletic competition in wartime is futile. These men maintain that absence of much star material in military duties makes so-called major sports events primarily entertainment rather than complete fair ratings of comparative sports ability.

In favor of the suggestion was **Bob Wilson**, Knoxville, Tennessee, *News-Sentinel*, who said:

It would seem to me a good idea for the major leagues to establish a pool to protect clubs which are victims of bad breaks, through no fault of their own and over which they have no control, in losing ball players to military service. As an example the Philadelphia Athletics and Washington Senators have lost great numbers of good men and have no immediate means of replacements. On the other hand, Cleveland lost the greatest pitcher in baseball, which is equivalent to losing several good men, but one man can be replaced easier than six or seven. There are some clubs which haven't been hurt to a great extent.

On the other side, **George Drant**, Meadville, Pennsylvania, *Tribune*, argued:

The big leagues would be heading down a dangerous road if they adopted such a procedure. Loss of key players via the draft can be best called as just one of the breaks of the game. It will even up over a couple seasons' span. If the big leagues have reached the point where the other clubs have to dig down to dig out a weak sister, it's high time the weak sister collapsed of its own weight.

Charles Young, Albany, New York, *Knickerbocker News*, also was against the idea on the grounds that such a move would be regarded as "syndicate baseball."

QUESTION III

Was Ben Hogan's feat of being a prize-winner in 56 consecutive golf tournaments as great a sports performance as Joe DiMaggio's 56-game hitting streak?

The public	**Yes 72.78%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 64.28%**
Sports editors	**Yes 58.87%**
Fort Benning	**Yes 66.60%**
Williams Field	**Yes 67.81%**

Although Ben Hogan's feat in collecting in 56 consecutive golf tournaments did not get the publicity, or earn the money that Joe DiMaggio secured from his comprehensive performance, Ben gets an even break through the Sports Poll voting. Public participation in golf and acute realization of the difficulty of consistent scoring is reflected by the public's votes on the question.

One point mentioned by those who gave Hogan the nod was that Ben had no substantial salary guarantee for his work. There was added to the normal pressure of competition against a highly competent and hungry field, the pressure of performing successfully or not getting paid. But, against this occupational strain Hogan experienced, was the annual suspense of the hold-out Joe underwent as a heavy spiritual trial he must suffer.

Al Godwin, WWL, New Orleans, batted for DiMaggio, with the words:

Consider first that in most Open golf tournaments there are anywhere from 10 to 20 prizes and Hogan's streak included many a small prize. Then too, Hogan had time between each shot he made whereas in baseball it's split second action. Di Mag had pressure on every pitch, not because they wanted to break his streak necessarily, but because he is the most dangerous batter in the American League; while Hogan could slip one day and lose nothing because others slipped with him.

According to **Henry F. Gruhler**, Atlantic City *Press*:

Hogan's feat was much superior to DiMaggio's. DiMaggio had to cope with only one man, a pitcher, and had four or five chances at bat each day to make a hit. When the hit was made, DiMaggio could relax. Hogan always had a field to contend with, and tournament golf affords no moments of relaxation. It's pressure from start to finish. There is also a greater element of luck in getting hits in 56 straight games than in finishing "in the money" 56 times.

Frank T. Blair, Long Beach, California, *Press-Telegram*, decided:

Both Hogan and DiMaggio were under terrific mental and physical strain during their great performances. Tournament golf for big money prizes is one of the most gruelling tests in sports. However, while Hogan's feat of being a prize winner in 56 consecutive tournaments was a superlative effort and a gem of consistency, it wasn't too difficult for a golfer of Ben's low-scoring caliber, considering also that the money list runs deep in most tournaments. DiMaggio met his test day after day confronted by the fact that on any one day his streak might be ended. The pressure was on him continuously, with no chance for relaxation such as Hogan had between tournaments.

Al Sharp, *Atlanta Constitution*, felt that:

Although Hogan's was a great feat, I have always thought DiMaggio's even greater, especially when you consider the cold chances. In Hogan's case there was, naturally, some luck attached, but DiMaggio had to contend with luck as well as different pitchers (not that courses aren't a bit different) and the ability of opponents. In other words, Hogan knew he could miss a few shots and still take 70 blows. DiMaggio could miss, but he had less chance to make it up. Hogan's drive might get in the rough and he could still come up with a par or a birdie. DiMaggio's drive might have been a double against Detroit, but just another fly ball for some other fielder or in another park. Coming up about four times a game seems tougher than landing in the money by finishing among the low 25 or 30. The pressure isn't so great when a golfer knows he has 72 holes to play with a chance at cash (however small the sum) with a score ranging up to 290 and, most of the time, more. I believe the straight gambler's percentage would favor Hogan.

Backing Hogan was **Paul Zimmerman**, *Los Angeles Times*, who concluded:

DiMaggio had to keep his batting eye for 56 days. Hogan had to keep his golf swing up to par the year around. The element of luck also is stronger against a golfer. In baseball you are playing against designing opponents. A golfer plays against both opponents and the course and the elements.

QUESTION IV

Do you believe that dancing is a valuable form of recreation for both soldiers and civilians in war time?

The public	**Yes 93.14%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 90.81%**
Sports editors	**Yes 82.36%**
Fort Benning	**Yes 91.08%**
Williams Field	**Yes 96.67%**

Here is a sad, sad case of a pardon coming too late. Remember the storm there was about dancer Mayris Chaney? Congressmen worked themselves into a frenzy denouncing the maiden hired to educate children in light and fantastic maneuvers. The nation was warned that stark peril in the form of the gavotte, terror unspeakable in the guise of the polka, and a fate worse than death in the schottische, looked it right smack in the eye as a result of hiring a doll whose cardinal sin was that of not knowing what the hell it's all about. Such deficiency being unique in Washington, Mayris was not permitted to tarry long on the payroll.

Now come soldier and civilian to approve dancing as valuable recreation.

Private Charles Watts, Fort Benning, claimed: "Dancing is one of the best forms of recreation a soldier can have, but down here we are sadly lacking in decent dancing places. Also, one notices the lack of young ladies." **Private Ben Kazarcnsky** of Fort Benning, backed him up, saying: "Dancing is a valuable form of recreation for soldiers when circumstances are such whereby a fair majority of the men in service can get a chance to indulge. The vicinities of Fort Benning, however, are sadly lacking in women, and an influx of 20,000 dancing partners would be appreciated."

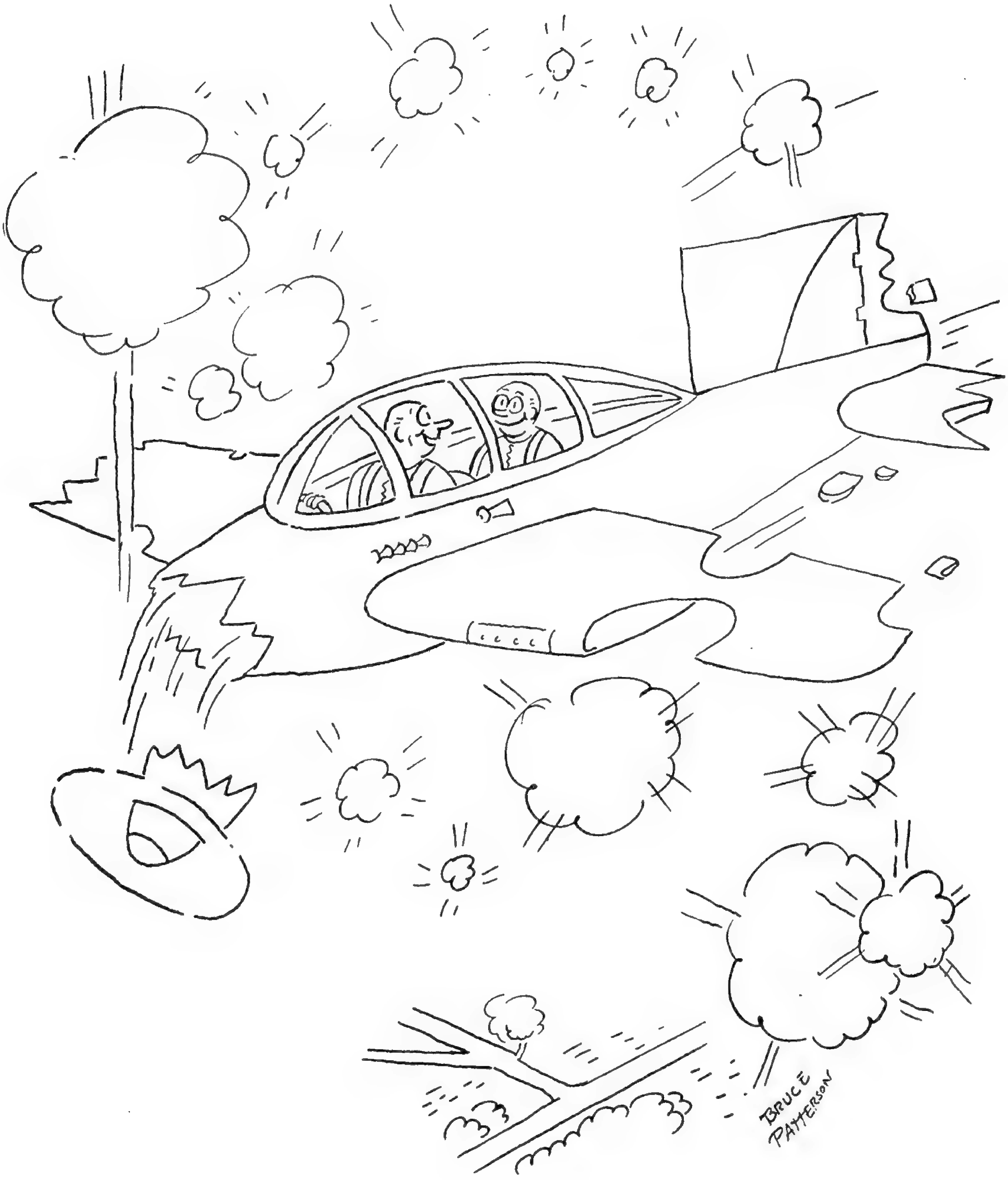
Testimony on this issue was contributed by **Tom Harmon**, WJR, Detroit, who did some brilliant dancing on the gridiron at Michigan. Wrote Tom:

I have always had the belief that many coaches who are old-fashioned in their ideas about dancing are missing a great bet for their athletes. It is a great treat for boys in the service to go dancing and although I may be over-ruled, I think that dancing is one of the finest ways in the world to teach an athlete footwork, which is all-important in every sport from ping-pong to football. I hope the new coaches who will be coaching in the years to come will realize this and allow the boys or even encourage them to go to dances. I don't mean the night before a game, but I do hope they encourage it. Dancing today is one of America's chief forms of pleasure and an athlete who is a good dancer is marvelled at, not called a sissy, for his ability to get around somewhere besides in a sports arena.

Agreeing with this point of view was **Eugene E. Gaudet** of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, who wrote:

Dancing in my opinion is the best all-around form of

Continued on page 140


BRUCE PATTERSON

"I understand the enemy has perfected a new anti-aircraft gun"

The Eagle Spreads Its Wings

So far no secret weapons have emerged from this war, the only change being the dominant role assigned to planes

by ROBERT W. MARKS

▪ARTICLE▪

THE "secret" weapons promised for this war can, up to this writing, be encompassed in Dr. Johnson's classic one-line article on the snakes of Ireland: "There aren't any."

Mr. H. G. Wells on our side, and Mr. Hitler, on the opposition's, predicted mysterious and horrendous things that would creep up and engulf us, like the horsemen of the Apocalypse and the terrors of Armageddon.

We were helped to envision strange and convulsing poisons that would settle on us like an old fog; and germs that come riding on the fingers of dawn.

But so far, the war has turned out to be nothing but old stuff, in bigger and more devastating packages. And in so developing, it has shown those curious signs of bipolarity, or ambivalence, for which Dr. Freud has so well prepared us. It is at the same time an old war and a new war, an imperialist war and a revolutionary war, a war with old devices but new forms.

The predictions about the strange, new weapons—the insufferable gases, the plague-making germ bomb—have so far turned out to be flashes in the pan.

What has emerged, in the period of fighting we have thus far seen, is not new weapons, but altered emphasis—hence, new techniques.

There is nothing new about bombing planes. But what is new and what has constituted an unhappy surprise for the Allies, has been the dominant role to be assigned to air power. And surprise, in this connection, must be qualified: it was only a surprise to those tradition-bound tacticians who were unprepared to concede that the only thing permanent is flux . . . and that no man can bathe twice in the same stream.

It's not particularly helpful, at this late date, to flash hindsight on the foresight of Billy Mitchell, nor to give credit to that other sire of the theory of aerial supremacy, Italy's General Giulio Douhet.

Douhet, it will be recalled, argued that it was foolish for a modern country to spend money for anything but bombing planes. The regular army and the regular navy, he claimed, were only of secondary importance, and could easily be dominated—if not annihilated—from above.

Douhet was something of an extremist. He felt that even reconnoissance and fighter planes were unnecessary—heavy bombers being sufficiently invulnerable to light attack, and quite competent to carry on their own observations.

Well, recent events have hardly given Douhet more than a fifty per cent margin for accurate prophecy—but that remaining fifty per cent, dealing with the supreme and pivotal role of air power, seems well justified.

When the war started, Allied air power was caught *in flagrante*, if not *delicto*. France and England were relying on old-world defenses—such as the Maginot Line, and only partially-mobile artillery. The Axis attacked with dive bombers, supported by heavy tanks.

Nothing left over from the Code Napoleon could stand up against that combined onslaught. This combination, supported by mass level-flight bombers and Messerschmitt fighters, moved on and on—like the old elephants of Hannibal—until it was eventually checked by coins from the same mint.

The first holdup was after Dunkirk. British Hurricane and Spitfire fighters—having an edge both in speed and fire power over the Messerschmitts—were able to maintain air supremacy for Britain. And so long as this superiority was held, the Blitz machine was helpless.

The second and more devastating check was in Russia. For the Red Army, ignoring every element of Napoleonana—except the Russian winter—met heavy tank with heavier tank, and dived Stuka against Stuka.

All of which is to say that if we were to catalog our assets at this moment, the prime entries in our inventory would be our planes, our tanks . . . and Russia.

There has been some question of the relative merits of our first-line fighters, the early Curtiss P-40's—as compared with the latest British fighter planes and the Messerschmitts. Fortunately, all of this belongs to the past. Our new Curtiss Kittyhawks, powered by the latest Allison liquid-cooled engines, are among the fastest, most maneuverable, and hardest-striking fighter planes in the world.

Our new Airacobras, Lockheed Lightnings, and North American Mustangs—all Allison powered—can out-perform any other fighting plane in their class.

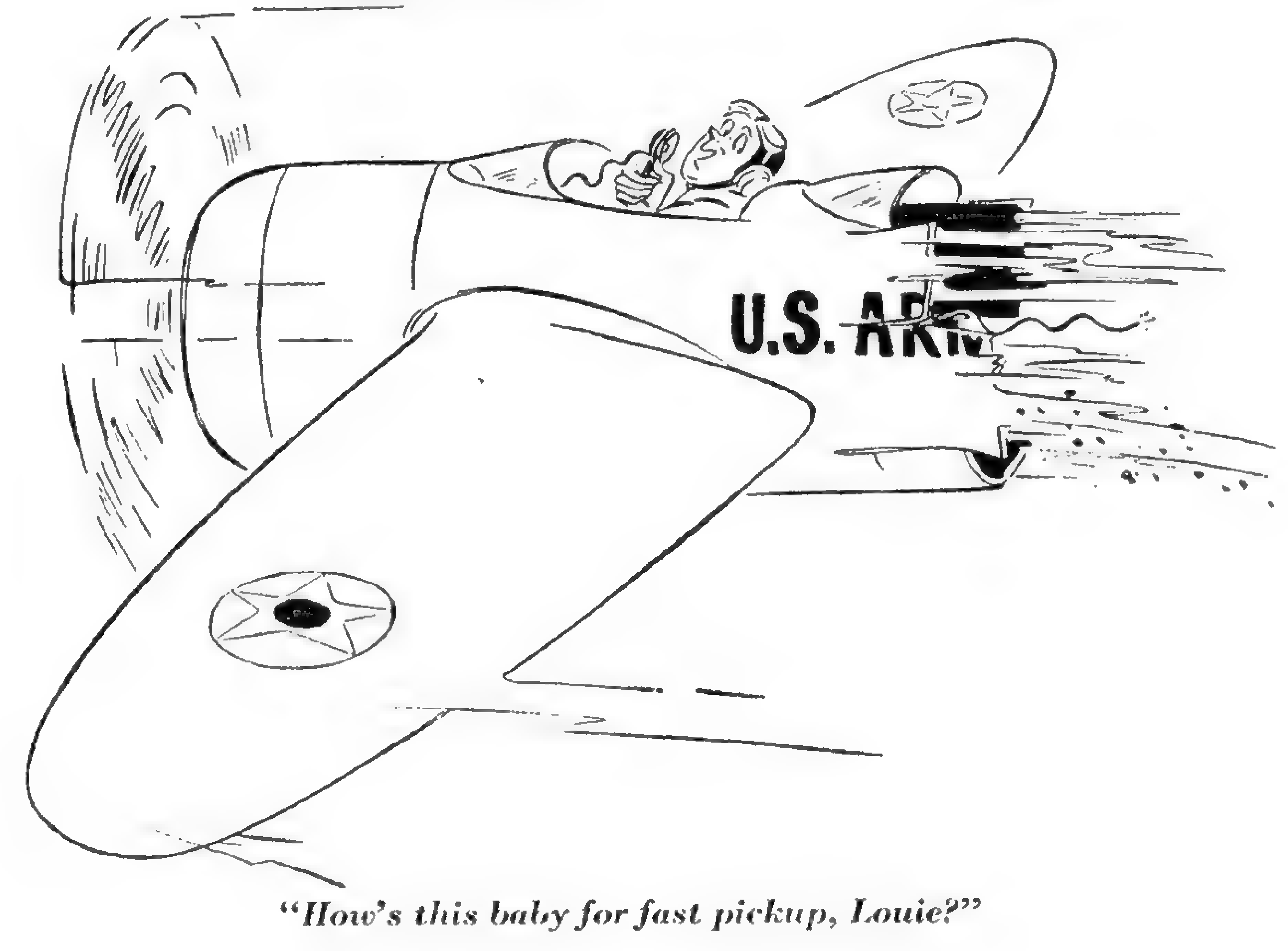
We have, in addition, such new planes as the Republic Thunderbolt, powered by a 2,000 h.p. air-cooled engine—a fighter whose speed is well over the 400 m.p.h. mark.

And, on the way, is another great, bright hope: a revolutionary new type of long-range fighter, incorporating the miraculously-efficient Davis wing, already demonstrated on the Consolidated B-24.

Behind these fighters are elements temporarily in our disfavor, but factors which will eventually lead to complete dominance of the world's air. Getting into quantity production late, we have suffered the expected shortage which this entails. Inferior Japanese planes—fighters and bombers made in imitation of the American and German planes of three and four years back—have been able, with sheer weight of numbers, to offset the few planes we could crate, post haste, for the Philippines, Singapore, and the Dutch Indies.

But lateness is a two-edged sword. The difference between foresight and strength is not so much a matter of degree, as it is of

Continued on page 120



"How's this baby for fast pickup, Louie?"

Sepeshy: At Home in Two Worlds

From ruined, war-swept Hungary Zoltan Sepeshy brought such enduring assets as his education and ability to paint

by HARRY SALPETER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Americans of foreign birth are a network, if not a tangle of memories, desires, loyalties, ties of blood, language and cultural association. The break between the two worlds is never clean and absolute. Only a hypocrite will insist that there is no sight, nor sound, nor smell that has the power to evoke the faintest memory of the world that he has left behind. Loyalty to the new land does not require the foreswearing of the umbilical cord, nor that a man should make himself small in the present by denying the riches of his own past.

Zoltan Sepeshy is an American artist of Hungarian birth and descent. He is the American father of an American child. He takes his adoptive nationality for granted and does not feel obliged to protest too much. He is the sum of his past and of his present and that sum comes to something, in unarithmetical terms, because he did not deny life, or education, or experience, or memory in his life on either side of the Atlantic. He has too much to do with hand and brain and is too conscientiously immersed in the daily task and the daily responsibility to give more than fleeting thought to the crosscurrents in his emotional make-up. But an interviewer asks questions, When? Where? Who? What? Why? and these questions were like spades that dug somehow deeper into the earth, in this case, and dug up more richly rewarding soil.

Sepeshy came to this country in 1920, at the age of twenty-two, in flight from a Hungary that had been defeated, partitioned, ravaged and left bloody and destitute by civil war and counter-revolution. There was for him then no place, no future, no estate and no career and until the defeat there had been so much hope and so much promise. But the Hungary enshrined in his memory is startlingly akin to the Old South as it might have been remembered and regretted by the scion of a lush plantation returned from Appomattox to find the manor house gutted and the acres claimed by strangers.

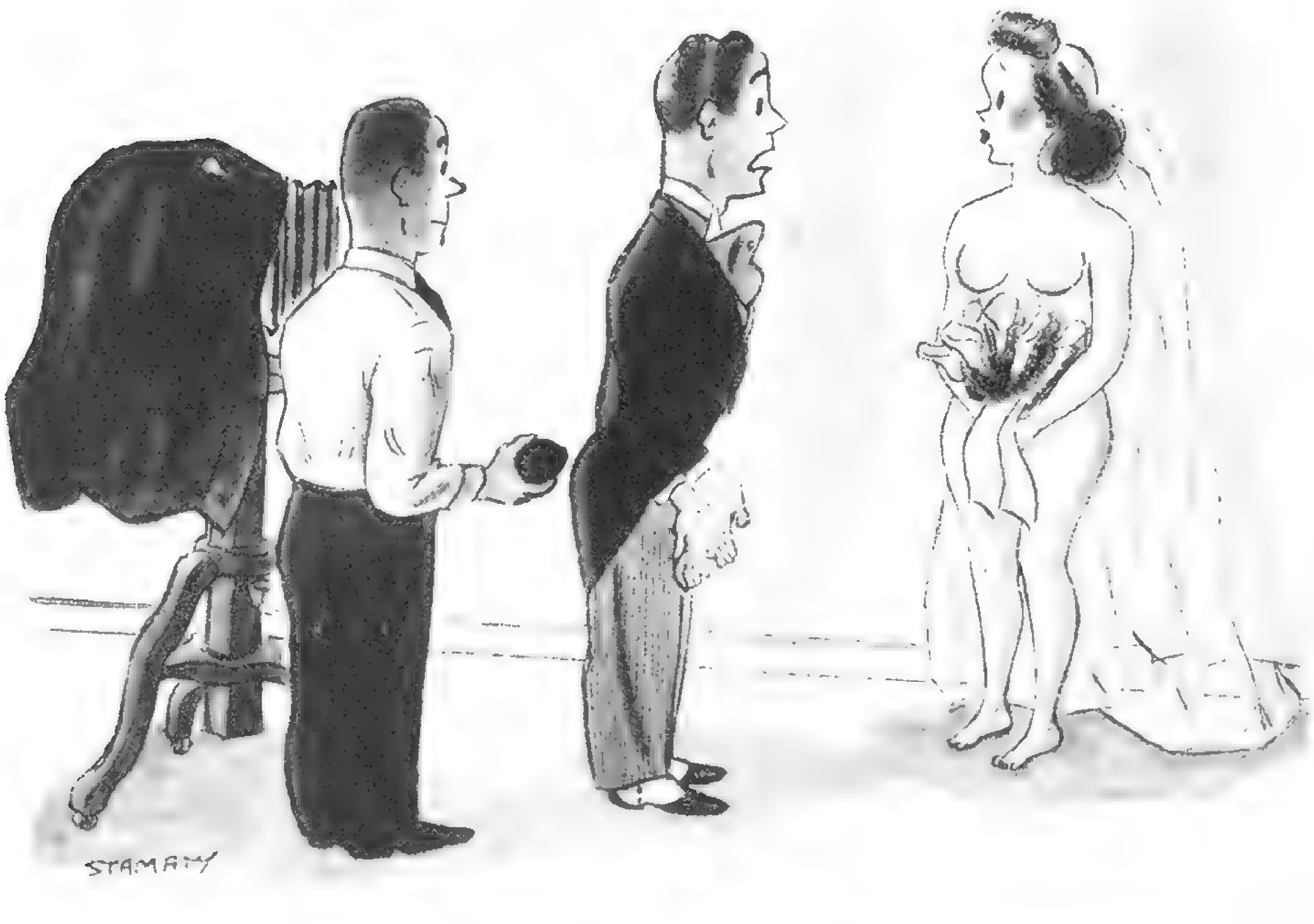
Memory, in such cases, is conservative, warring intransigently against reality. Herbert Hoover, although not in person, helped to feed and clothe such orphans of the European storm as was the art student Zoltan Sepeshy, but before the storm there was a prospect of broad acres for him to inherit, and some sort of title and a government post which his father held during the life of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The phrase by which the artist today can sum up his boyhood and youth is "the mellifluence of existence," which included the following items: objects of art, land, hunting, fishing, horses, music, rivers, the lower Carpathian Mountains, an old-time religion, peace, broad gestures, generosity, hospitality that was almost homicidal, deep hearty laughter, a bit of sadness here and there and the grace of living, with a form of feudalism substituting as an economic base for the institution of slavery which helped make possible this sort of life in the old prebellum American South.

"The mellifluence of existence" included a mother who was sweet, understanding, lovable and educated, and a father who loved the land and knew how to cultivate it, who loved also to fish and hunt, eat and drink, who was a stern disciplinarian, superbly educated and full of a sense of dignity as befitted an officer of the state. The mellifluence of existence included a meadow on which, when you lay down on it, you felt you were floating in the air, a meadow full of millions of butterflies and myriads of flowers which gave forth an overpowering wild fragrance. The man in his forties remembers the boy lying under the solitary birch tree on this meadow and crying "like hell" because of "some silly premonition that one of these days I shall have to leave it all." One day many years later (it was 1935) while driving from Michigan to Mexico, the man Sepeshy and his bride pulled up on the road to have lunch. They looked about and saw "a bit of a meadow a little ways off a side road. It had a bit of an incline and a little birch tree off to one side. And as I lay there I had the feeling that I was floating and the little meadow was full of millions of butterflies and myriads of wild flowers and a drunken fragrance all around." For the meadow which he had lost in Hungary he had rediscovered in Kentucky and the sense of loss was no longer irretrievable.

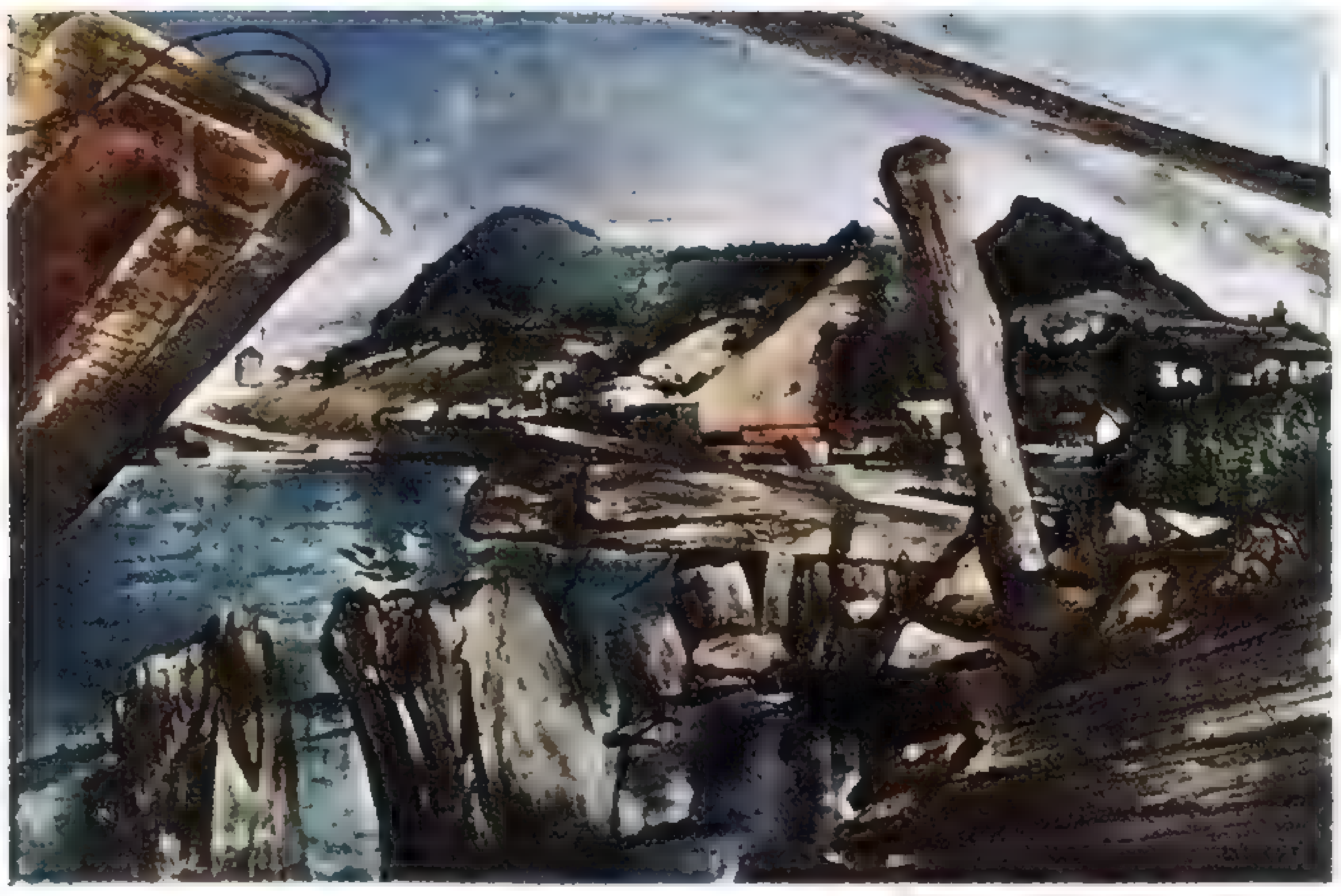
The mellifluence of existence in the old world includes an anticipation of the new in the person of none other than Buffalo Bill. It was sometime in 1905 or 1906. In an atmosphere of great secrecy and adventure, Zoltan, together with a batch of cousins and sons of friends of the family, were packed off to Budapest, about 200 miles south, to see the big city and the biggest circus in all the world, Buffalo Bill's. After the cowboys and Indians, horses and snake charmers, fire eaters, sharp shooters and human cannonballs had all done their stuff, a group of privileged lads, among them our hero, was taken back-stage and there introduced to the fabulous creature, Buffalo Bill, who, from under his ten-gallon hat and twenty-foot height (or so it seemed) invited every one of the boys to come to see him in America.

Sepeshy remembered the invitation and kept the promise he had been too stupefied to make. In the meantime the boys kept their Wild West memories fresh by reading Hungarian translations of Buffalo Bill adventure stuff and their games thereafter included facsimiles of Indian wars, buffalo hunting, burning at the stake, scalping and so forth. Again in the old world the invisible network was spun with the new. In 1926, when

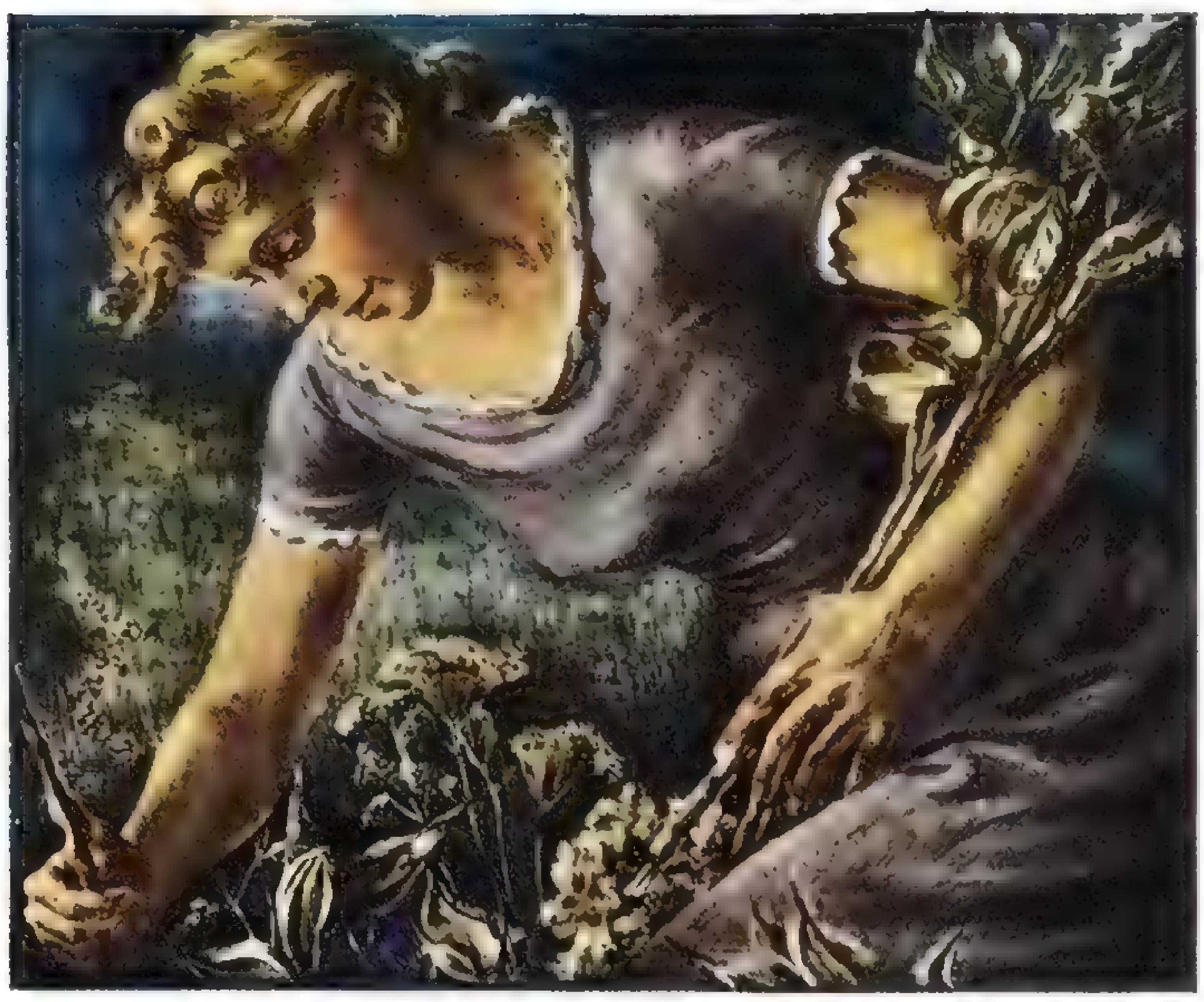
Continued on page 122



". . . remember, dear, you aren't a professional model any more!"



DEPARTING BOAT



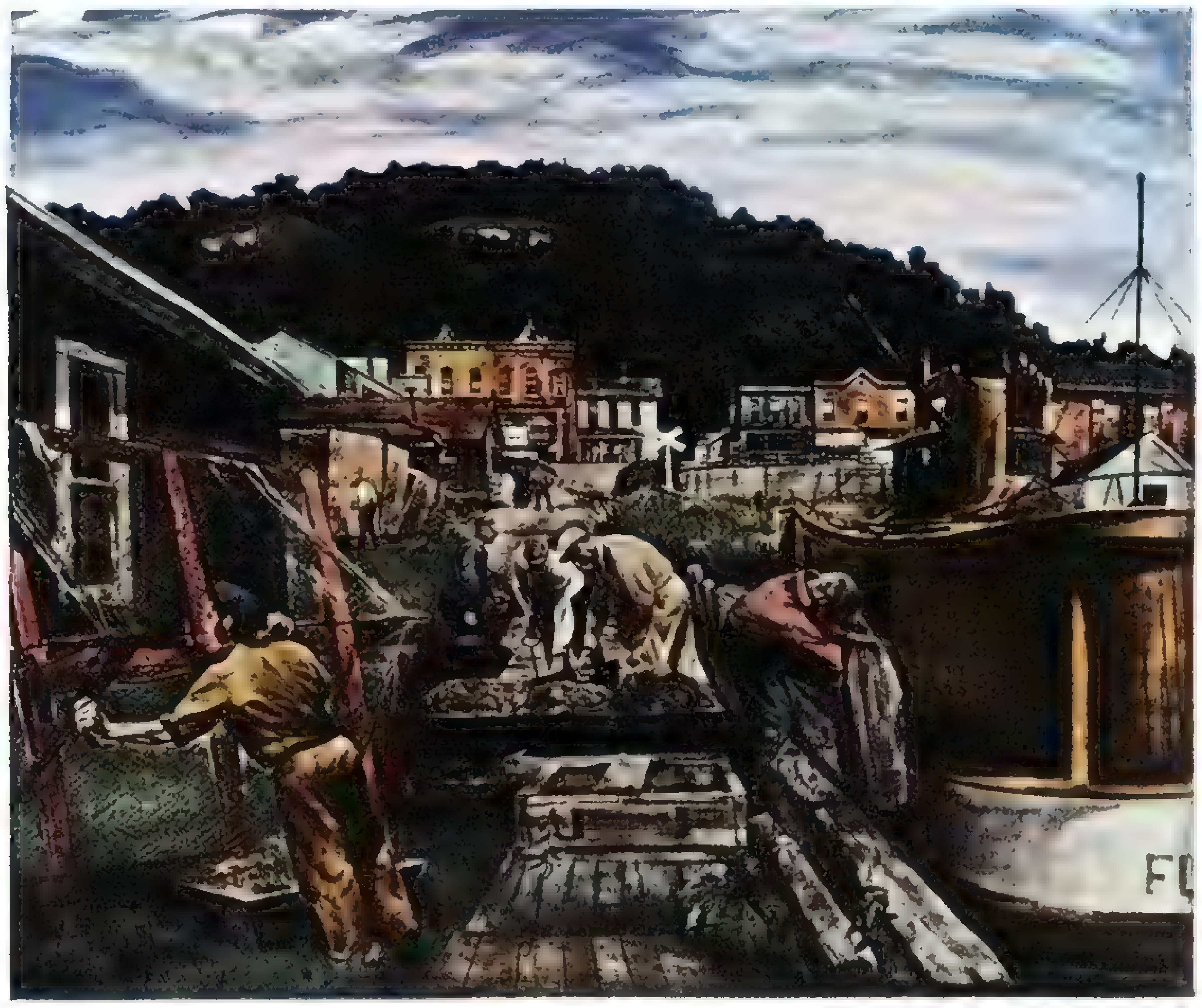
THE POD GATHERER

A Group of Paintings

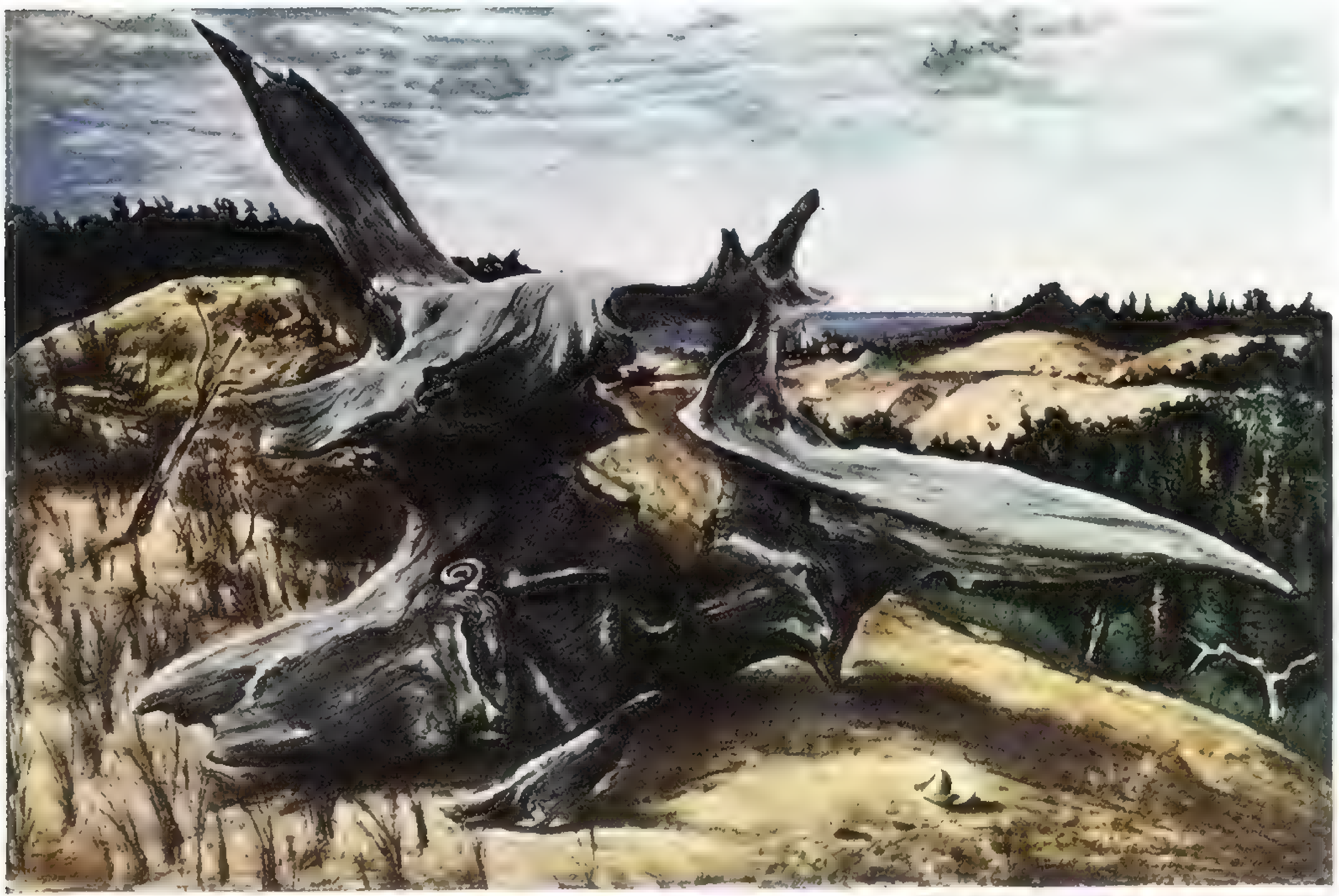
by

ZOLTAN SEPESHY

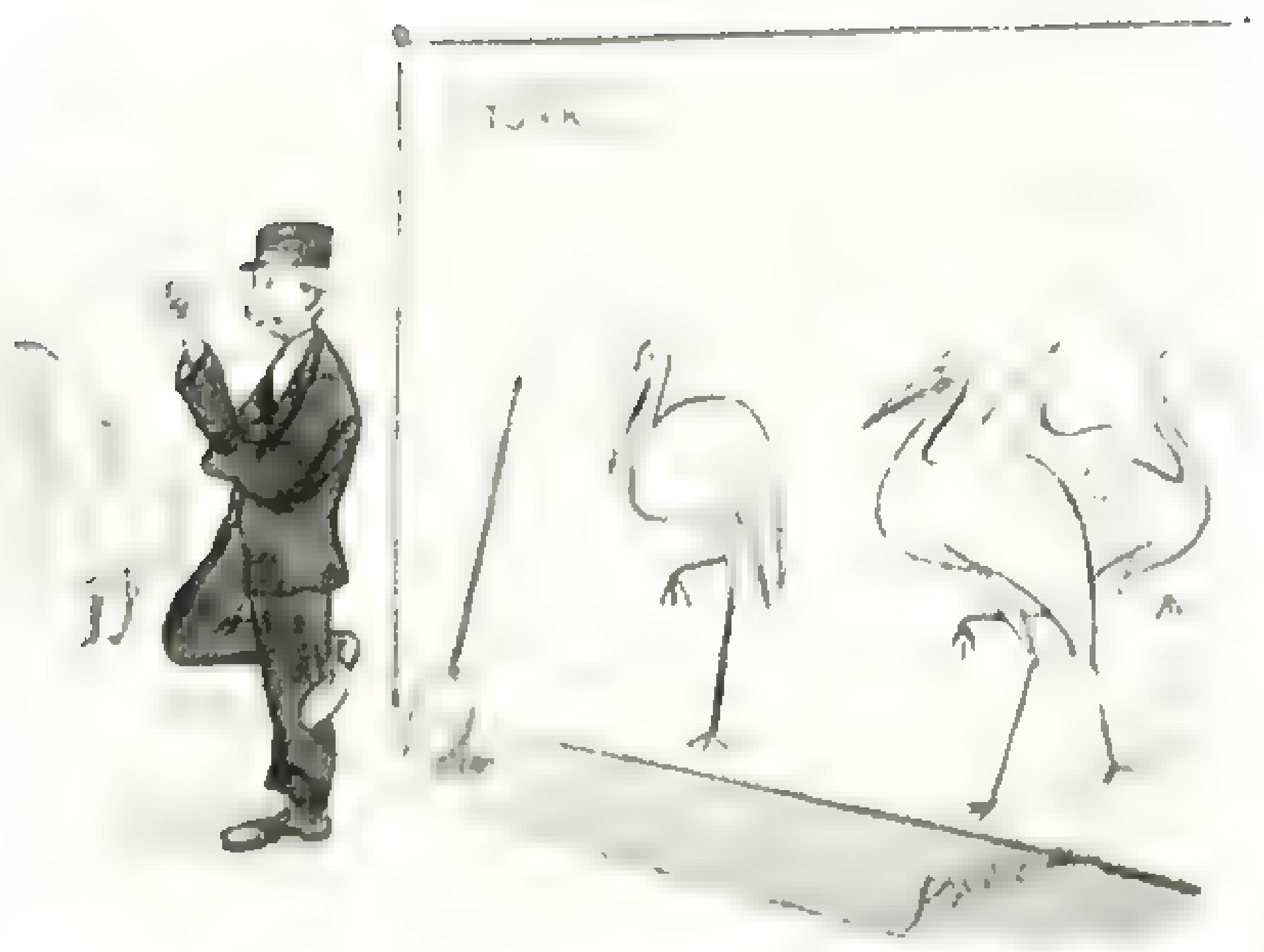
These paintings were reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of Mr. A. D. Gruskin, Director of the Midtown Galleries, 605 Madison Avenue, New York City, at whose galleries of contemporary American Art, these and other representative examples of Zoltan Sepeshy's work are permanently on display and sale.

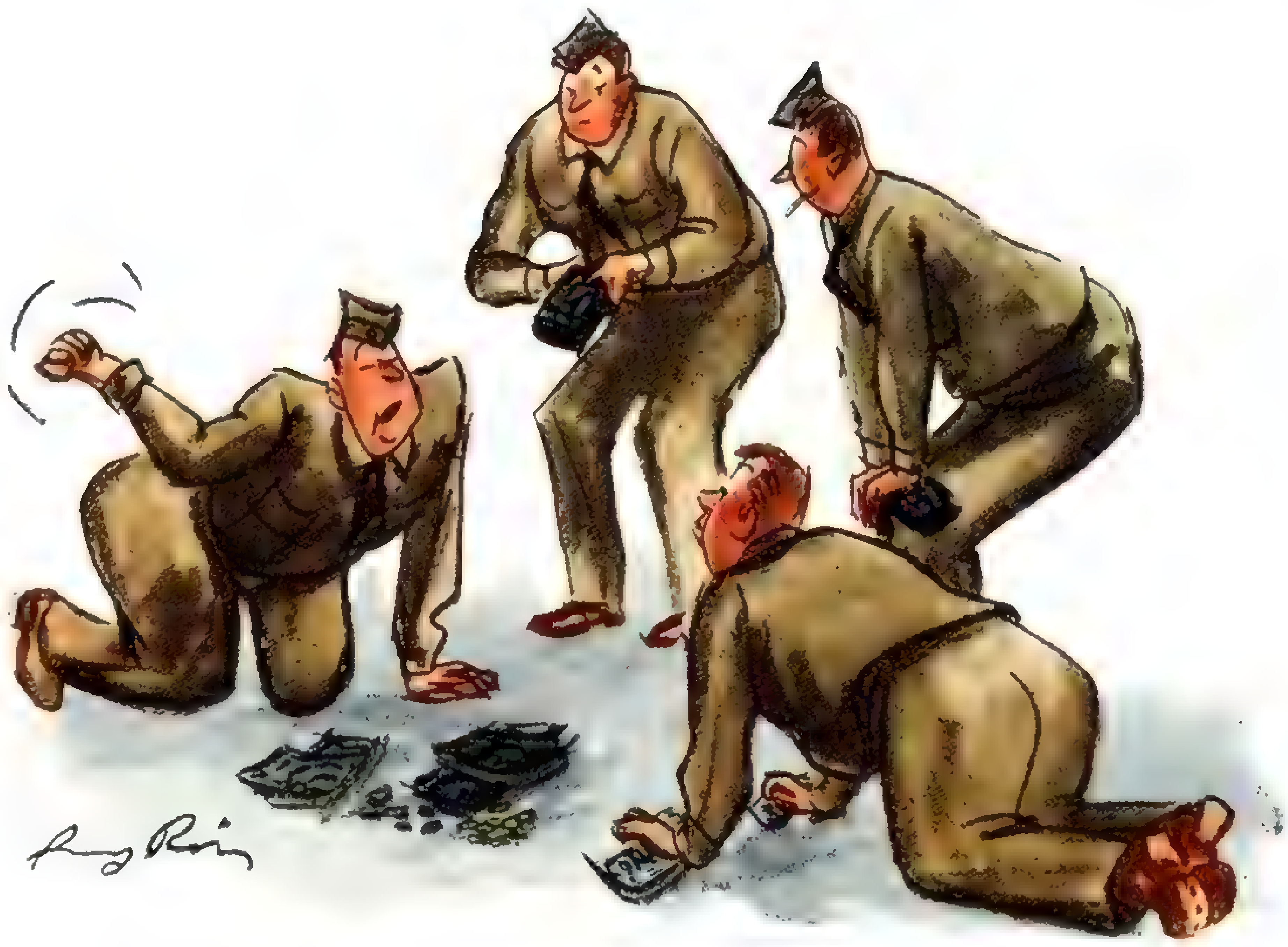


IN THE DAY'S WORK

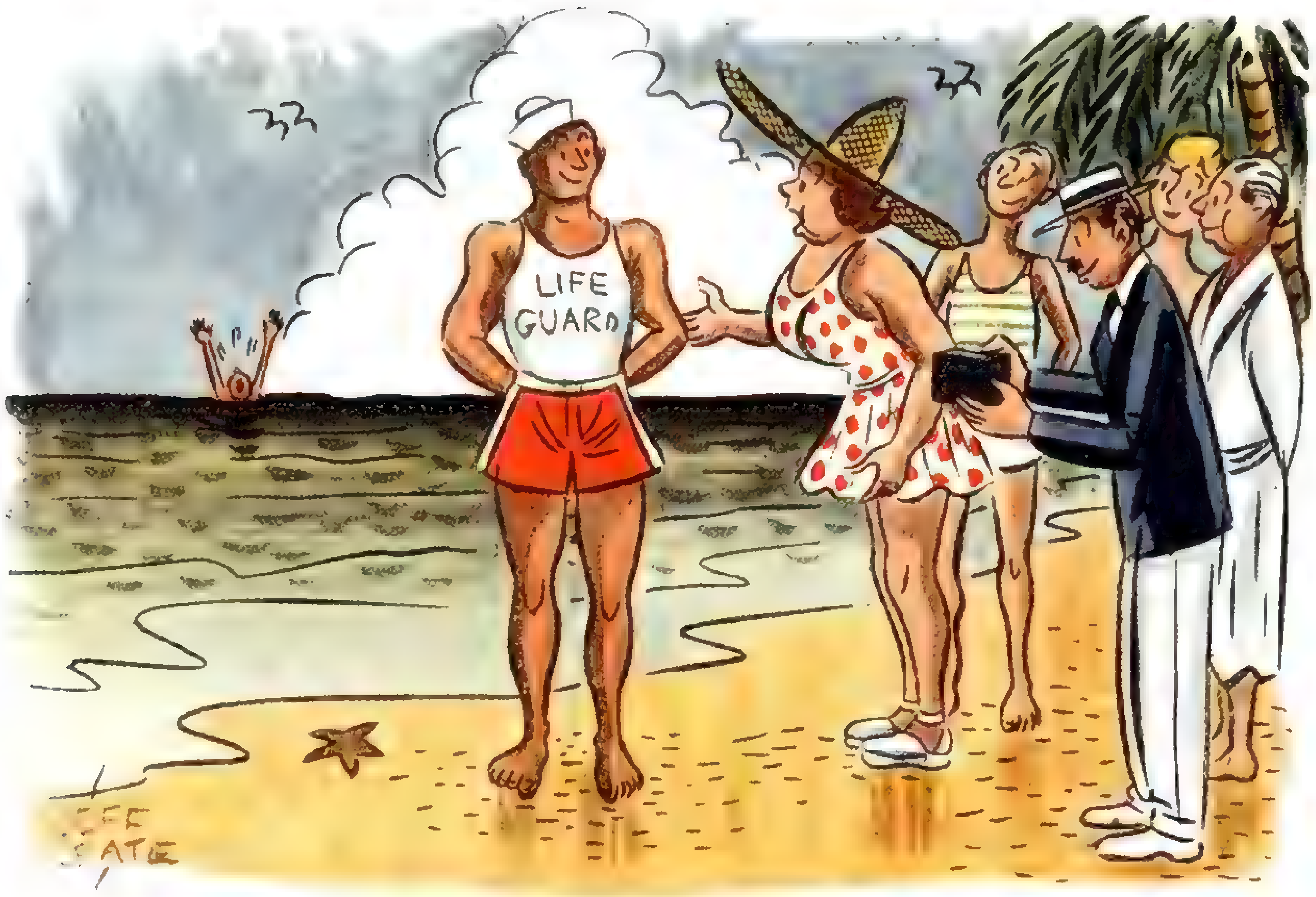


WORK OF THE ELEMENTS





"Come seven, come eleven, or gone twenty-one!"

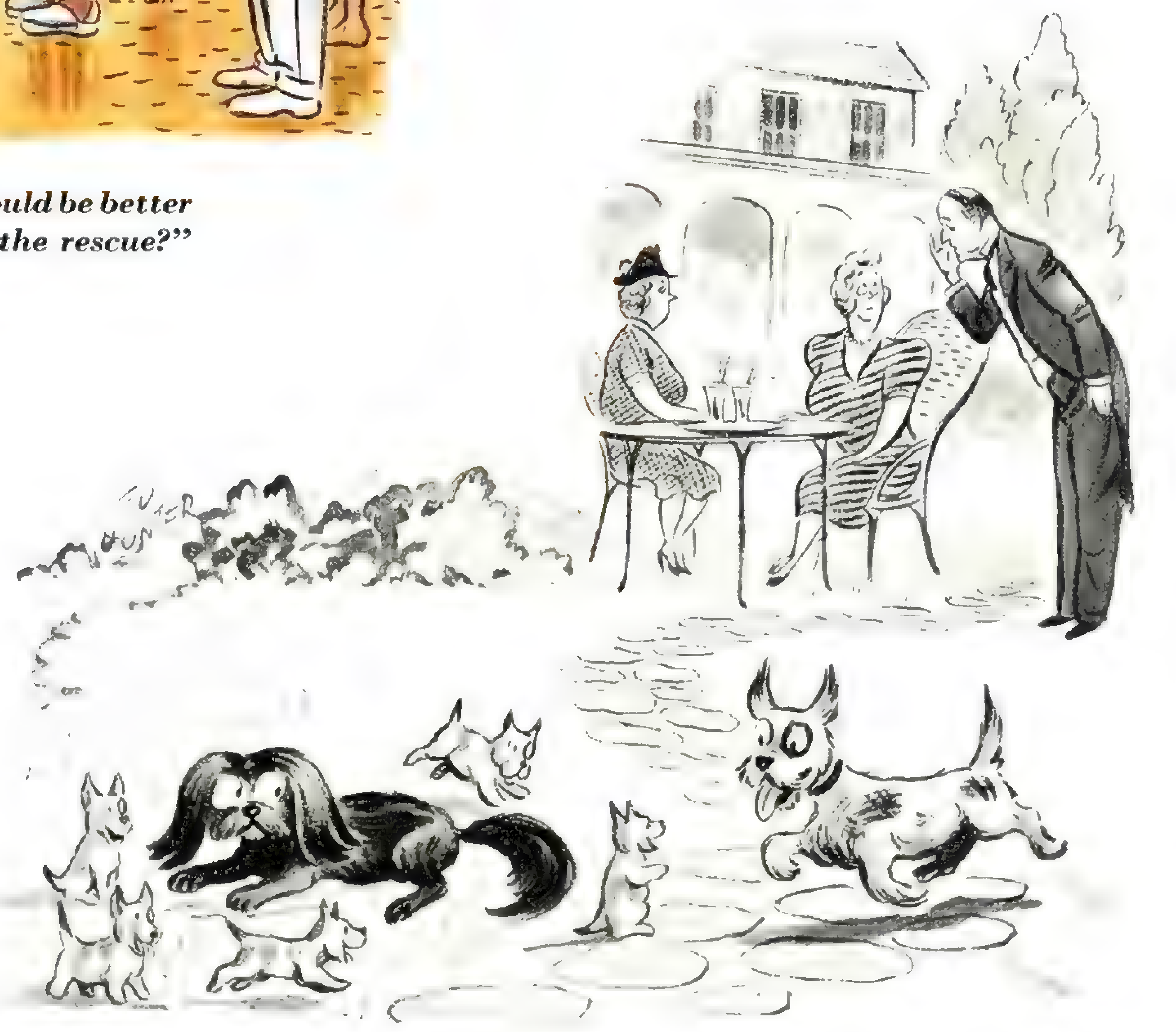


"Young man, don't you think it would be better to have your picture taken after the rescue?"

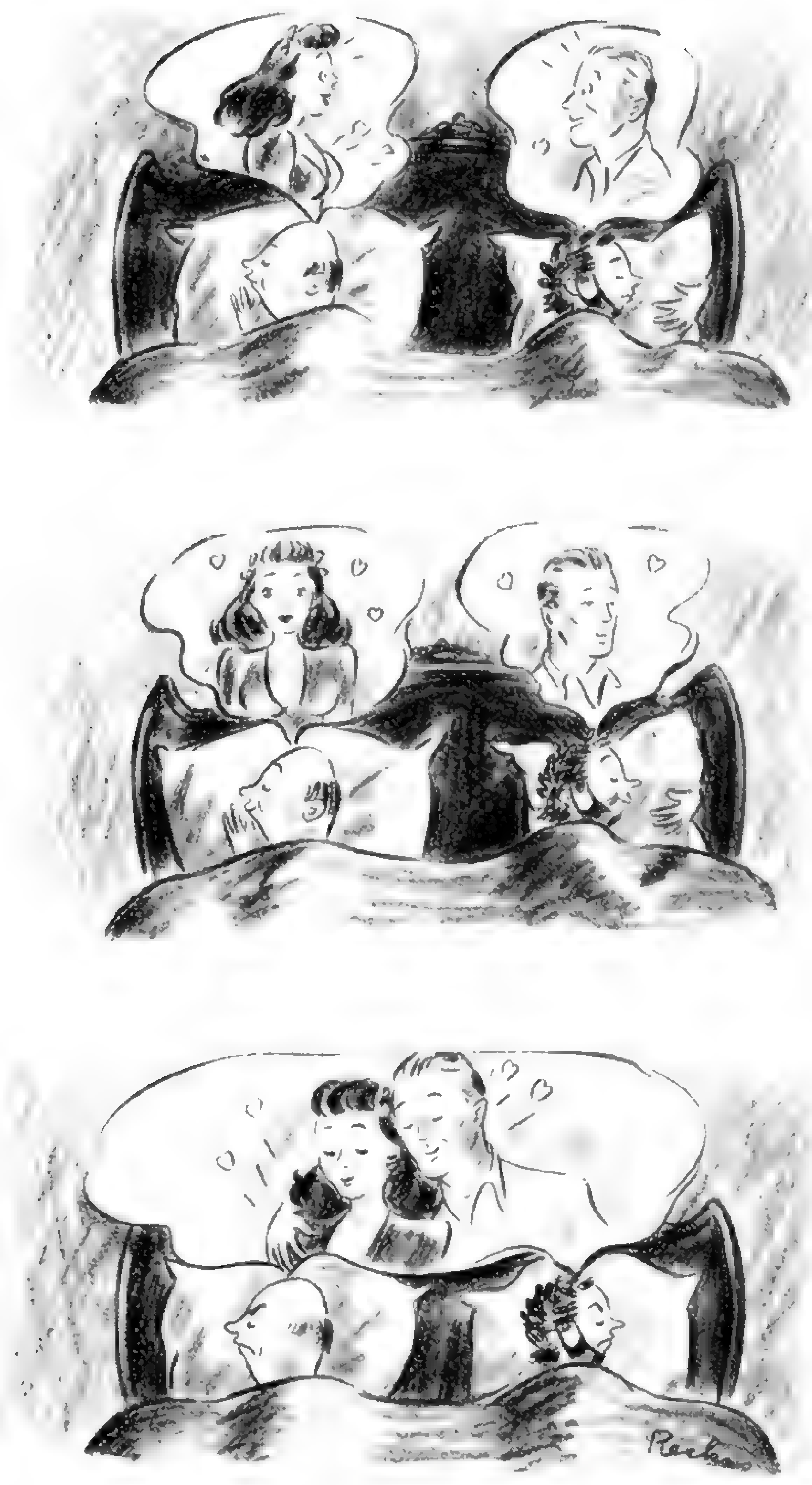
Fable

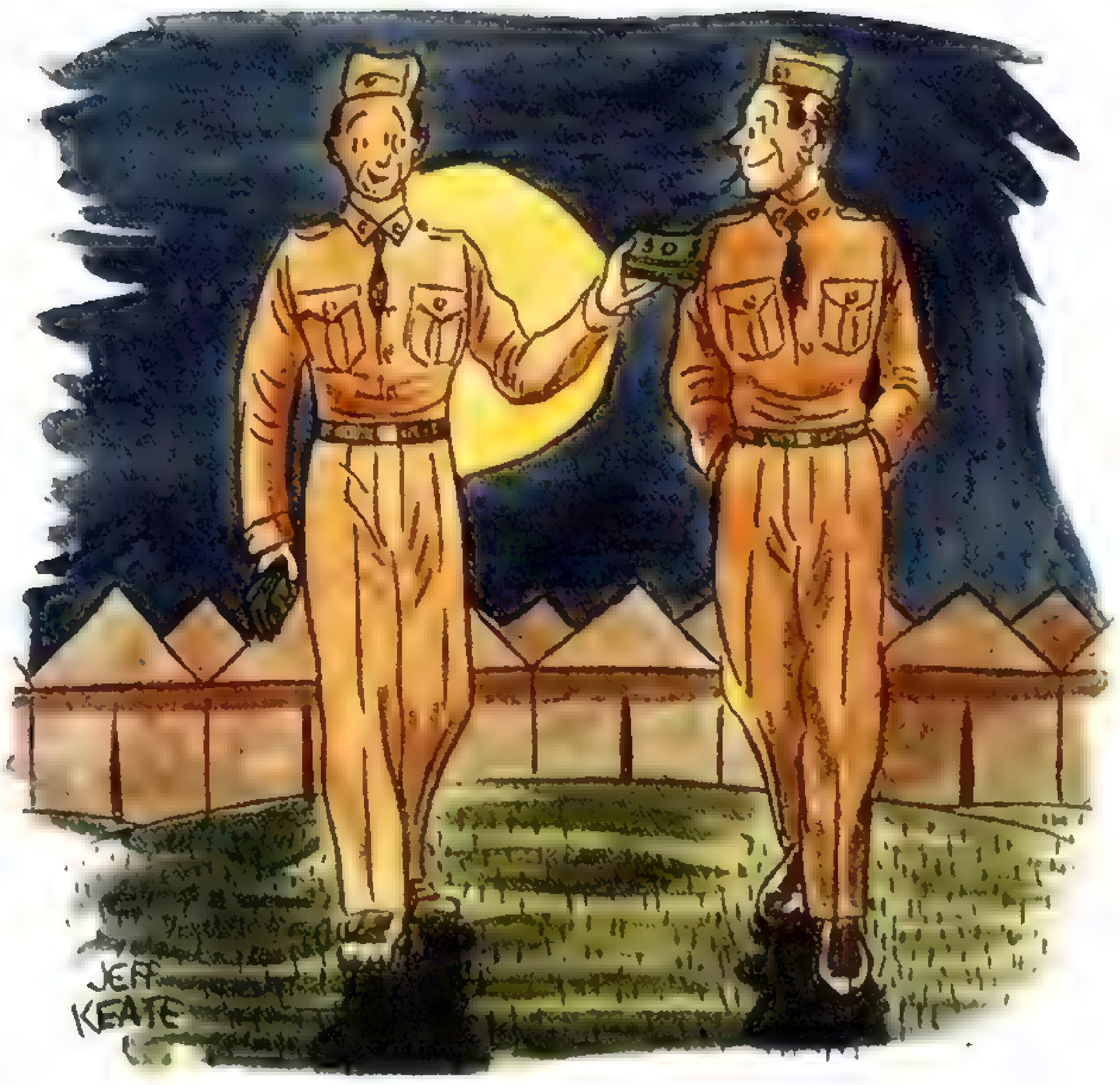
Once there was a fellow who returned to his office from a two-week vacation, and remarked: "My tan is deeper today than it was down on the shore. I picked up some extra this morning."

Dim Dolly wants to know whether Nelson was appointed head of our war production effort because he did so well at Trafalgar.

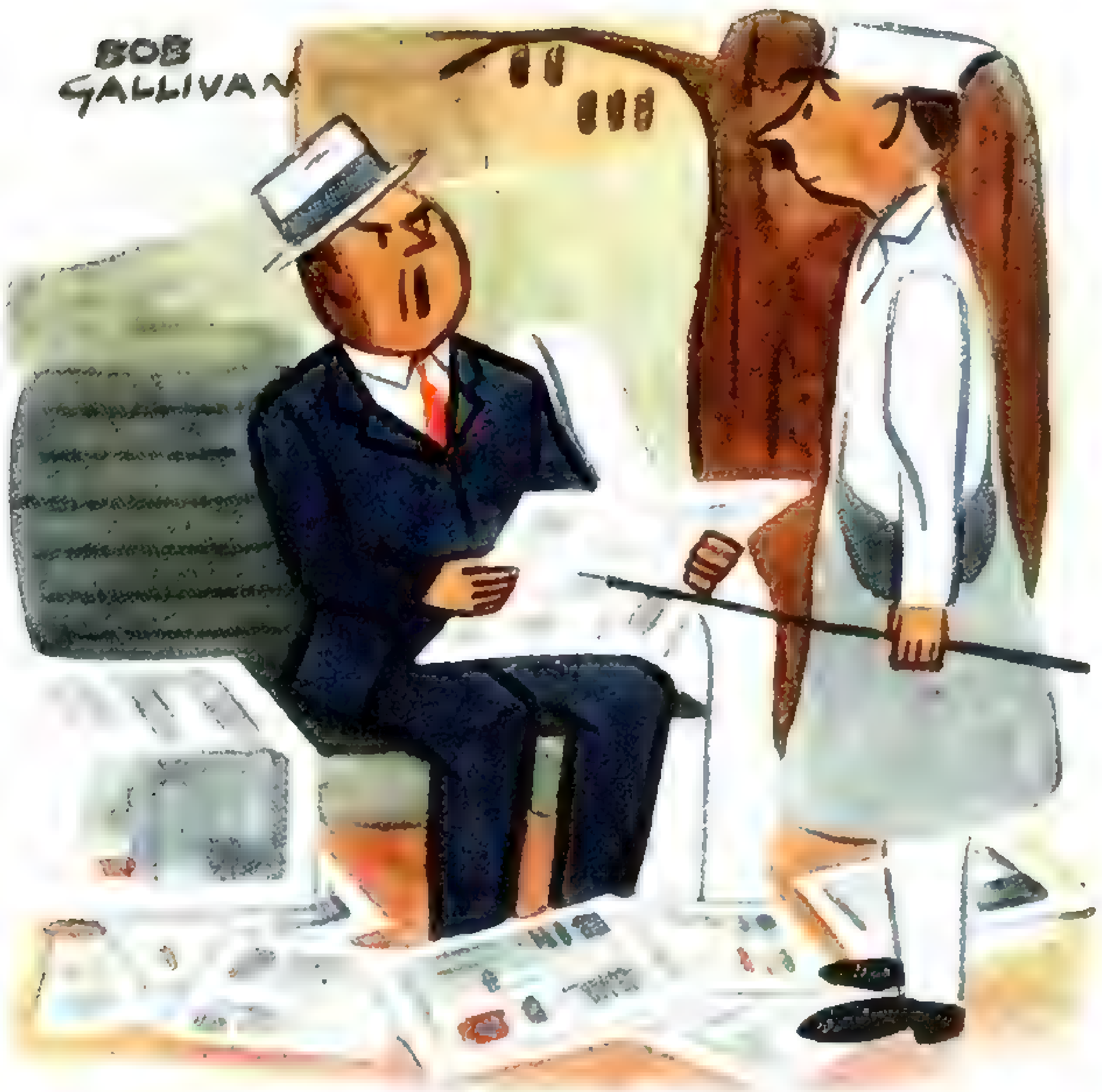


"Pardon me, madame . . . the culprit is returning to the scene of his crime"

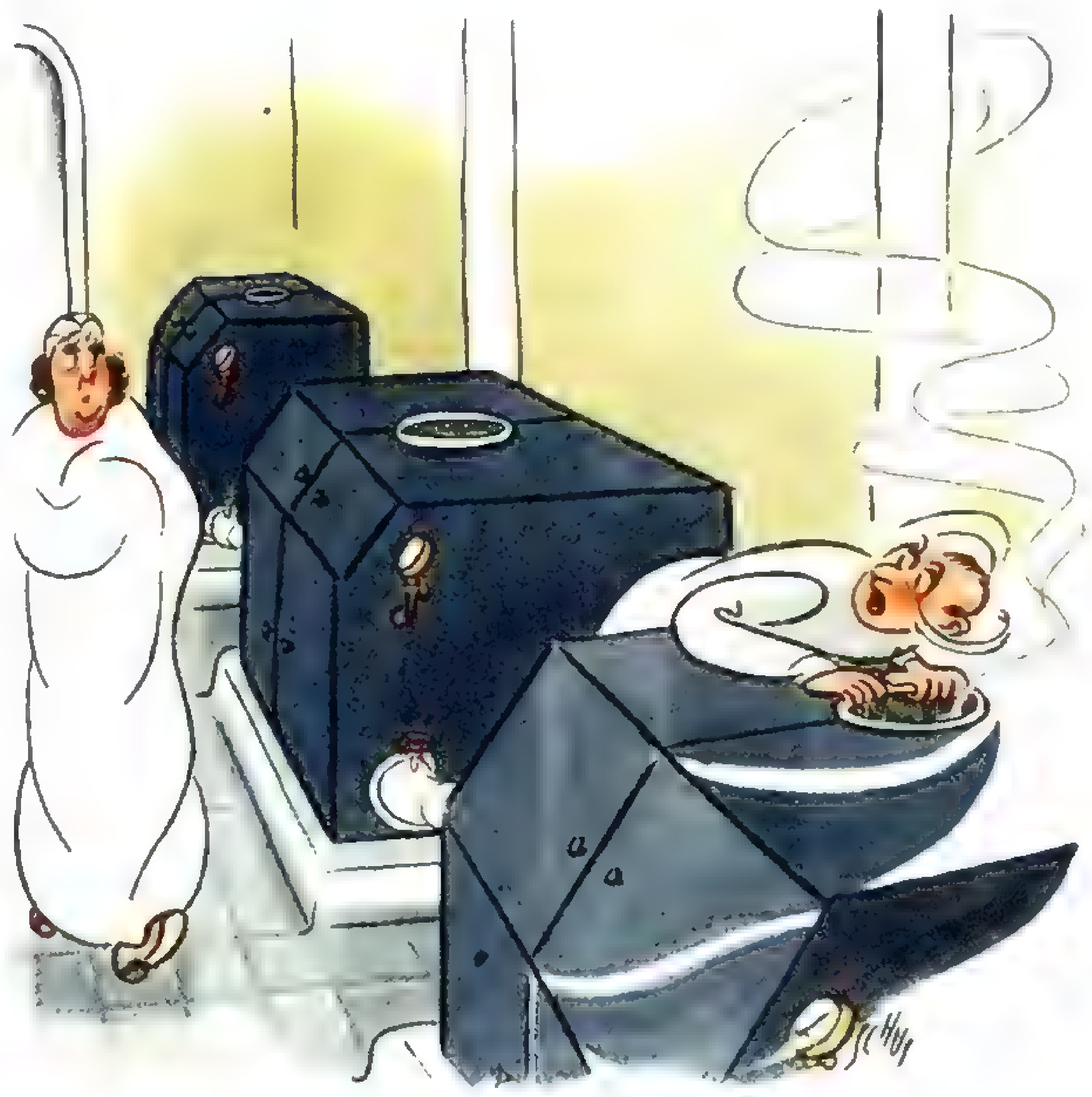




"There's one thing in the army that hasn't been changed since 1917—four aces still beat a flush!"

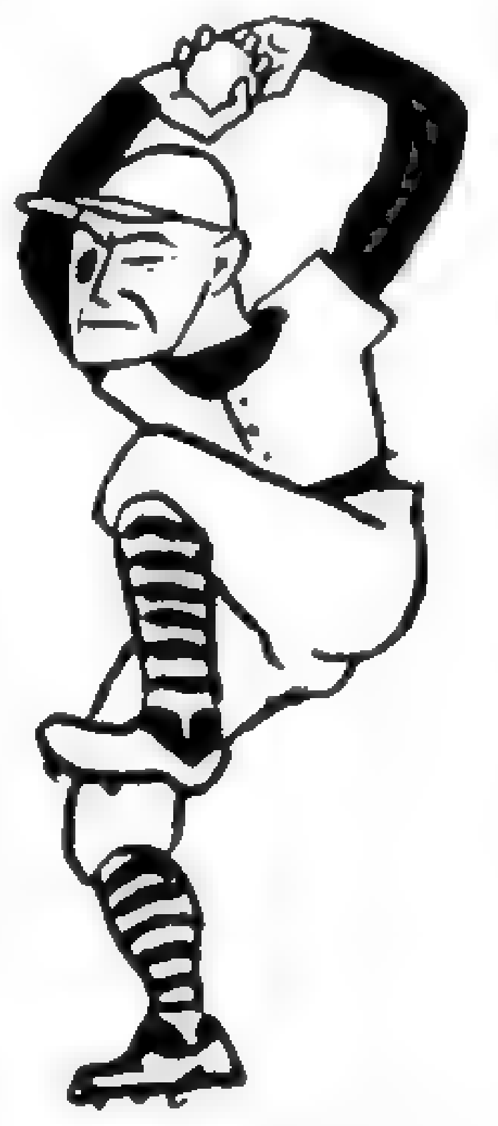


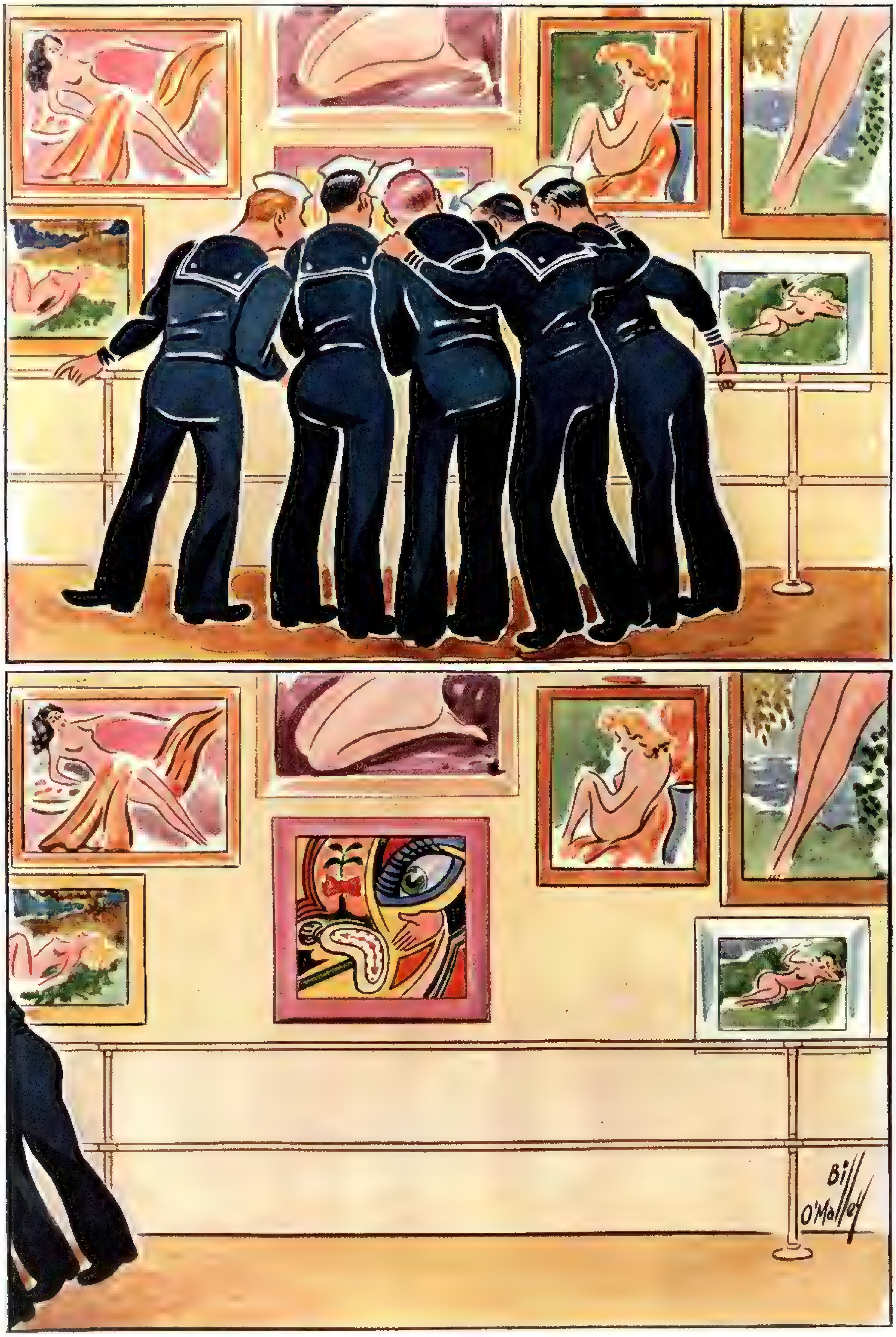
"Pick up the papers, pick up the papers! You and my wife would make a good pair!"



"Oh, there you are, Mrs. Horn —you gave me quite a scare!"

Night baseball is going to increase during the war, producing an entirely new phenomenon in contemporary civilization: night-time funerals for the grandmothers of all office boys.




Bill O'Malley

Cocktails for Hitler

Recall the costly poison of the Dry era and you'll gladly pay any taxes on liquor which help to win the war

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

If you put a guy into uniform and expected him to furnish you with the money with which to pay him, and on top of that counted on him to drum up the price of his food and clothing, his machine gun, jeep, tank or plane, and the thousand and one other costly accessories he'd be needing as an A-1 fighting man, it wouldn't surprise you if he requested to know what the hell sort of a deal this was anyhow.

Yet a certain draftee by the name of J. Barleycorn, whom we spoke of here a couple of months ago, has accepted exactly this chore in the present emergency, has done so without the least yowl or murmur.

He is assigned the dual job of turner-out of hundreds of millions of gallons of alcohol for the manufacture of smokeless powder, and provider of billions of dollars of taxes—partly out of his pockets and the balance mobilized from the pockets of the public at large, adding up to a stupendous contribution to Uncle Sam's war chest. If this incommodes you, Mr. Consumer, think how it furies the Fuehrer and his little yellow friends. The fact that he's a teetotaler won't lessen the impact on him of such American offerings as the "Regards to Adolf" Special (aerial torpedo), the A.E.F. Counterblitz (tanks to you), the Hot Salvo (battleship broadside, each 12-incher powered with smokeless powder made from more than a barrel of alcohol), and the Rising Sun Setter (1,000-lb. bombs sprinkled by Flying Fortresses). Really, it's a pleasure and a privilege to pay the check.

In fact, a bargain. For didn't thirsters during the Fantastic 'Twenties—all and sundry of them—slap down a buck for a highball of "Scotch" (cut with doctored non-beverage alcohol) or "Rye" (moonshine and muck)? And remember those six-bit Martinis made with bathtub gin whose aroma suggested some other branch of plumbing? And those thick coffee mugs of red murky goo whisperingly termed "wine." And those ten-dollar and twenty-dollar bottles of carbonated bilge laughingly labeled "Champagne." Texas Guinan's greeting, "Hello, sucker!" was the one note of veracity that entered into the picture.

Money was plentiful, so who cared? Certainly there were no hard feelings toward the bootleggers who supplied the stuff. They were colorful princes of industry. Our pals. Piling up underworld fortunes while our national economy missed out on twenty billion dollars worth of federal, state, and local revenue.

Meanwhile Japan was fortifying islands in the Pacific in violation of solemn covenants. But what were covenants and laws anyway? The Eighteenth Amendment was plenty solemn, wasn't it? And could anything be funnier? As for instilling a sense of patriotic obligation in the minds of the speakeasy Younger Set, it was not fashionable nor feasible, Uncle Sam having completely lost character by becoming the apron-stringed stooge of the W.C.T.U. How could you love and respect an Uncle turned Aunty?

It was the blindest and most warped-minded era in this nation's history. Subsidizing gangsterdom, we cut down on our Army and Navy, and skimped our fortifications. Billy Mitchell's foresighted plans and tireless pleas for a great air force were flung back in his face. Mere national security was considered a non-essential, when that twenty billion dollars we sacrificed on the altar of hypocrisy would have provided it, two-ocean fleet included.

Since Repeal, alcoholic beverage revenues have paid for a lot of ships, but there had been too many years of doldrums and shrinkage; we had a long way to go to catch up. So now we're devoting ourselves to nothing else but, with the beverage industry carrying a hefty load of the endeavor.

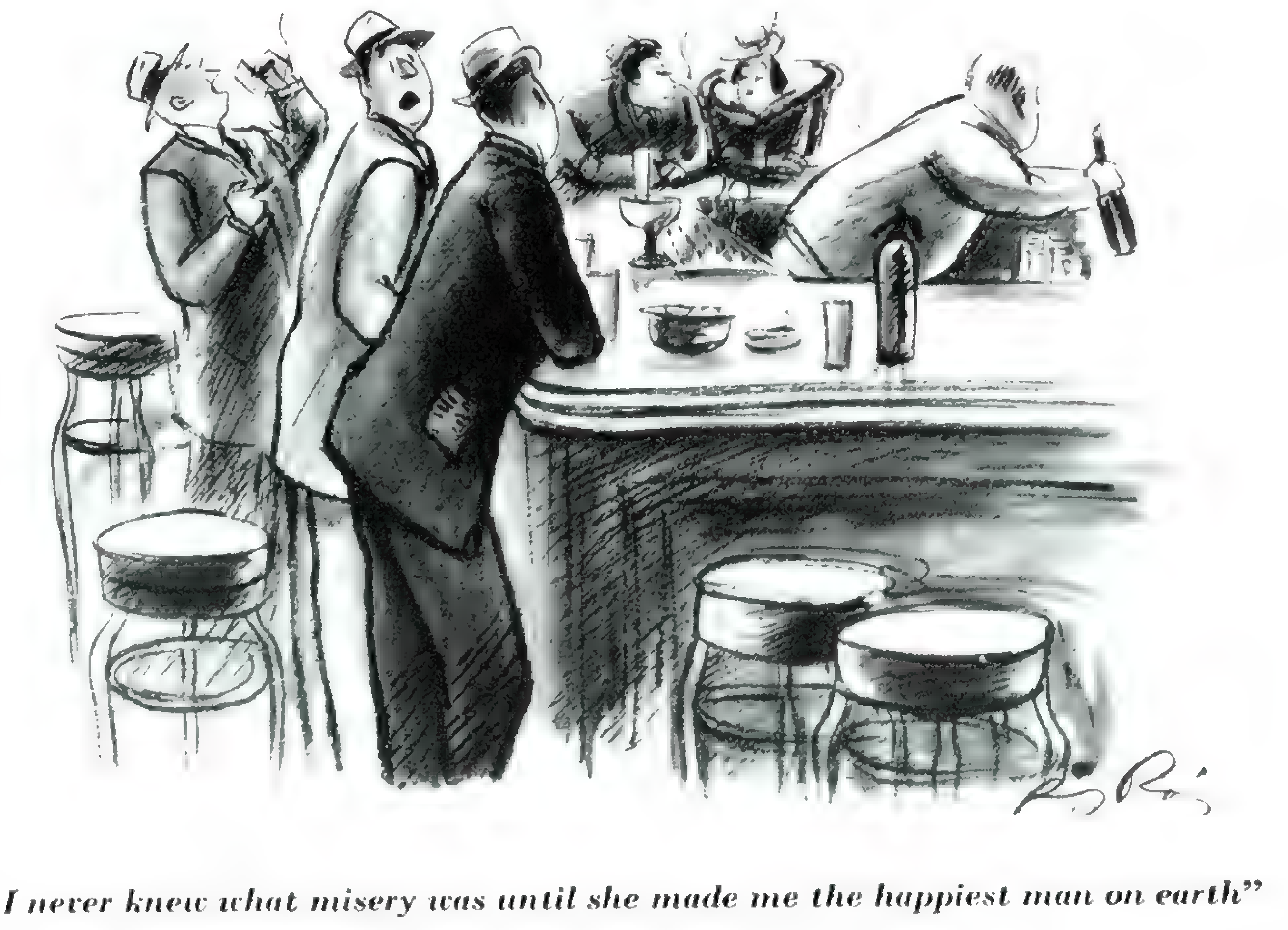
The very idea of a proud quality industry's switching over to anything-but-epicurean munitions seems a bit startling—as though Fifth Avenue jewelers suddenly quit making bracelets and lavalieres and took up bullets. But that's the world of transformation we're in. Today diamond cutters who formerly catered to the Diamond Horseshoe trade of Social Registerdom are polishing up precious stones for machine tools. So no distiller need feel a pang in his prestige at devoting his skill to smokeless powder alcohol. Indeed, he has the satisfaction of being a national lifesaver in the scrimmage we're going through.

You see, the professional "industrial alcohol" folks are hampered by the sugar and molasses situation. By and large they just aren't geared to handle grain, which fortunately we've got in abundance: the Commodity Credit Corporation confesses to having 90,000,000 bushels of holdover corn up its sleeve, of which it can readily spare 60,000,000 bushels for shell-powering; also some 300,000,000 bushels of holdover wheat, a part of which can be drawn on for similar use.

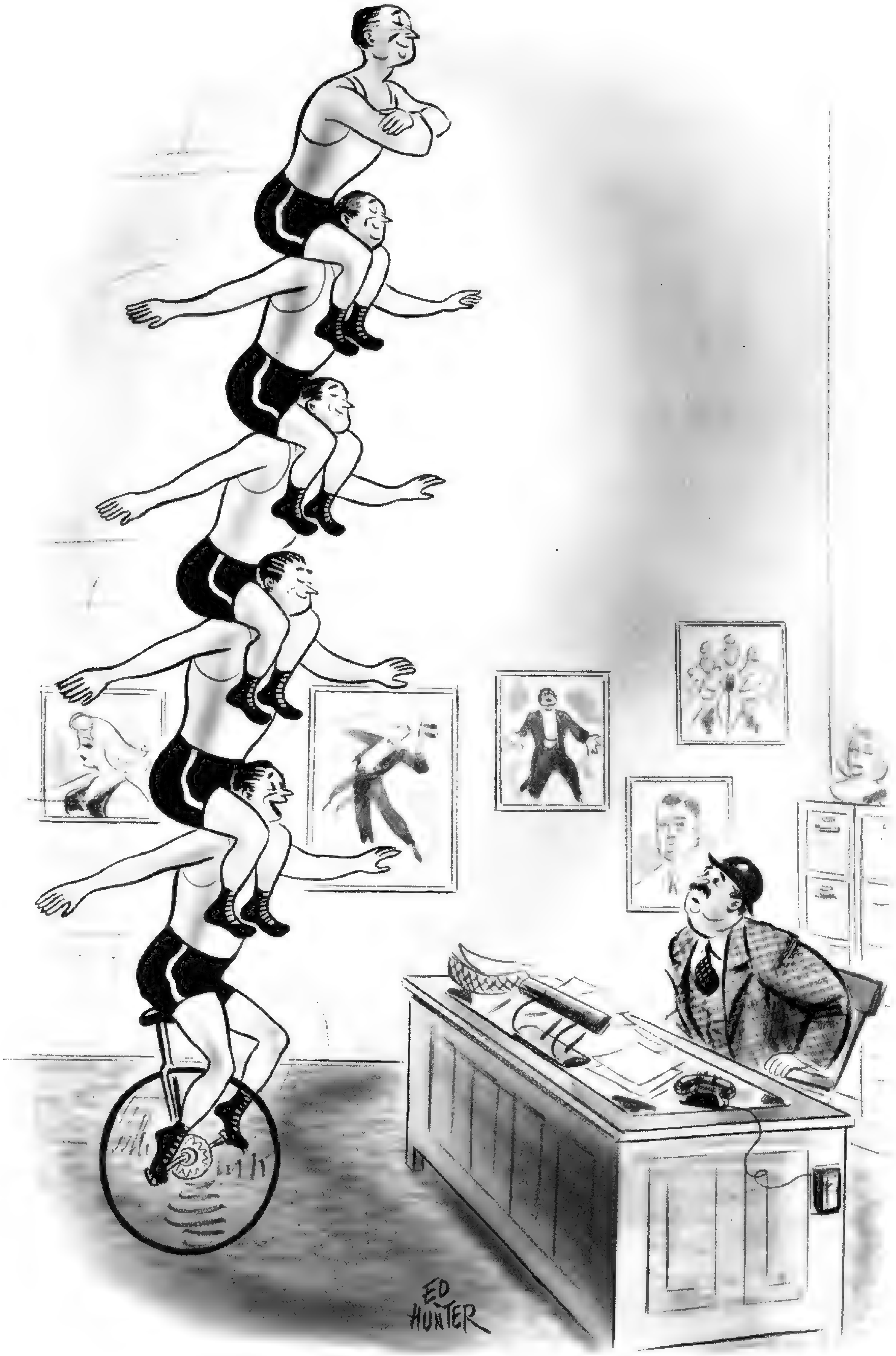
Humorously enough, the farmers, whose ranks have long been infested with loud-blathering Drys, are now clamoring for the erection of new and bigger grain distilleries to be located as near as possible to the big red barn. But that would involve a lot of copper and other crucial materials, so it can't be done. Instead, the farmer will be looked to to increase the output of his grain fields, and the scientifically equipped plants now existing will fulfill their end of the responsibility to the tune of two-and-a-half gallons of 190 proof alcohol per bushel—a degree of potency your tongue wouldn't care for.

(Speaking of proof and powder, do you happen to know the primitive test of strength that used to be made in pre-laboratory days? It was picturesque. A sample of the liquor

Continued on page 105



"I never knew what misery was until she made me the happiest man on earth"



"Then for a laugh, I slam on the brakes"

World's Greatest Athlete

Recalling Fido Murphy's amazing exploits in baseball, football, basketball, coaching and umping

by LEO FISCHER

• SPORTS •

Did you ever hear of "Fido" Murphy?

If you don't say "yes," you're betraying vast ignorance of what goes on in the world of sport.

"Fido" is the world's best!

At what?

Just name your own. Basketball, baseball, football, coaching, umpiring—it makes no difference. He stands alone.

Perhaps you've been laboring under the impression that Babe Ruth, Tom Harmon, Hank Luisetti and other better-publicized athletes have been tops.

That's what you think.

Did Babe Ruth ever force anyone to take down a sign that gave him a suit of clothes every time he hit it? Did the Bambino, even in his best days, ever make a two-base hit by going directly from home to second base?

Did Hank Luisetti ever toss a free-throw from mid-floor? Did he ever score a basket through a room full of rafters?

Did Tommy Harmon ever catch one of his own forward passes—and then his own lateral pass which followed it? Did he ever run 140 yards on one play without scoring? Did he ever impale a place-kick on a cross-bar?

By this time you've begun to suspect that our hero is quite a remarkable person. You're right. He is!

Insurance companies will tell you that there is such a thing as an "accident-prone"—a person who is constantly being involved in mishaps which usually leave him unscathed. By the same analogy, "Fido" Murphy can be classified as one of those strange beings who leave behind them a trail of amazing incidents which would be unbelievable if they weren't backed up by newspaper clippings and eye-witness verification.

There's that forward-lateral-pass incident, for example. Most football players will tell you that it's tough enough to catch someone else's forward pass. Yet here is Murphy not only snaring a pass which he himself had thrown, but also following it with a touchdown run after receiving the lateral pass which he tossed on the same play.

This unparalleled football phenomenon occurred in December, 1926, in a championship game between Massee Prep of Stamford, Connecticut, and St. Mary High School at Waltham, Massachusetts. Murphy was in the Massee backfield. This is how he himself describes the affair:

"I threw a short, high pass to my right end. The ball bounded into the air off his fingertips. A defensive man trying to intercept it batted it high into the air. I kept coming and caught the ball as it came down. After I ran a few steps, I saw I was going to be tackled, so I lateralled it to a teammate. We didn't have any such play, so it caught him by surprise. The ball hit him in the stomach and bounced back to me. I caught it on one hop and then went on for a touchdown. We won the game and the championship, 16 to 0."

That was sixteen years ago, when "Fido" was an All-New England high school grid star, yet strange incidents still continue to pursue him. And all of them, oddly enough, serve only to emphasize his prowess in whatever sport he happens to be engaged at the moment.

Last Summer, for instance, he was umpiring a night game in the Western Association (where sports writers, incidentally, rated him as one of the best arbiters in the minor leagues). It was at a contest between Hutchinson and Topeka, Kansas, at the former's ball park. The game was in progress when a jack rabbit ran through the diamond. Murphy called time. Pulling off his mask, he chased the hapless rabbit around the field, finally catching it near the grandstand. He picked it up by the hind legs, waved it at the fans and then turned it loose.

"The crowd went wild," comments Fido.

The following day when he reached into his duffel bag to take out his shoes preparatory to dressing for the game, he pulled out a four-foot snake. He suspects some practical joker, but at any rate, he finished the season with the nickname "Frank Buck" tacked on to his original one.

It was in the Western Association championship playoffs last Fall, too, that Murphy gave baseball something brand new. With Muskogee, Oklahoma, and Fort Smith, Arkansas, tied at 1-all, a long fly was hit into left field by one of the players on the home team—Fort Smith. Murphy's partner wasn't sure whether the ball had been caught or not. "Fido," behind home plate, wasn't expecting to have the decision put in his lap, and also wasn't certain.

With a debate raging in the middle of the diamond, Murphy walked out to left field. From the bleachers he called down one fan after another until he had questioned thirty of them. Then he returned to the plate.

"The batter's out!" he announced.

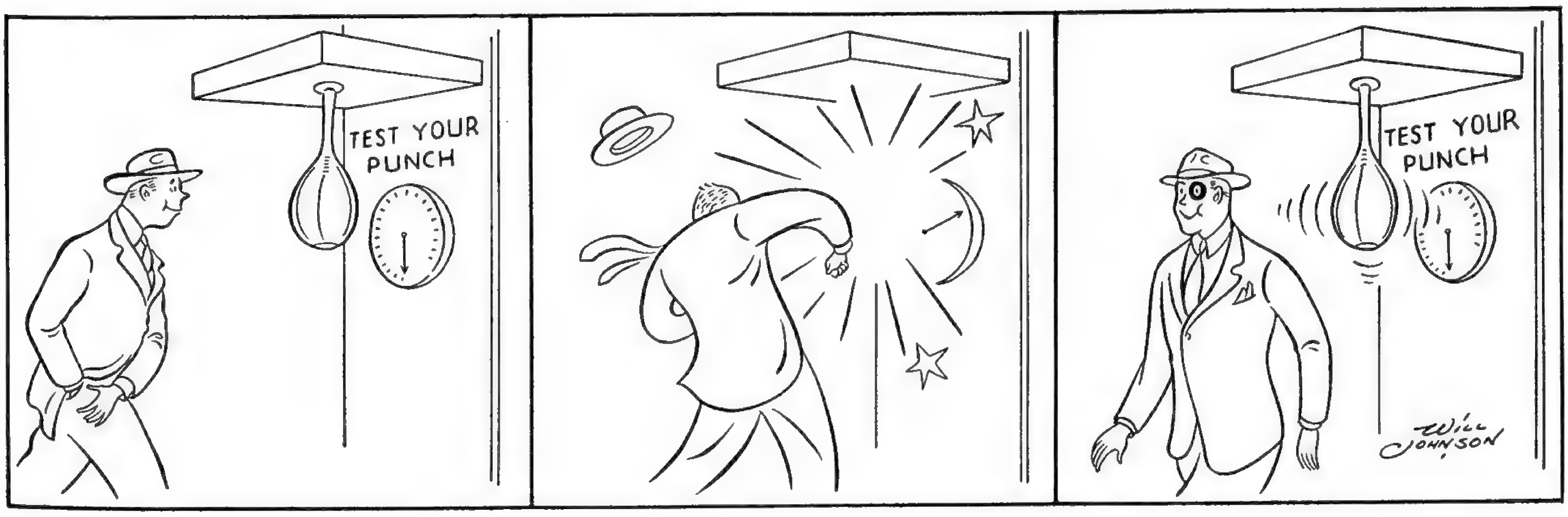
Herschel Bobo, Fort Smith manager, protested.

"Listen," Murphy told him. "When twenty-seven out of thirty of your own fans tell me that a ball has been caught, it's good enough for me. Play ball!"

It might be that "Fido" remembered a little play of his own when he decided to let the fans help him. This occurred when he was with Easthampton, Massachusetts, in the Western Massachusetts Semi-pro league back in 1930. The league was using only one umpire to save expenses. Murphy was at bat, with a runner on second base and his team one run in arrears.

"I hit one about a yard inside of the

Continued on page 151



Ambuscade in the Andes

Continued from page 40

managed to lift his horse's hooves over a boulder.

Called back to the business immediately at hand, FitzPatrick followed closely behind Sergeant Manuel, one of Dario's best sergeants, who knew the way like a frontiersman, and when, after an hour or so, the Sergeant abruptly dismounted to lead his horse, the Irishman accepted an authoritative hint, and ordered the company to do likewise. Urrutia and his fellows were happy to put their feet on the ground, causing FitzPatrick to smile at their abnormal alacrity to obey a command.

It was a slow climb to the Pass, where two gigantic slivers of rock needled the sky, and FitzPatrick was willing to admit he was happy to be there. He directed Manuel to halt half-way through, and, when the Sergeant stopped, the men at once gratefully unsaddled their mounts, wrapped themselves in their cloaks, and flung themselves to the frozen ground. Looking at the recumbent figures of his doughty fighters, FitzPatrick suppressed his irritation, and strode over to Manuel, who, with little effort, had contrived to be sound asleep. FitzPatrick's boot kicked the Sergeant into wakefulness. "Get up," he said.

"Senor?" grumbled Manuel struggling to his feet.

"Rouse the *llaneros*. We've got a little work to do."

"They will kill me," Manuel objected.

"It is an order."

"Si," mumbled Manuel, and with eight men returned a few minutes later to where FitzPatrick was surveying the situation.

"Behind that bend in the trail," he explained, "we could roll a few rocks and block the way, no?"

"No," Manuel remarked.

FitzPatrick wearily hit the Sergeant on the chin, not hard, but enough to knock the husky horseman to his knees. Silently, Manuel lunged to his feet, and FitzPatrick struck him again. The Sergeant dropped to the ground. Impassively, the other *llaneros* observed the fight for discipline. They hoped that Manuel would win, because he was one of them, but they recognized the superiority manifest in FitzPatrick's easy manhandling of their companion, and, like all men who live by physical strength, wished that their companion would be intelligent.

Grudgingly, Manuel rose to his feet.

"Pick out the best place, Sergeant," FitzPatrick directed, and restored to Manuel a portion of the dignity lost before his friends.

"*Si, mi Coronel*," the Sergeant murmured, and strolled along the road. Within a short time, the wiry *llaneros* had piled a barricade of rocks where charging horsemen would come upon it too late to hurdle its height.

The work completed, FitzPatrick, with Manuel close to his side, wrapped himself in his serape and slept soundly through the night, to awaken when dawn shone redly though his eyelids. Leaning on their guns, the *llaneros* were staring intently down the pass, while below them, Manuel was roughly rousing the other members of the patrol. "It was quiet all night, *senor commandante*," one of the lancers said, as FitzPatrick sat up.

"Lieutenant," he said to Lieutenant Urrutia, "after you have breakfasted, please give me the pleasure of taking seven *llaneros* to that outcropping. We will support you from here. You will fire when the middle of their column is abreast of you."

Urrutia nodded disconsolately.

FitzPatrick joined the city Creoles in an unappetizing meal, and prayed that Major Dario had carried out his difficult assignment. Surprise was one of the principal ingredients of successful war, and to obtain surprise, speed was necessary.

Among the Creoles, FitzPatrick was chagrined to discover that he had forgotten entirely about *Segundo Teniente* Alfredo Duarte y Quintana, a gentleman of nineteen, who had obtained his commission in return for the subscription of his considerable fortune to the cause of liberty.

"Lieutenant Duarte," he said. "Please follow me."

When they had walked out of earshot of the Creoles, FitzPatrick explained. "You are perhaps curious about something, *senor?* Then I will tell you why I have all the *llaneros* out there with Teniente Urrutia." He spoke for several minutes. "Now, you understand?"

Duarte nodded.

"Good," FitzPatrick said. "Now take your men over to the extreme right of the barricade, so that we can have a cross fire at the enemy."

"I Bit"

Edward Arnold Shares a Laugh on Himself

The Anglers:	Fellow-members of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco.
The Hook:	Charges were preferred that, in the course of an evening during which he had downed a drink or three, Mr. Arnold had accosted and molested a young lady in front of the St. Francis Hotel.
The Bait:	When Arnold called in his companions in conviviality to attest his innocence, they shook their heads sadly and admitted it was all only too true.
The Frying Pan:	He didn't quite get there. While putting on his tie before being hustled off to court by two pseudo but husky plain clothesmen, Arnold noticed a peculiar reflection in the mirror. One of the men, making a call to "headquarters," very carefully kept one pudgy finger pressed down on the receiver hook.

The minutes and hours carried the sun higher and higher until its beams came straight down into the pass. Lying comfortably beside a huge boulder, FitzPatrick waited patiently, hoping that Henderson wouldn't foresee a trap. From time to time, Urrutia waved his arms to indicate that he had not, as yet, seen anything. He was debating whether or not he should permit his men to have a few bites of lunch, when Urrutia raised both his arms as a signal that a body of troops was coming through. His head against the boulder, FitzPatrick could hear the reverberations of hooves, and sent Manuel to rouse all of the Creoles, detaching four men to stand with the saddled horses.

Wondering how many men Henderson would have with him, and hoping that Urrutia's estimate of forty was accurate, FitzPatrick went over to Duarte, repeated his orders, and discussed Spanish poetry with the youngster to keep him quiet. The noise of hooves became louder, and FitzPatrick kept a keen eye on the bend in the road, around which he expected Henderson to come charging when Urrutia shot at the *Royalistas*. It should be in keeping with Henderson's instincts to charge immediately ahead rather than retreat.

At length FitzPatrick said to Duarte, "Back to your station, *mi teniente*. Good luck."

He himself calmly walked to the station he had chosen for himself. Manuel was impassively sighting his musket at the bend in the road. "They are almost there," Manuel said, pointing to Urrutia's *llaneros*, who were aiming down the pass, following an invisible column of men with the muzzles of their guns.

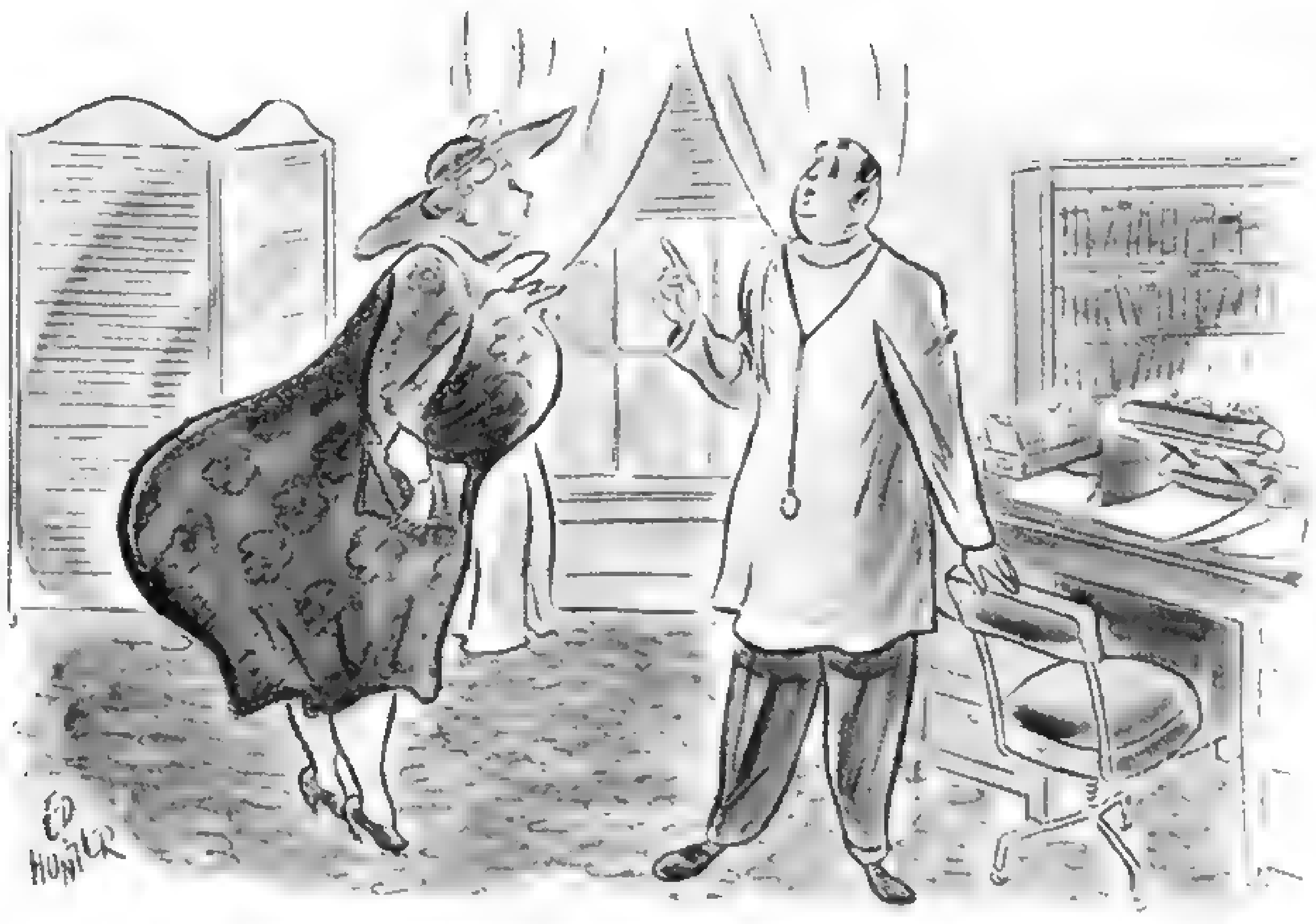
"Yes," FitzPatrick said, and dropped to a knee, just as the first Royalista rounded the bend. Simultaneously with the fellow's appearance, Urrutia's *llaneros* delivered a solid blow of musketry that spurred the Royalistas precipitately along the trail to come under the guns of FitzPatrick. The Irishman counted. Urrutia was the son of a fool. There were at least sixty Royalistas.

"Wait," he said to his impatient Creoles.

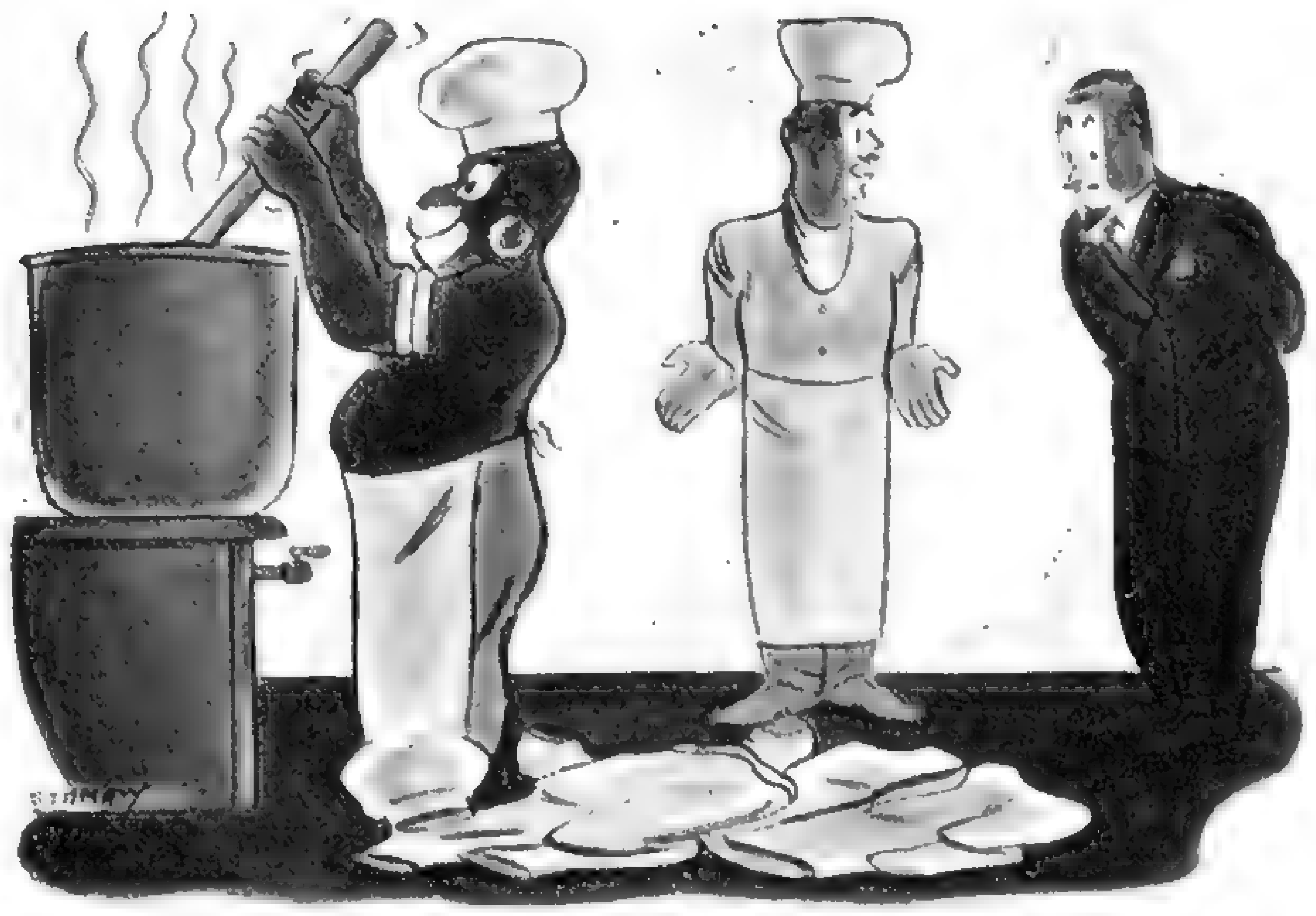
The Royalistas, having gained the outcropping security of the huge ledge of rock, dismounted a score of their men, while a handful came trotting forward to reconnoitre. A quick flash of musketry from Urrutia's men tumbled three off their mounts, and the remaining four galloped straight for the barricade, apparently not seeing it against the background of rock in the pass.

FitzPatrick groaned. He resented having to clarify the situation for Henderson, but the Englishman had stuck to his principles of having an advance guard to inform him of trouble. FitzPatrick waved to Duarte not to fire; at least

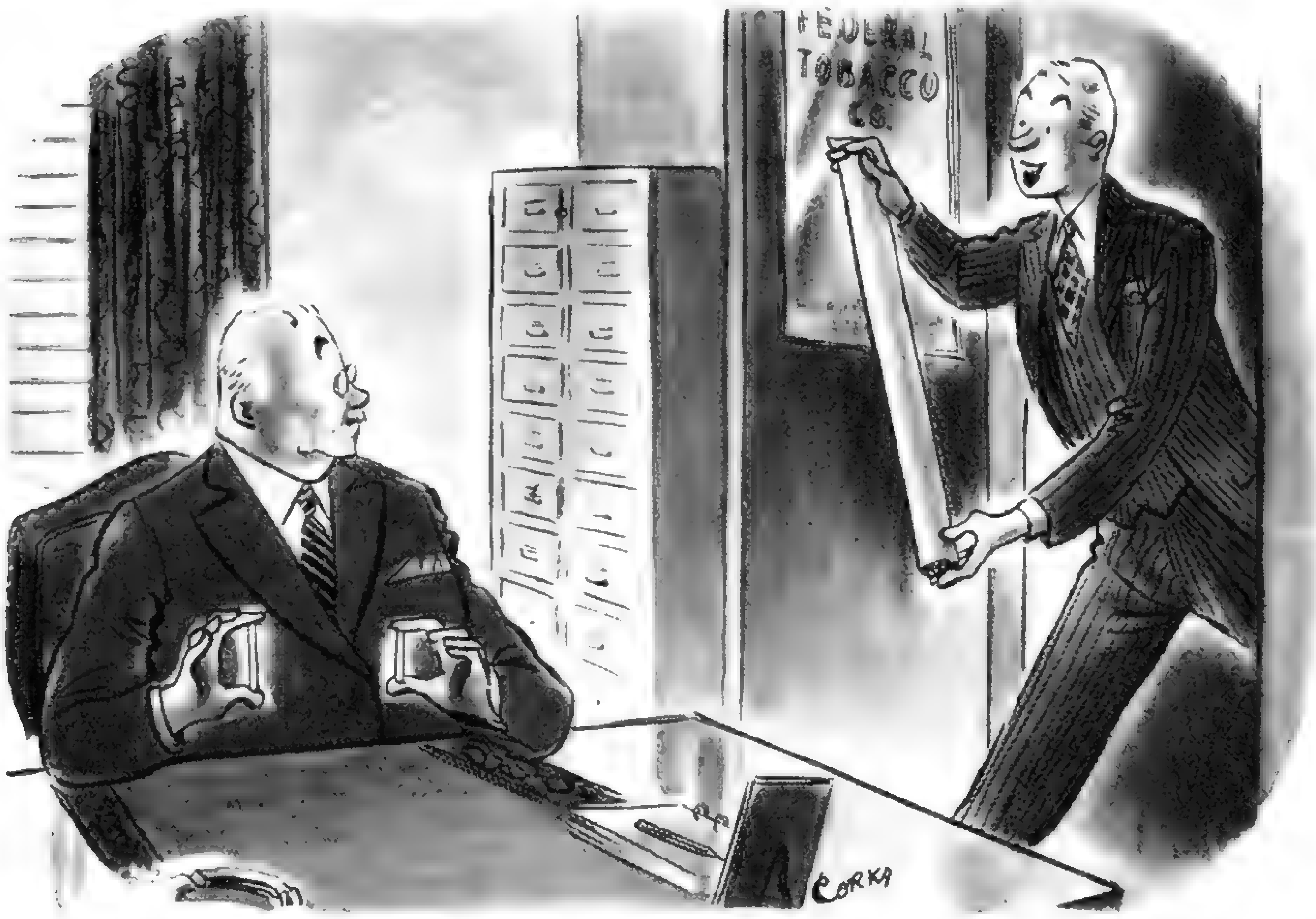
Continued on page 99



"Dieting won't help. You must stop seeing so many double features"



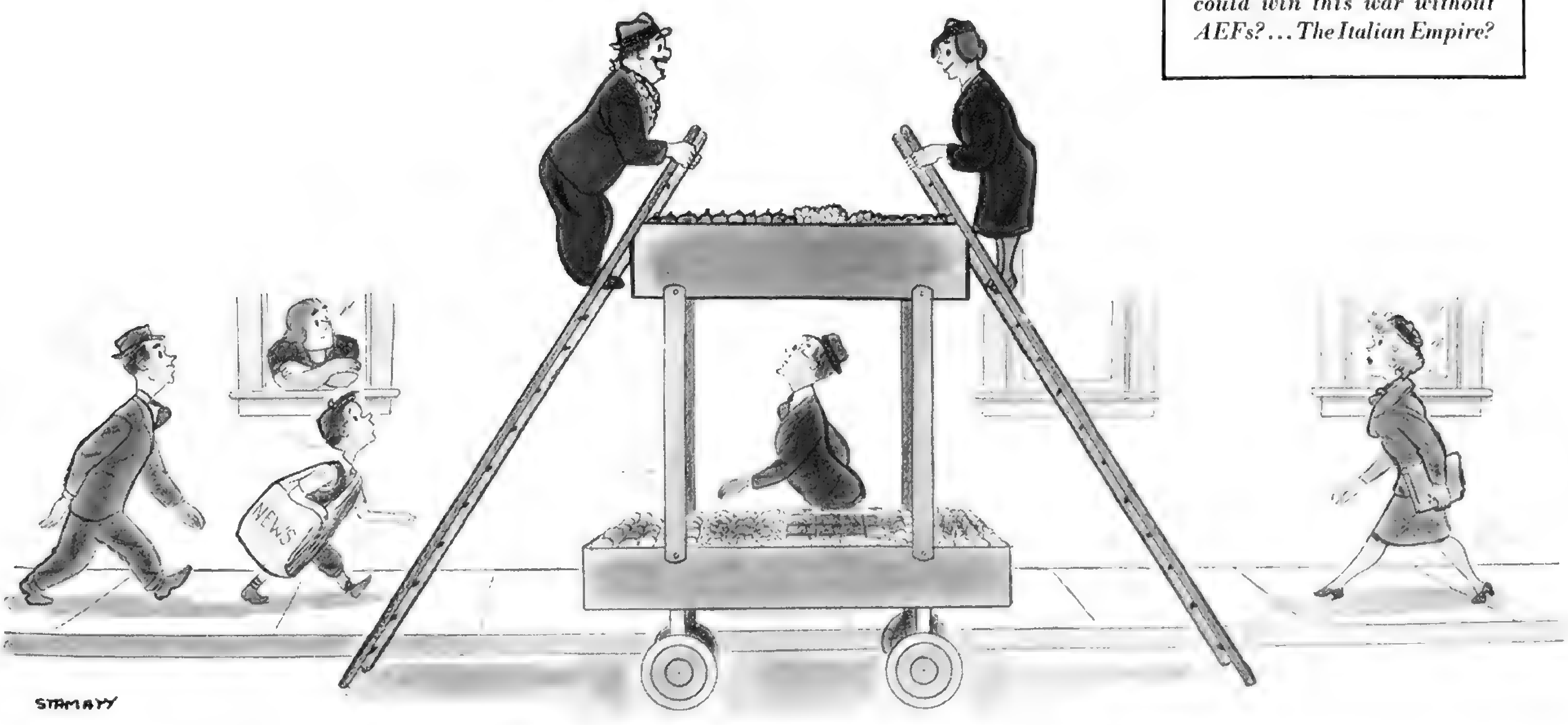
"—I can't find Pierre!"



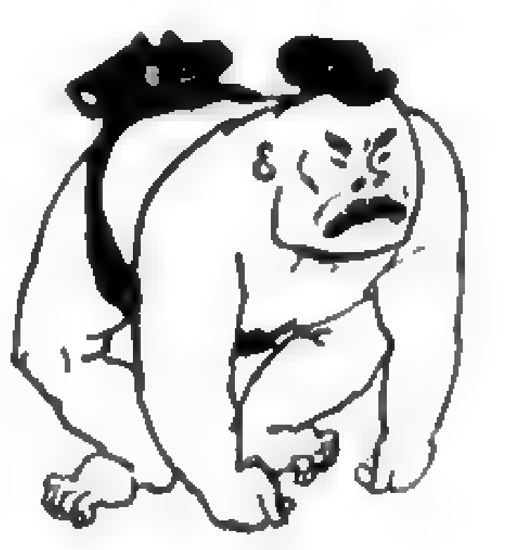
"Look what the research department dreamed up"

What Became of:

All those winter book hot shots that were going to win the Kentucky Derby? . . . Lou Novikoff? . . . The guys who said airplanes would never be able to sink a battleship? . . . The days when radio comedians wrote their own scripts? . . . short-skirted evening dresses? . . . imported camembert cheese? . . . chaperons? . . . Babe Didrickson? . . . The theory that the U. S. could win this war without AEFs? . . . The Italian Empire?

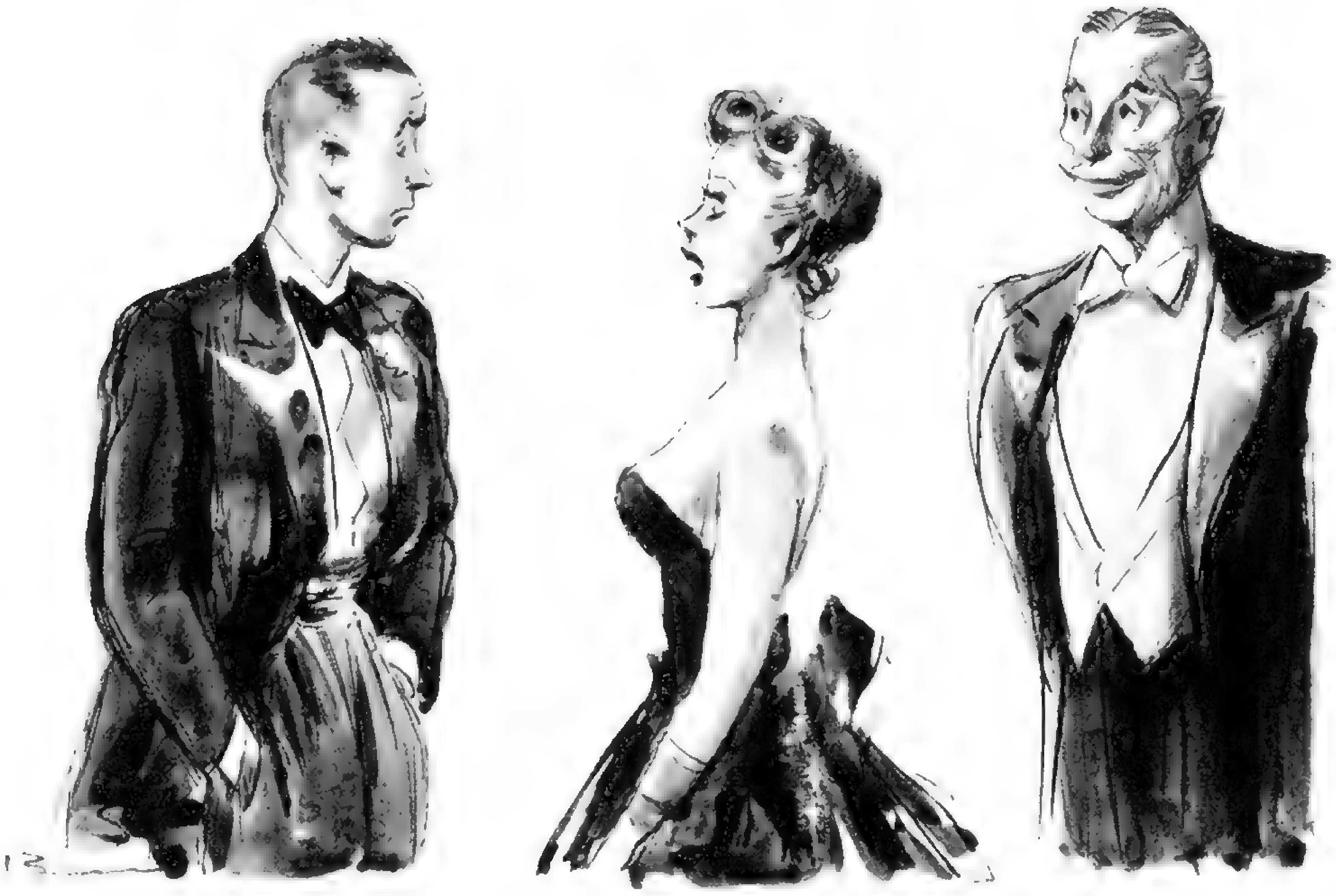


"—second floor: apples, bananas, and dried fruits!"

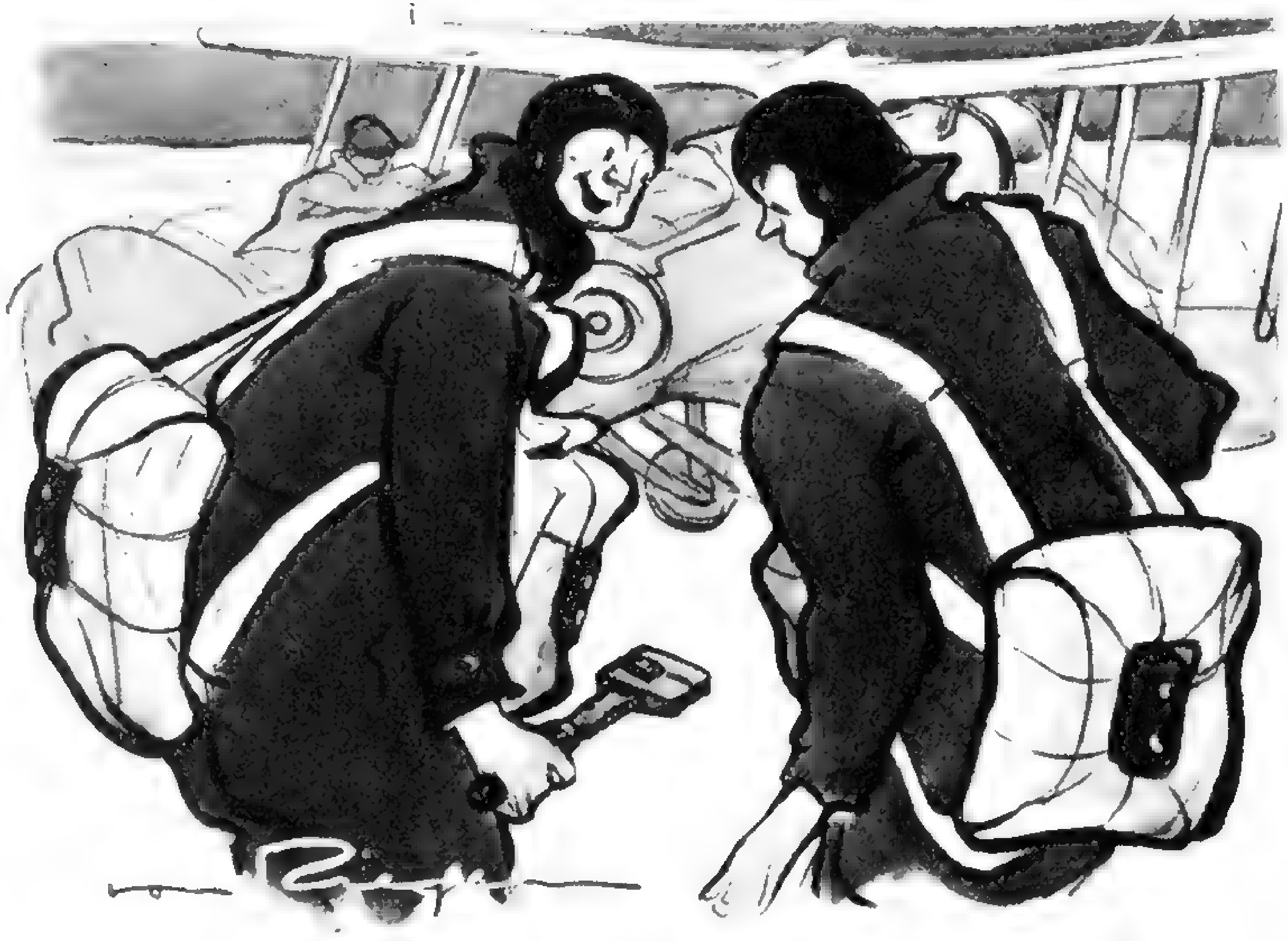


Versions

American: *"You may fire when ready, Gridley."*
Jap: *"You must fire before they're ready, Togo."*

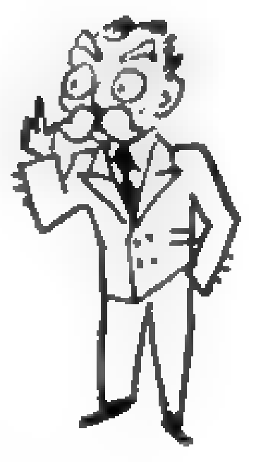


"Seeing that Mr. Markey is the older, Jerry, don't you think I should marry him first?"



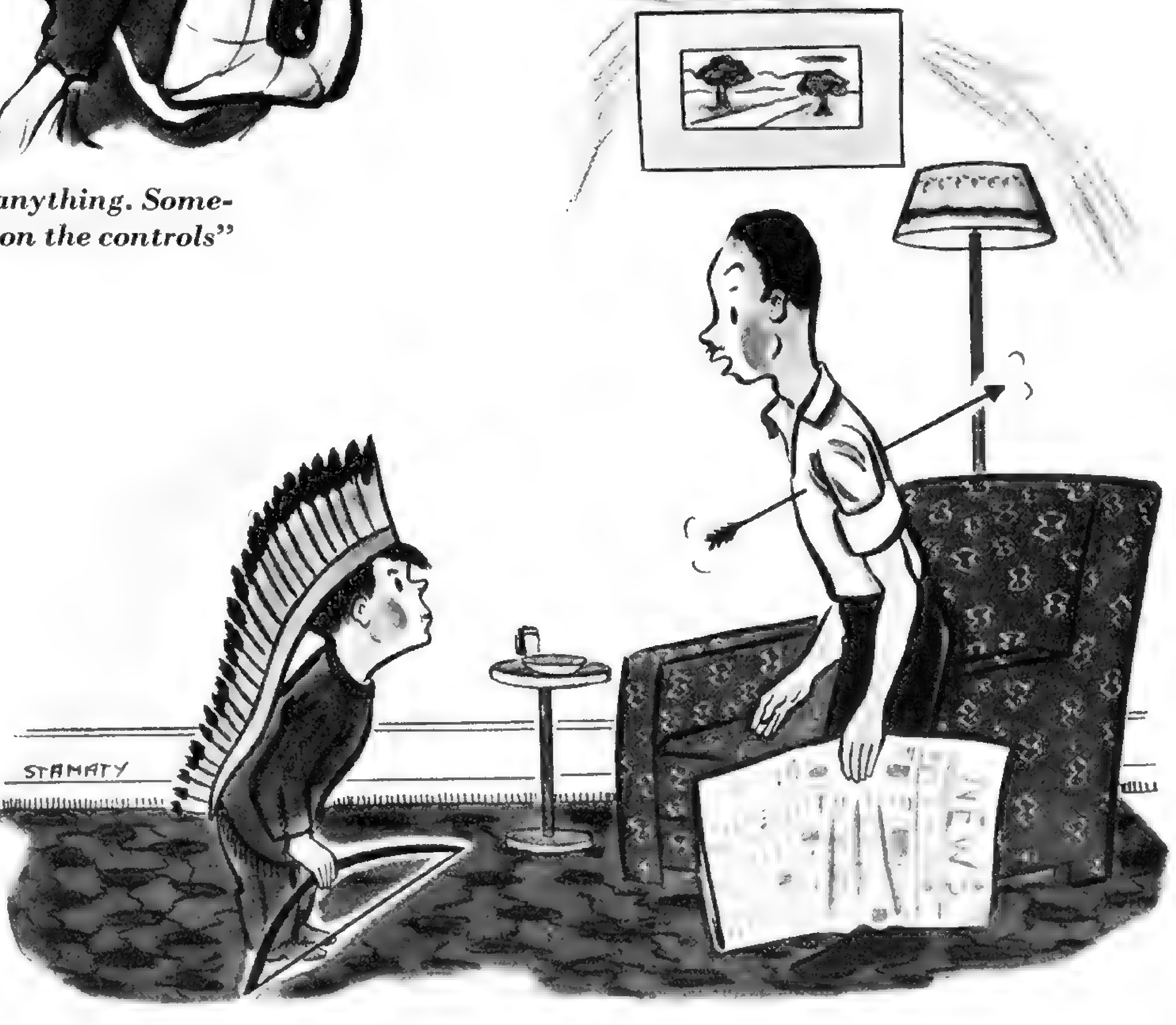
"It's not for adjusting anything. Sometimes a student freezes on the controls"

If this war doesn't settle anything more than all of the radio forums did, it is apt to be in vain.



Essential Industry

"Harry's a spotter."
"Air raid?"
"No. Golf ball."



"Wish you'd be a bit more careful, son"

Ambuscade in the Andes

Continued from pages 40-96

he could keep Henderson from knowing the strength of his force. "Manuel," he said quickly, "you and the first six men shoot at fifty yards."

Manuel nodded and whispered to the man beside him.

The four horsemen, bending low over their horses, and looking backwards, never heard the rattle of muskets that made their mounts riderless. FitzPatrick did not watch them, but rather the main body, to observe what effect this indication of another force would have upon Henderson, close to three hundred yards distant.

The effect was what FitzPatrick had hoped for: the Royalistas all dismounted, and sent their horses to the shelter of the outcropping. "All right," FitzPatrick said to Manuel, who, cursing, was reloading his musket. "Fire at the lads going after Urrutia." He shouted the same orders to Duarte.

Some twenty men were scrambling insanely up the rocks to reach the *llaneros*, and two lucky musketeers got their men. The other Royalistas simply dropped to their faces. If they expected to be safe from the exhausted balls fired by FitzPatrick's men, they were justified; but they failed to include the enterprise of Urrutia's *llaneros*, who, faithful to their task of stopping Henderson's retreat, nonetheless boldly sent a pair of their fellows down the wall of the pass to snipe at the Royalistas.

FitzPatrick was about to shout at Duarte, when a spray of splinter stung past his face. He was momentarily disconcerted to discover that the Royalistas below Urrutia had ignored the precariousness of their own position to take advantage of the additional carry given to their musketballs by their height, and were shooting on an angle down at the barricade.

Henderson could have charged back through the pass in comparative safety, but he preferred to wrest victory from surprise, and pushed his men along the floor of the pass to the extreme line that the ledge of rock shielded them from the *llaneros*.

The battle had developed precisely as FitzPatrick had planned. The English Royalistas doggedly crept forward, firing carefully at the almost indistinguishable heads over the barricade, and FitzPatrick's musketeers wasted most of their shots in anxiety. FitzPatrick lost five men in the interchange, but the Royalistas suffered a quintuple amount of injuries. Henderson, having a certain intelligence, did not attempt to storm the barricade, preferring instead to wait for nightfall to bring the combat to even terms.

Unfortunately for Henderson, Major Dario was an excellent leader of cavalry, and shortly after noon, fifty *llaneros* swept down the pass, lances at rest. Resourcefully, Henderson had his men beneath the ledge of rock mounted almost in the time it took to shout the commands, and, driven by necessity, he took the chance which caution forbade before Dario's arrival: a score of Royalistas came charging frantically at the rocks that sheltered FitzPatrick and his Creoles.

Some impulse beyond his will raised FitzPatrick to his feet; this fight was over, and something told him to stop it. "Hold your fire!" he ordered his Creoles. Incredulous, Manuel glared at his Colonel. FitzPatrick drew a pair of pistols, and Manuel subsided. The Creoles did not shoot as the desperate Royalistas plunged at the barricade. Of course their steeds couldn't negotiate the rocks, and FitzPatrick cursed as horses were broken by their riders.

Then the charge was over, and the Royalistas completely at the mercy of the rebels.

A tall, broad-shouldered, blond man painfully pulled himself upright. The epaulettes on his shoulders were askew, but his blue eyes were indomitably hard.

FitzPatrick knew that this was Henderson. "You'd better surrender," he said quietly, standing atop the barricade. A few bullets missed him.

Henderson calmly stared at the rebel leader. "You're English?" he asked incredulously.

"No, damn your heart," FitzPatrick replied. "Irish."

"Oh," Henderson shrugged. "Let's start the massacre; my men are nearly all English."

The arrogant implication that the Royalistas could expect nothing better than slaughter at the hands of an Irish Colonel raised the pistols in FitzPatrick's hands. Dario, at the head of thirty delighted lancers, pounded up; the rest of his men were herding a disconsolate group of Royalistas.

"You are a genius mi Coronel," he said with ardor. His horsemen arrayed themselves in an ominous ring about the Royalistas.

"Do you surrender, sir?" FitzPatrick asked Henderson.

"If you grant quarter, sir," Henderson replied, with a bow.

"Granted," FitzPatrick said.

Henderson nodded to a dazed subordinate. "Drop your muskets."

Major Dario and his *llaneros* did not conceal their pleasure as the Royalistas put down their weapons and raised their hands. When the last Royalista was helpless, Dario turned in his saddle, and shouted in Spanish to his men, who agreeably lowered their lance points and prepared to drive at their hapless victims.

"Stop!" FitzPatrick rasped. "They are prisoners, and subject to the treatment as such under the Articles of War."

"No!" Dario cursed, and turned to wave his riders on.

"Yes," FitzPatrick smiled grimly, and called, "Duarte!"

Duarte raised his sword, and the Creoles levelled their muskets at their brothers in revolution. Manuel rushed insensately at FitzPatrick, who rapped his mutinous Sergeant over the head with the barrel of a pistol. "They are our prisoners," FitzPatrick reiterated. Dario glared at him. He knew full well that the Creoles would shoot if so ordered. Nor did Dario care to notice that FitzPatrick had carelessly aimed his own pistol at Dario's chest.

"It is better," FitzPatrick said to Dario.

"Si," Dario agreed. "It is better."

Looking down at Henderson, who had looked upon the entire transaction with a grand detachment, FitzPatrick would very much have liked to know what was passing through that handsome blond head. He was soon informed.

"Thank you, Colonel," Henderson said, when Dario had ridden his men a short distance away. "I bow to a gentleman."

FitzPatrick did not laugh, but returned the salute.

That evening, when Urrutia and his Creoles had disappeared with the forty Royalista prisoners, FitzPatrick, sitting by his tiny campfire, called Dario to him. The *llanero* Major came slowly.

"You are angry with me for weakness," FitzPatrick remarked speculatively.

"*Si*," Dario admitted.

"But I could not do it," FitzPatrick said. "Even though I hate the English, I could not do it. I was satisfied to have conquered them; to see the fear in their faces. That was enough."

"*Si*," Dario nodded.

FitzPatrick looked at the fires of the *llaneros*. Not far distant, Manuel was staring at him with an impassive face. "To know that I could kill them if I wished—that feeling of power—to have them helpless—I wanted no more."

"All right," Dario said.

"You are still angry?" FitzPatrick asked.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because," Dario said, nonchalantly, reaching beside him for his brandy flask, "we can get much ransom for them. Have a drink?"

FitzPatrick had a drink, and Manuel went away to his friends. ✠

The overplaid pattern of this Shetland jacket is set off by the diamond weave of the fabric.

Adjusting Your Nerves to War

Continued from page 23

wounded, you will bleed to death, a thought that ought to make you happy as a lark.

What about the chances that prolonged danger, worry, suspense and horror will drive you out of your wits? On this subject the experts are not only reassuring but even callous. Should you tell them the crisis was getting you, they would likely tell you to quit faking. They have a much higher estimate of what you can stand than you have.

"This war undoubtedly will produce some new mental cases among the civilian population," says one psychiatrist cheerfully, "but they will come from the ranks of the prepsychotic. Those who are 'driven crazy,' as you put it, are men and women who were right on the edge before, and only waiting for some additional strain or excuse to push them over. You have to remember, however, that there are a good many persons who prefer yelling and screaming to facing a lot of unpalatable facts. It gets them sympathy and relieves them of responsibility.

"Combat itself produces remarkably few mental cases. We listed a great many forms of 'war neuroses' last time, but they cleared up surprisingly well, even cases of shell shock."

The human mind, in fact, seems to stand excitement in astonishing amounts. Perhaps no one gets adventure in more concentrated form than the men of the R.A.F. If there is a breaking point, at which nerves snap, they should reach it fast.

"It has been found advisable," says an eminent American neuropsychiatrist, "to take the British fliers out of the fighting at a certain stage and give them some rest. They are greatly exhausted, and highly toxic, and may even show a little confusion. But the point at which that is done is not until they have seen 150 hours of war in the air. And even then, I wouldn't say they showed a real neurosis. Given a little rest, they snap right out of it."

But the lads of the R.A.F., of course, are a picked lot, and might be supposed to have nerves of steel. More to the point, perhaps, would be a report on what happens to nervous and high-strung persons—men and women who are a bundle of nerves even in peacetime. Dr. R. D. Gillespie, chief psychiatrist for the R.A.F., discussed this with American nerve-specialists when he visited this country a few months ago. He remarked that men and women he regarded as "chronically neurotic" turn out in wartime to be "chronically heroic and self-sacrificing."

That is only one of many instances in which the war-torn civilian has proved far tougher, on the whole, than was expected.

"The British," says a psychologist who studied air-raid precautions abroad, "find they don't need the hospitals they prepared for cases of panic and hysteria. They find panic can be averted if the public is told what to expect and what to do. Much of the panic cured itself, for a curious reason. The British found that thousands of their citizens were asocial—that is, they had no friends. These men and women were total strangers in their own cities, in their own neighborhoods. When the bombers came over, these persons were scared and demoralized. Once they got into the public shelters, however, they were fine. Not because the shelters were safe. Just because, for the first time, they were finding human companionship."

A few doubts about your personal valor, it appears, don't make you a weakling. "War is real," says the psychiatric advisor to the Civilian Defense Committee, "and we must not delude ourselves into thinking we are all super-humans who will withstand the strains and dangers of total civilian war without occasional fears and flinching. Some degree of anxiety under stress is natural to everyone, and is even beneficial, because it makes us more alert and efficient." The good news there is that you can be scared, alert, and efficient, all at one and the same time.

This same psychiatrist has advised speakers to go easy on the pep-talks and the rafter-ringing. "Ill-advised emotional harangues on the subject of morale," he says, "may do more harm than good, since people begin to wonder if their leaders distrust them or are preparing them for some impending disaster. Don't shout 'Be calm!' Such spoken or written admonitions calm nobody and actually make some people apprehensive."

A good deal of laboratory research has been carried out in the field of fear and courage, sometimes involving rather unusual scientific equipment. The apparatus used by one beetle-browed professor of psychology consisted of a trick easy chair, so designed that the seat would drop at the throw of a switch. The professor seated his students in this little fun-maker, threw a scare into them by letting the bottom of the chair fall a few inches, and recorded their heartbeat and respiration as they fell.

The first time it happened, the professor's subjects, or stooges, or chumps, as you may prefer to regard them, were taken by surprise and thought they were going to fall to the floor. But the chair let them down easy, and they weren't harmed. The professor would then ask them to try it again—to take another ride in the nice man's funny chair. This time, the students knew what to expect and knew there was no chance of coming to harm. They may have felt a little ridiculous, spending the afternoon taking modified prattfalls in a laboratory, but certainly they were not alarmed. Nevertheless, the instruments recorded an increased heartbeat and faster breathing—the same signs of fear shown the first time. The students said they weren't frightened, and didn't feel frightened. But, they showed fright reactions.

This proved two things: that nobody has as much fun as experimental psychologists, and that it is possible to be afraid without feeling afraid. Certainly the reverse is true—that it is possible to perform acts of bravery while feeling distinctly weak in the knees. Ask any hero of the A.E.F. how he felt under fire and he will tell you he felt anything but heroic.

But fear isn't a bad ally.

"A minute before it came time to go over the top," says one holder of a World War combat medal, "nobody in my outfit could have lifted himself out of the trench. We were scared stiff, or maybe it would be better to say, scared limp. But being scared doesn't interfere with your fighting—I think it helps. You never think of running away—there's no safety in that direction. What you want to do more than anything in the world is get to the danger and eradicate it. The only way to do that is to attack. Fear doesn't make you run away. It makes you run forward.

"I never did see a fearless man. I never did see any deserters, either. One of the chief troubles was that men would get too far ahead, in danger of being hit by their own barrage. What I never could understand was the fellows who would go A.W.O.L. and run up to Paris to see a girl or get drunk. I used to envy them. I never did have nerve enough to go A.W.O.L. and risk getting into trouble."

It frequently happens, of course, that brave men go to pieces while cowards distinguish themselves. A psychiatrist who studied his fellow soldiers in the last war evolved a theory about that. "I came to the conclusion," he says, "that the so-called brave men, considered brave by everyone who knew them, were worried about living up to their reputation. The so-called cowards, the men we all thought were yellow, didn't have that handicap. They *knew* they were scared—and were too scared to care. They threw all discretion to the wind and came through with acts of the damnedest heroism you ever saw."

Are there supermen, who don't know the meaning of fear? If so, they seem to be rare.

"The most fearless man I know," said the endocrinologist, "goes hunting, every now and then, and encounters something that completely demoralizes him. He isn't afraid of humans—he has killed hoodlums who tried to kill him. I'd swear he wasn't afraid of anything in the world, except that when he sees a garter snake, he loses his lunch and is through for the day. Is he a brave man or a coward? I wouldn't care to say. It's a subject we don't know a whole lot about."

In spite of the confidence the experts have in your endurance and courage, you may still entertain some doubt that you are made of the stuff of heroes. So, one July day, did a soldier who was going into battle with a passionate desire to be somewhere else. "As we approached the brow of the hill," he wrote later, "my heart kept getting higher and higher until it felt to me as though it was in my throat. I would have given anything to be back in Illinois, but I didn't have the moral courage to halt and consider what to do; I kept right on."

The man who wrote that signed it "Ulysses S. Grant."

As for your war nerves, or war-stomach, you ought to mitigate the damage by taking special care of yourself. Planned conservation of energy, a little extra sleep, a little care in eating, is the program usually suggested. If you aren't doing it, you may be interested in the reply given by one of the leading lights of science when asked how the psychiatrists keep themselves in trim. They should be the very model of intelligent behavior. How do they take care of themselves, these strenuous times?

"Why," he said, "we work longer than usual, we work harder than usual, and we neglect our sleep. Does that answer your question?" ⌗

English Springer Spaniel

Champion Eldgyth Apollo owned by Mr. Ralph Rubinger. The "Springing" Spaniel's field duties are, as its original name implies, to spring at game—to flush it—and to "hup" (sit) while the gunner shoots. When commanded to "fetch," he will plunge into a thick covert and retrieve a pheasant at a gay gallop. All varieties of the Spaniel family are off-shoots of the original Spaniel which boasts 1386 as its beginning. But not until early in this century was the Springer recognized as a distinct breed. Today's type is more refined in looks than its brother of twenty-five years ago. Still, as the breed is essentially sporting, the English Springer Spaniel Field Trial Association imposes a strict standard of physical characteristics to keep it up to par for field work. The Springer weighs about forty-five pounds, is "durable" in appearance but quick in movements as the well-known lightning and to quote a masterpiece on the Springer—"in fact as an all-rounder he cannot be beaten for show—shooting—or disposition."

—Chase Herendeen

CHAMPION
[illegible] APOLLO

"EVENING AT TOGATIC LAKE"
WALTER E. BOHL

"Mistera" Goes South

Continued from page 25

cally. Next to the small-boned Latin female, she is a giant. She is tall enough to look him straight in the eye, muscular enough so that it's a damned good thing you don't make love by stepping back and charging at twenty paces.

I don't mean that all Latin men are short—they aren't. I've known men from Mexico City to Caracas and I've only met one whose head rested comfortably under my chin on the dance floor. It's those muscles that throw 'em.

The Latin man thinks of the female figure as a rather comfortable combination of soft flesh and well-banked curves. The North American girl's flesh looks soft—but its softness is belied by the hardness of her muscles. As far as the Latins are concerned, we North American females have gone into a protoplasmic decline. Hipless, hard, and sinewy, we are flat in back to say nothing of the front.

And then there's the matter of clothes. In the ultra-conservative South American capitals, men wear black from the tip of their hats to the soles of their shoes, the women never leave the house without hat, gloves, and coat. They are about as tolerant of North American bohemianism as the petite bourgeoisie in Paris who used to shake their heads at American toggery and exclaim, "Mais c'est bizarre, ca!" Picture me in the central airport in Bogota.

I have lost my hat—or rather I threw it away two weeks ago to make room for some Mexican silver. My coat is plaid, a "very smart" little number (in Peoria) in red, green, and blue, reminding you of a cat throwing a fit in a can of tomato juice. I am wearing white shoes, sheer stockings, and a flower in my hair. I might as well arrive in nothing but the flower.

On the streets of Bogota I wandered hatless—and friendless. Men forgot to pinch me and only scorned me. "Loca Americana" they hissed instead of whispering "Come with me to a *cantina* . . ."

On the second day an American friend said, "Would you mind wearing a pair of dark shoes out in public? It doesn't matter to you. You're leaving in a couple of weeks. But I live here."

A few upper-bracket Latins with Harvard or Paris educations have an acquired taste for North American girls, but even these gentlemen agree she is "cold." Cold—although it is an excess of warmth that gets her into situations from which she extricates herself by appearing cold. The Latin male, refused, discouraged, or jilted, always counters, "You North American girls are cold. We Latins . . ."

Ever seen a trick camera shot of a diver going off a twenty-foot board, and when the figure is six inches from the water, the film is reversed and the diver shoots upward to land, unruffled and dry, on the diving board? That's a first-class picture of what the Latin male thinks of the love-making manners of the Colossus of the North.

Because the North American girl expects the privileges of the double standard and the freedom of the single standard, Latins consider her "spoiled"—and they have a case. As for "career women"—they are simply northern phenomena.

When the Latin man says the North American girl is pretty—which he does generously—and often he means it. And it's not just because she is blonde, for all North Americans aren't, and many Latin Americans are. What the Latin male doesn't need to know is that the Colossus has science on her side. Beauty parlors below the Rio Grande are enthusiastic but primitive, and although plenty of American companies have invaded South America with jars of creams, mascara, eyeshadow, and nail polish, no one went along to teach the women how to use them. The high percentage of female prettiness up North is a triumph of technique over nature, a battle Latin girls have only just begun.

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. For instance he'd love to pass those spring exams, or figure a way of making that old jalopy last another year or tell that .... sergeant where he gets off.

The Latins don't take the North American Panzer divisions lying down. They launch a stiff counter-offensive and here's the way they do it.

In Panama City I have had two drinks of absinthe before eleven o'clock in the morning. On a picnic in a palmy Central American interior I have drunk green coconut milk—that is, after the top of the coconut had been lopped off with a machete, and eight ounces of whiskey poured in. In Costa Rica I have had three brandies *before breakfast.* In short, the first way the Latin male tries to cope with the Colossus of the North is to stupefy her with liquor.

Not that drinking is a device created by Latin men solely as a weapon against North American women. The Latins drink like North American newspapermen in any case, the local brand of barnacle solvent if they're poor, British whiskey if they're rich. The point is that the Latin male insists that the Colossus drink with him drink for drink, proof that he considers it an equal fight and not, as in home territory, a walkaway. He expects "Mistera" to stow 'em away like a man.

Liquor is a familiar old villain but at this point a new menace slinks into the story—the well-tempered chauffeur. If the North American girl in Latin America ever sells virtue down the river, this is the villain that done her in.

He speaks nothing but Spanish, but he never seems to understand your brand of it. He is to your Latin escort as ice cubes are to hard liquor. Although he might consider his employer's antics "loco," he will execute them devotedly.

But he can't always keep the grin off his face. I remember the time I climbed into the front seat (over the back, too) and started to drive the car myself. His big white teeth showed bright in the darkness . . . But here's the routine.

In the car on the way home from the country club, or a ball, or most likely, a cantina, your escort says, "Would you like to go right home, or would you like to drive around awhile?"

That's an exit cue if you ever heard one, so you reply "Thank you etcetera, etcetera, but I'd like to go home."

He smiles. He is polite and gracious. "Of course," he says, "Why not?" (They're always saying Why not?) and then turns to the chauffeur and orders "Drive out into the country."

Here is where the path of virtue turns from a broad highway into a narrow cobblestone street winding up a forty-five-degree mountain. When you get right down to it the North American girl is accustomed to having her wishes "respected"—can't you hear that word on mother's lips? She can't decide whether to use reason, or muscle. Fifteen minutes later she has no choice.

In that terrible moment hemisphere relations are really on the mat and it's no wonder that the North American girl later spreads the word that Latins are ruthless seducers and the Latins noise it around that North American girls are tricky, stubborn, and "cold."

Like men the world over, Latins try to ignore what they can't cope with, and a woman who knows her own mind leads that class. So few Latin women think for themselves that a woman who fancies she can is strange, bordering on the unpleasant. He is constantly trying to establish his superiority, and once established, to enforce it. So the sinister-chauffeur routine takes place over and over again with nothing but prestige involved.

"Shall we go to dinner now, or stop at one more cantina?"

"I'd like to go to dinner now."

"Good, excellent." Then turning to the chauffeur, "Drive to the airport cantina."

In the United States, girls are accustomed to a fairly regular take in luxuries—flowers, nightclubs, small gifts, candy, books. Romance feeds on *pâte de foie gras* but down South it has to struggle along on boiled ham.

The Colossus is used to having every big date ushered in by gardenias, but in countries where orchids drip from the tree trunks six months in the year you won't get a corsage. If he thinks you're "muy sympatica" he'll send you two dozen orchids airmail when you get back home. Not, however, everyone who promises. One shipment per ten promises is a good score.

In the Latin equivalent of Columbus, Ohio, the nicest place in town is the "country club." It is a low rambling frame building. Tables are set up on a dirt floor out of doors. Whatever space on your resisting flesh the mosquitos miss, the fleas will take care of. Music comes from a juke box in the corner. Drinks are strong, and lukewarm because there is never quite enough ice. If there is any food at all, it couldn't hold a candle to a blue-plate special.

But this is the best there is, and against this broken-down backdrop the Latin male must do his romancing. There are night clubs in all South American capitals, many of them tricked out in chromium and white linen, but El Patio in Mexico City is the only one I ever saw where the local boys figured out what the Americans expected—and gave it to them.

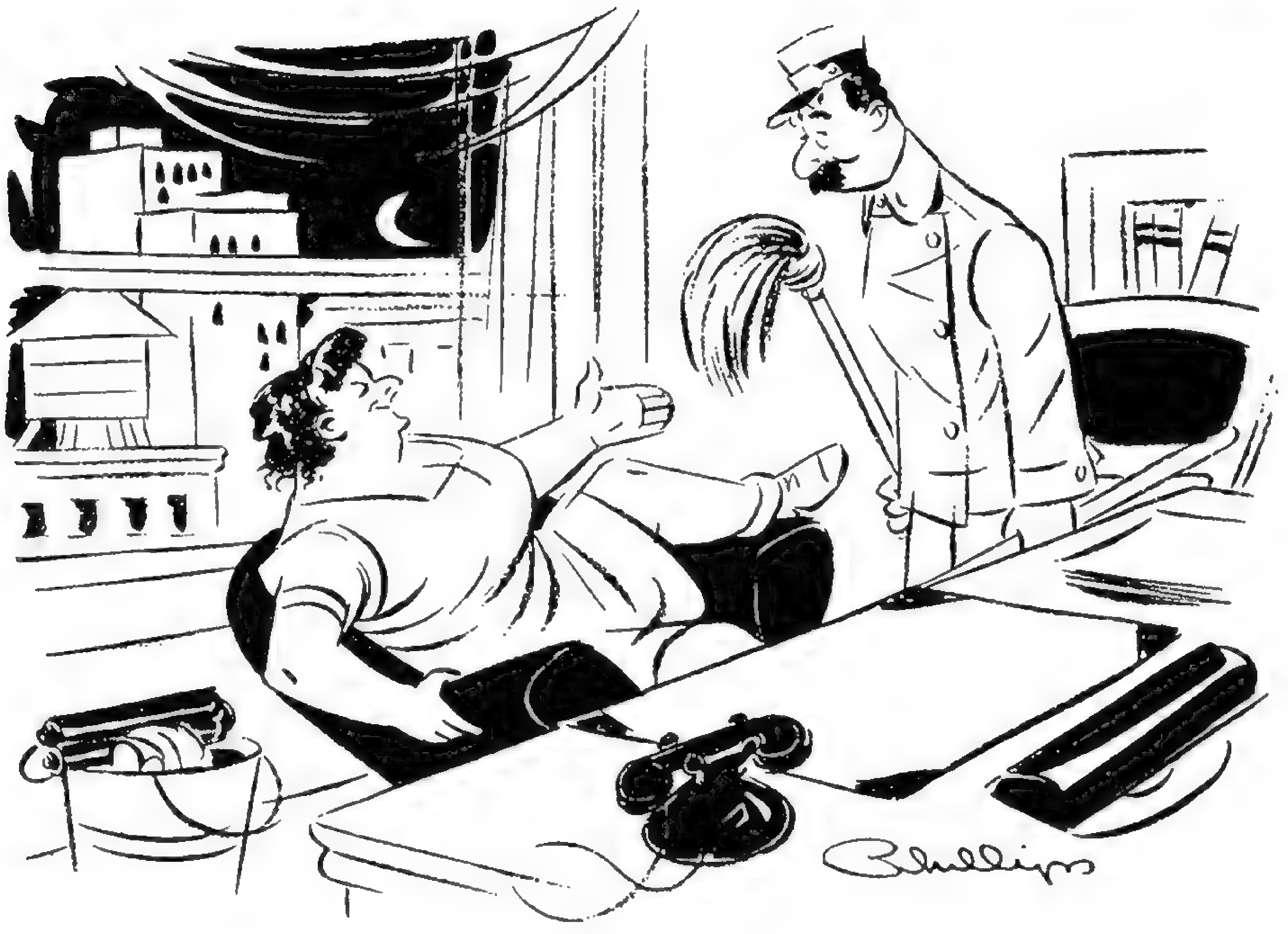
The North American girl is good-natured, but unadaptable. She went South loaded with cock-eyed notions about the Latins and her every action helps to make them come true. Somewhere between her and the Latin man yawns a chasm of mutual fear and shock, into which romance too often drops with a hollow splash.

For his part the Latin male is baffled, excited, amazed, shocked, and pleased by the American girl, a series of emotions which he rides like a merry-go-round hobby horse with a couple of screws loose. All these emotions add up to one thing: confusion.

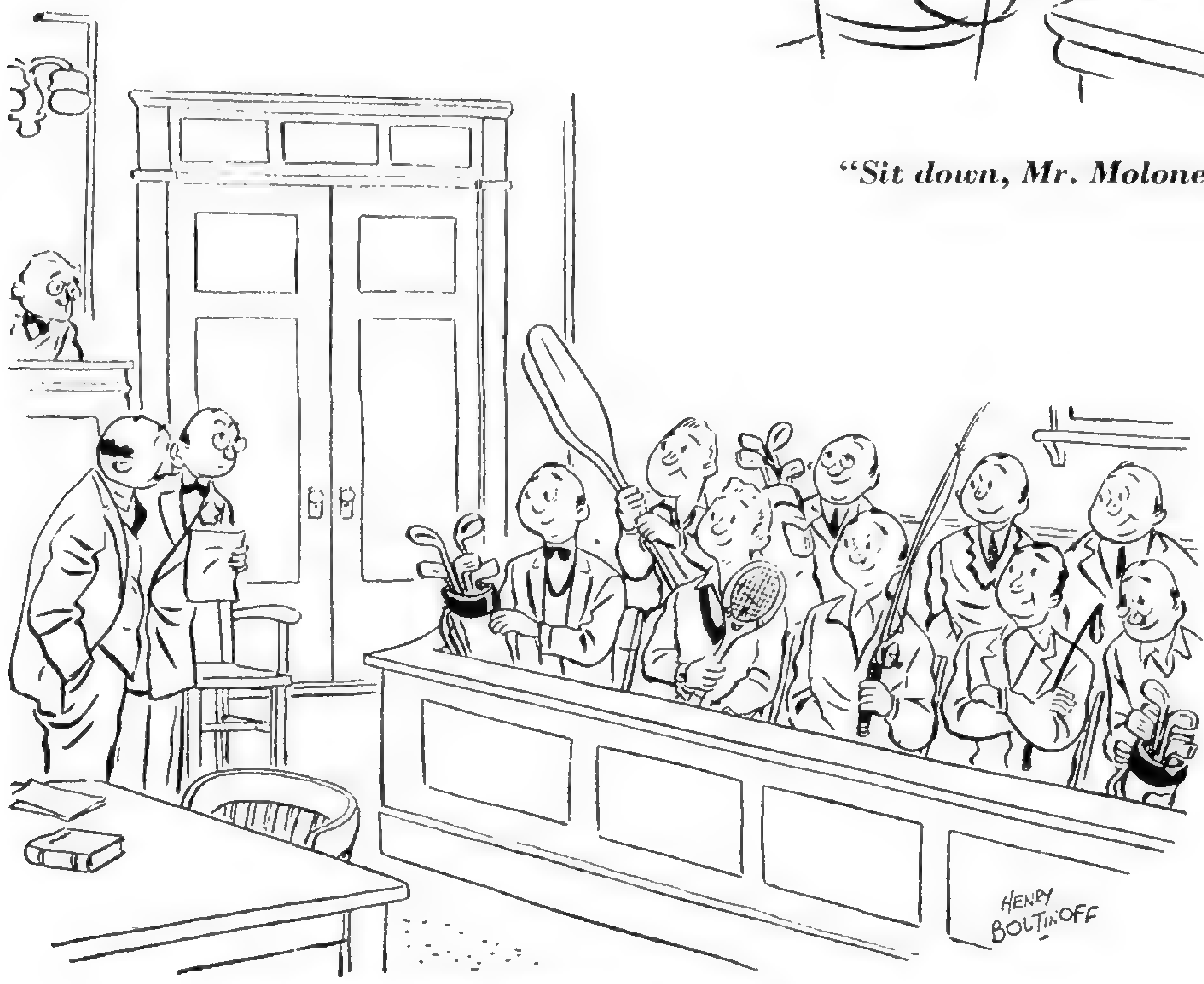
And it's confusion that the Colossus of the North has heaped on the heads of the Good Neighbors. I don't mean to say that she has undermined the Policy. But she brought distraction instead of satisfaction, dots and dashes instead of a straight line, storm where calm was prescribed.

There's a lot to be said about American girls in Latin America. But brother, smile when you say it.

It isn't certain that Britain and America will see eye to eye on everything after the war. For instance, transcribed radio commercials.



"Sit down, Mr. Moloney, and let's talk over your proposition"

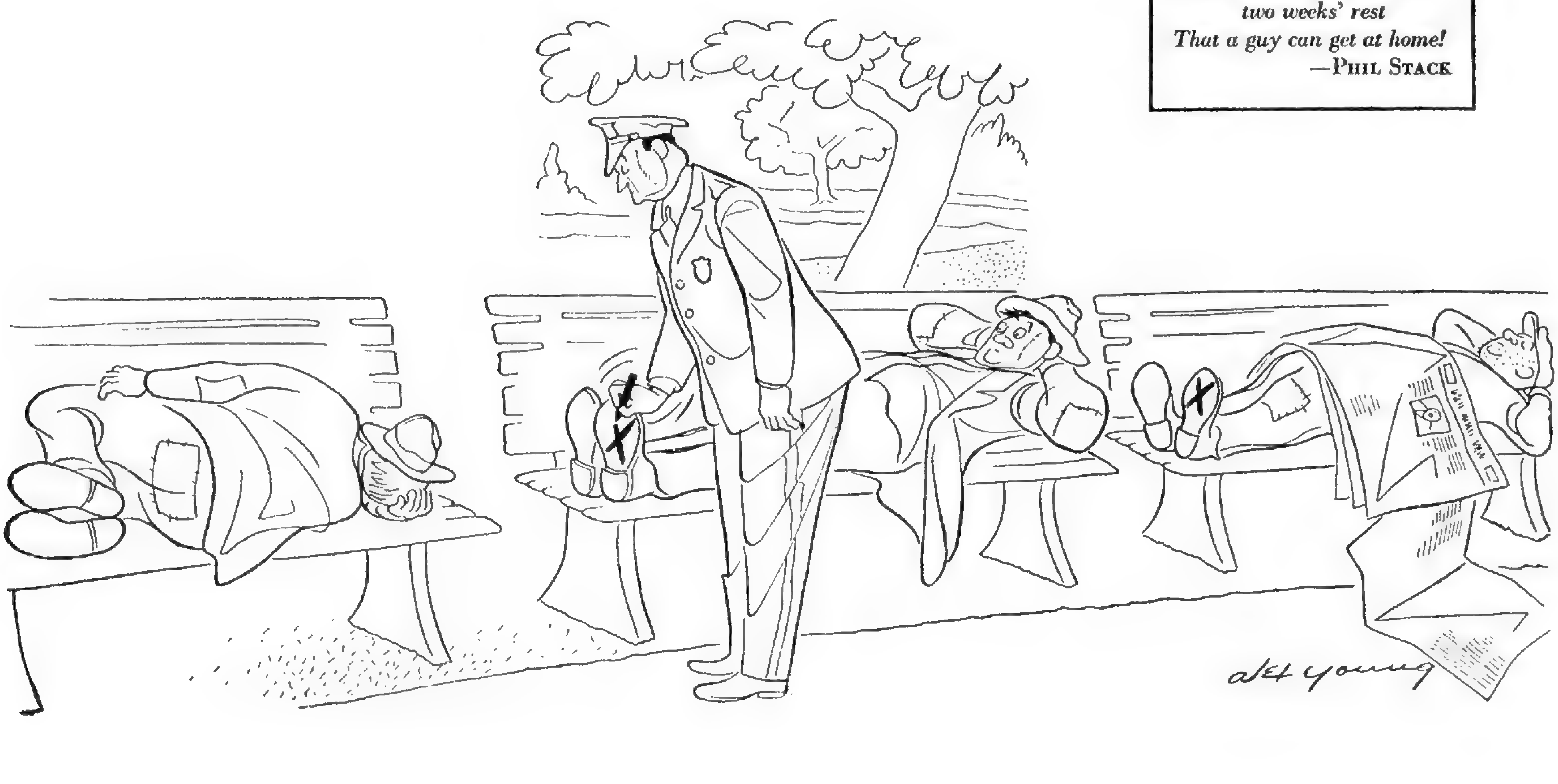


"I don't suppose this jury will be out long!"

Vacation Paradise

The place sets back from the
beaten track
And the breeze is cool and
soft,
No moppets yell like the
fiends of Hell
And my spirits soar aloft;
The bed is fine and the food
divine,
Oh, I could write a tome
On the blissful zest of the
two weeks' rest
That a guy can get at home!

—Phil Stack



Cocktails for Hitler

Continued from page 93

was poured out into a shallow pan and gunpowder was plopped into it and a lighted taper touched to it. If the powder ignited and flared up like a photographer's flashlight, the liquor was pronounced "proof"; if nothing happened, it was "below proof." As the trick wouldn't work if the liquor contained less than around fifty per cent alcohol, the term "proof" became standardized on that basis: "100 Proof" means "alcoholic content 50 per cent," and so on.)

But how about us drinkers? Are we going to be as badly off as Old Mother Hubbard's disconsolate canine?

Well, we *would* be if this nation were just emerging from Prohibition. The Ordnance Department would get it all and our poor palates would have none. And the U. S. Treasury would suffer with us, only worse.

As matters stand, there have been eight constructive years since re-legalization, and the distillers have laid by tidy liquid stocks against a rainy day which has now arrived. You couldn't call it an *ocean* of good whiskey, but it's quite a fair-sized lake (no bathing, please)—enough at any rate to keep us from perishing in the desert in the immediate future. The four-year U. S. bonding system accounts for a good deal of this; the rest is normal business reserves, wisely stepped up as clouds gathered on the international horizon.

"Ah, but it costs so much," growl the gloomsters bum-sportingly.

Honestly they don't deserve any. Win-the-war money has got to come from every tappable source, and our pleasures and enjoyments must kick in their generous share. What if the federal excise tax on a quart of whiskey has to be hoisted to a dollar and a half, with the average state tacking two bits on top of that, would our "hardship" as purchasers seem anything but trivial to our fighting men on the high seas and the far-strewn isles and outposts?

Indeed, as I reminded you a while back, we paid considerably *more* for phonous-balonous "drinkables" during the Fools'-Golden 'Twenties of the Volstead Gutter Intermezzo, and we didn't begrudge what we bestowed on the gangsters because we were so paper-profit affluent. In actual cash our national income in 1929 was thirty per cent *less* than in 1941—83.3 billions as against 94.5 billions. And this year's is going to lick 1929's by nearly 40 per cent.

A valid cause for concern is the fact that the present high taxes offer an extra teaser to the bootlegger to come out of the hole where he's been hiding. If he has been able to lay hands on some copper and has stored up a hoard of sugar or molasses, he can set himself up in business once again, and unfortunately there are tavern-keepers who will buy his wares, not counting heedless individuals who don't care what they drink or where it comes from so long as it's "ridiculously cheap." They consider it a feather in their cap that they've done Uncle Sam out of his tax. But in *these* days it's a *white* feather. Indeed, the illegal maker and seller of liquor is today a three-way louse. He's robbing America's war chest, he's chiseling in on the housewife's sugar ration, and he's stealing one of our most essential munition metals—copper.

The one safeguard against him and his ilk is enforcement and more enforcement and plenty of it. Nobody is more aware of this than the leaders of the alcoholic beverage industries themselves.

"Clean up or close up," is the blunt way it is put by the Conference of Alcoholic Beverage Industries, a better-business organization embracing the Distilled Spirits Institute, the League of Distilled Spirits Rectifiers, the National Association of Alcoholic Beverage Importers, Inc., the Wine Institute, the Finger Lakes Wine Growers Association, the American Hotel Association, the National Tavern Association, and the National Retail Package Stores Association, Inc. This organization, maintaining, "listening posts" throughout the states, invites and handles complaints from private citizens who call attention to laxity in their localities. And sore spots thus discovered are taken up with local chambers of commerce and tavern keepers' associations, with the result that the black sheep are quickly and definitely eliminated. Which isn't eager-eyed crusading but simply practical, common sense protection of legitimate business interests that involve billions of dollars in plants, hotels, warehouses, restaurants, package stores, sales organizations, and a whole flock of supply industries that depend on them, such as glassware, silverware, furniture, rugs, carpeting, drapes, linens, mirrors, lighting fixtures, printing, advertising, fuel, electricity, cartons, labels, transportation, telephone and telegraph, butcher, baker, fisheries, cow and hen products—not counting the millions of employees, including dance bands, singers, and entertainers deriving their main livelihood therefrom.

Recently established and already very active to good purpose is the Allied Liquor Industries, Inc., composed of important distillers, wholesalers, jobbers, and retailers, with a Public Advisory Board of which the liquor commissioners of many of our seventeen monopoly states are honorary members wholeheartedly cooperating in furthering the ethical program which Allied has pledged itself to—namely, orderly, honorable, and intelligent dispensation of alcoholic beverages to the adult public. Sending out confidential investigators to key areas—particularly those in the vicinity of camps, naval stations, waterfronts and aircraft and munition plants—it is alert to any situations that need correction. Camp and Navy Yard commanders are visited to get their frank views of local conditions, and criticisms voiced are laid before the members of the local association, thereby cracking down on backsliders. It's a question of, "Will you toe the mark, or shall we recommend that certain licenses be taken away?" And the same procedure is followed as regards munition cities and towns, only there, instead of a commander, it's the mayor and the chief of police.

Such checking-up activities are especially vital because of the continuing zeal of the Prohibitionists who'd as lief take over the country again if we'd let them. It irks them particularly that commissioned officers have clubs and quarters where these beverages are socially partaken of, often in the company of wives and guests. Imagine it! Gentlemen in the Army and Navy observing the same usages that gentlemen observe in polite civil society! Don't they realize a war is on, which should automatically isolate them from all normal contacts?

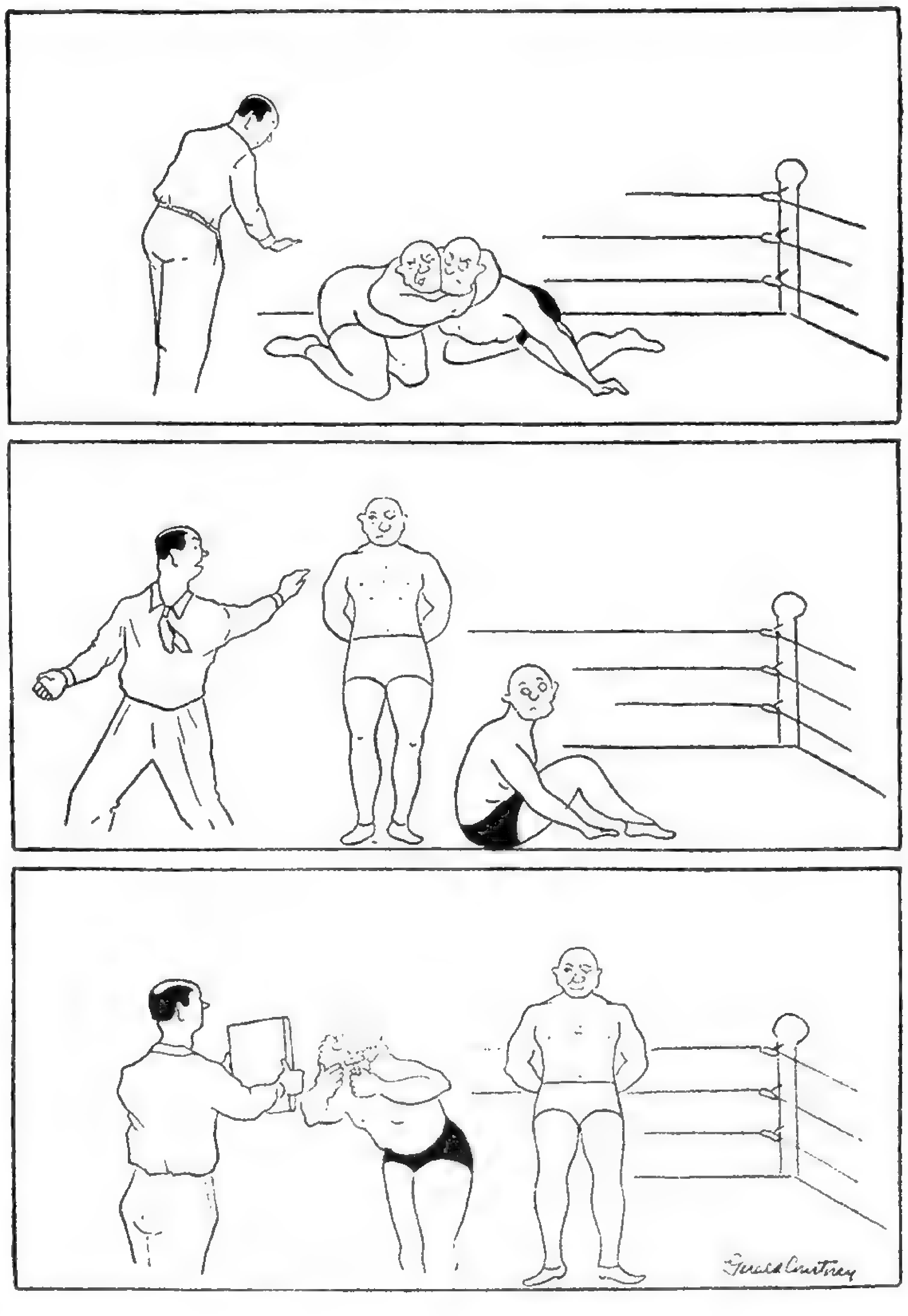
Thank the goddess of Reason we have a Commander in Chief and Secretaries of War and Navy who give bigotry the brushoff. But we've got Congressmen and Senators who are another story and will bear watching and bearing down on. That zoning scheme, under one guise and another but always with national drought intention, is still in their hip pockets, ready to be whipped out and put across at a strategic moment.

And don't forget the Gallup Poll in February which showed that 36 per cent of the voters are dry-hards.

If that didn't jolt you, how about South Carolina's voting liquor licenses out?—the only hitch being that said change doesn't take effect until the state can find, from some other source, money to replace the millions it has been receiving from legal liquor. Meanwhile would-be blind tigers are howling with impatience.

After all, the way we handle alcoholic beverages and regulate their proper distribution and service, is one of the tests of our civilization. And real Americans are ready to meet that test, wartime or peacetime. Civilians and fighters alike can prove their sense of discipline and self-command. We understand the art of rational enjoyment when it's time for relaxation and friendliness, and no conniving bloc of pathological vinegar-pusses is going to purloin our liberties. Not if we keep our eyes peeled.

So here's to you, fellow taxpayer and liking it. Every bumper we savor helps buy a bomber. #



Baseball's Thirteen Best Batters

Continued from page 62

to normal invariably gets the batter back in stride. In a great many cases, however, worry is the start of a slump. For three or four days, a batter is hitting the ball right on the nose but directly at some fielder. He just can't get the ball safe. 'Couldn't buy a base hit,' as we say in baseball. Since the batter is hitting the ball good, but with no luck, he shouldn't give the matter serious thought. However, as he sees the batting average slumping a few points with every day's failure to get base hits, he starts thinking about the matter. That is error number one. Having started to think about his slump, he also starts to think about how to overcome it. That is when and where the trouble usually starts. In his effort to overcome the base hit famine, he changes stance, swing or stride, and more often than not, further handicaps his timing.

"When I went into a slump, I tried my best to keep from worrying. I tried to think of the many lucky hits I had gotten to balance a lot of the hard hit balls that were going directly into the hands of some fielder. I always determined not to press. I killed off, to a certain extent, the desire to press by taking a spread grip on the bat, which enabled me to better control the bat, thereby enabling me to keep from going after bad balls, which always happens when you are pressing. The best antidote for any batting slump is not to worry and continue your regular style at the plate."

Cobb had fewer batting slumps than most of them. And I have always felt the reason was that Cobb had great confidence in his ability, knew that batting slumps were merely temporary and that if he continued in the routine way he would emerge without any great handicap. Yet, I also always felt that Cobb's spread grip, which he affected most of the time, was his one greatest asset in keeping him out of slumps. I have never seen a great hitter who had better control of his bat at all times than Cobb. When he sought to get distance at the plate, he had a knack of slipping down the upper hand and bringing both hands close together at the bottom of the bat, which of course makes for power when the batsman elects a healthy swing. So much for the super athlete—Cobb.

In any discussion of the great hitters of the game, you have to come quickly to Babe Ruth, the greatest distance hitter of them all. When the sagacious Ed Barrow, who, more than any other man, made the New York Yankees what they are today, decided that Ruth would have more value every day playing in the outfield, rather than taking his pitching turn every fourth day, I seriously doubted the wisdom of the move. As the best left-handed pitcher of his pitching era, Ruth every now and then would make you gasp at the distance he would drive some pitch to his liking. However, he was often a strikeout victim, and there was a serious question in my mind whether Ruth, because of his penchant for striking out, wouldn't be a bust as an every day hitter. However, Barrow saw possibilities in Ruth that others couldn't see. For a time he took considerable criticism as Ruth continued to strike out a couple of times in most every game—sometimes more. But Barrow never wavered in his belief in Ruth, and it wasn't long before Ruth began to definitely justify his opinion.

BASEBALL'S GREATEST HITTERS

	Years	G	AB	R	H	TB	2b	3b	HR	RBI	SH	SB	BB	SO	Pct.
Willie Keeler	19, 1892-1910	2119	8560	1717	2954	3597			19			515			.345
Ty Cobb	24, 1905-1928	3033	11429	2244	4191	5863	724	297	118	722	296	892	964	358	.367
Babe Ruth	22, 1914-1935	2503	8399	2174	2873	5793	506	136	714	2209	113	123	2056	1330	.342
Lou Gehrig	17, 1923-1939	2164	8001	1888	2721	5060	535	161	494	1991	105	102	1510	788	.340
Eddie Collins	25, 1906-1930	2826	9952	1818	3313	4263	437	186	47	1218	509	741	1213	286	.333
Hans Wagner	21, 1897-1917	2785	10427	1740	3440	4878	648	250	100		226	720			.329
Rogers Hornsby	23, 1915-1937	2259	8173	1579	2930	4713	541	168	302	1582	217	135	1038	679	.358
Tris Speaker	22, 1907-1928	2789	10207	1881	3515	5101	793	224	115	722	309	433	1146	222	.344
George Sisler	16, 1915-1930	2055	8267	1284	2812	3864	425	165	99	1180	226	375	472	327	.340
Nap Lajoie	21, 1896-1916	2475	9589	1503	3240	4471	672	173	71		221	396			.338
Joe Jackson	11, 1910-1920	1173	4371	765	1548		265	148	42		115				.354
Joe DiMaggio	6, 1936-1941	825	3368	735	1163	2109	214	69	198	816	11	21	336	160	.345
Ted Williams	3, 1939-1941	436	1582	400	563	1012	120	28	91	378	4	8	348	145	.356

Ruth was a do-or-don't batter—always shooting the works. He called on no tricks to get his base hits. They were manufactured through the medium of sheer power. Every now and then, more for the humor of the situation, he would lay down a bunt and beat it out, to his great satisfaction. Reaching first base he would shake with laughter, at the same time deriding the opposition.

Ruth, greatest slugger of all time, could be pitched to but there had better be no slip in the procedure. All sluggers, who swing for distance, invariably use a heavy bat in their act; consequently they do not like the change of pace or the half speed curve kept low. This is easy to understand when you watch the style and stance of such hitters. Ruth took a position well in the rear of the box, with feet close together. When he started his swing, he would take a quick long stride forward as the ball neared the plate. The arc described by the bat would be in keeping with the stride. If the pitch was a fast ball and Babe's timing was accurate, the ball was in for a terrific ride. On the other hand, if the pitcher crossed the Babe up with a change of pace or slow curve, his timing for such a pitch might be thrown off.

The smart pitchers—those with a limited amount of natural stuff—caused Ruth more trouble than pitchers who had plenty. Such type pitchers worked on Ruth, seldom gave him the ball he liked best to hit—the fast one—and kept trying to make him swing at the ball they wanted him to, rather than the one he liked to hit. As a result Babe often struck out; on the other hand, pitching smart to Ruth, meaning just missing the plate, caused him to get a lot of bases on balls, in addition to the many intentional passes he received.

The late Lou Gehrig, who followed Ruth in the Yankee batting order for many years, was in some respects as great a hitter as Ruth. Gehrig was just the opposite of the Babe in every way. Ruth was the flamboyant, Gehrig the retiring individual. The Babe was talkative, Gehrig ever reticent. Their characteristics off the field manifested themselves on the field. There was a swish to Ruth's swing that amazed you, even though he missed the pitch by a foot. There was a grace and rhythm to Gehrig's swing that made you feel there was no excuse for him not hitting every pitch. The start of the swing of these two great hitters was entirely different. Ruth was fidgety and seemingly nervous. His bat would move back and forth on his shoulder awaiting the pitch. His feet were close together, ready for the lunge into the ball that meant the kill. Gehrig, on the other hand, used an open stance of perhaps a foot. His bat rested quietly on his shoulder as the pitcher prepared to deliver the ball. When the delivery was started, Gehrig slowly lifted the bat from his shoulder and assumed an almost defiant attitude. When the pitch neared the plate he took a short step and a rhythmic swing that made for almost as great power as Ruth, although their styles were definitely different.

Gehrig was much harder to pitch to than Ruth. He murdered the change of pace and slow curve that Ruth disliked. Ruth, because of his lunge, was unable to control his bat as could Gehrig from his flat stance. Gehrig was never off balance and always able to adapt his swing and timing to the slow stuff as well as great speed.

The greatest difference between Ruth and Gehrig however, was not so much of a mechanical nature as it was in temperament. Ruth oozed color, while Gehrig had none. Ruth's every move was that of the show man, while Gehrig was the well-oiled machine, the robot that wasted no effort but moved constantly in the same perfect groove. When Ruth hit a home run he let you know that he was just as delighted over the happening as his most loyal rooter. By the time he reached first he was in tune with everything. The crowd seemed to sense his enthusiasm and became a part of it. His every step as he circled the bases, was wildly cheered. He would repeatedly doff his cap to the crowd in a manner that increased the applause.

I have seen Gehrig follow a home run by Ruth, with a circuit drive that traveled farther, yet the cheers in no way compared with the ovation tendered Ruth. Gehrig would round the bases as if anxious to get under cover, while Ruth was just the opposite. In reality there was not so much difference between the ability of Ruth and Gehrig to hit home runs, but there was a lot of difference in the way they acted after doing it—just a matter of temperament. Color made Ruth's salary in his prime $80,000 a year, while I doubt if Gehrig ever received over $35,000. Ruth's color made the turnstiles click.

The four batters we have already discussed—Cobb, Ruth, Gehrig and Keeler—were left-handers. So let's consider two of the greatest hitters ever produced by the National League—Hans Wagner and Rogers Hornsby, both right-handers. Wagner did all of his hitting against the dead ball and before the abolition of trick deliveries. I believe it is conservative to say that had Wagner hit against the lively ball now in use, his average over his career of 21 years would have been closer to .350 than the .329 figure he amassed.

Honus was very bow-legged and had unusually long arms. His style at the plate was rather grotesque because of his bow legs and long arms, but he had no weakness as far as I could judge and I never heard a pitcher argue that he had. He had a remarkable eye, seldom hit at bad balls and seemingly could easily and quickly change his stance and style to meet the requirements of the pitch. He had powerful wrist action, enabling him to get great power into his swing, with no apparent effort.

A great fielding shortstop—I doubt if Wagner ever had a peer in the field—Wagner had great speed for so big and gangling a person. He had the knack of breaking with the ball, so important to a shortstop, and somehow always seemed to be in front of it, making hard chances look easy. He had a fine arm and was a great base runner. Yet, in addition to his great brilliance in the field, Wagner was one of the greatest hitters of all time. Unquestionably in the field and at the bat, Wagner was the most awkward "graceful" performer in all the history of the game. Honus had no imitators, his style was too unusual and difficult to copy. There was only one Wagner.

Rogers Hornsby, one of the greatest right-handed hitters of all time, was just the opposite of Wagner. I have told you that

Wagner was awkwardly graceful. On the other hand, Hornsby exemplified motion. At the plate, he was the modern Adonis of the game. He had a perfect physique. His stride and swing were in keeping with his physique—models of grace and precision. In some ways the style of Hornsby was as unique as that of Wagner. Certainly it was more unorthodox, though not to Hornsby.

Hornsby stood in the extreme rear of the batter's box—at least four feet from the home plate. It appeared that the smart pitcher could keep the ball low and on the outside, particularly the curve ball, and make a sucker of Hornsby. A lot of smart pitchers had such a notion during the early years of Hornsby's career, but soon found their strategy a boomerang. I once remarked to Hornsby that his style seemed definitely contrary to all mechanics of the game. He smiled and replied:

"On the contrary, Billy, my style enables me to meet all the different pitches. The toughest pitch for any batter is the "tight" pitch—high or low and inside. My position takes the dynamite out of the tight pitch and to hit the low pitch on the outside, curve or fast ball, you take a full stride in the direction of the plate as the pitch is started, which brings you pretty much on a line with the plate and enables you to either push the ball to right field or drive it for distance—depending on the power you put behind the effort. I have always felt that my style at the plate immediately created a hazard for the smart pitcher by practically eliminating his having a chance to pitch to your stance and make you hit the ball that he wants you to hit."

Tris Speaker, the last word in center fielding, was not far behind in his activities at the plate. Speaker was another of the rhythm hitters. His stance was just about the opposite of Hornsby. He used a spread stance lined up with the home plate, rather than being three or four feet back of it like Hornsby. Speaker took no devastating swing but had a perfectly timed follow-through, like a golfer. And, by the way, "Spoke" is quite a golfer. His swing stressed timing and the follow-through. Ordinarily he didn't go for distance but in the pinch, when an extra base hit was needed, Speaker could slip his grip to the bottom of the bat and swing from the ground. He liked to move out ahead of the plate on the curve and slow stuff and hit the ball before it started to break.

The career of Eddie Collins covers twenty-five years as a big league star, more than any of the other great hitters of the game. Ty Cobb who played one year less than Eddie, ranks second. Collins was not a power hitter. He was in the same class as Keeler, and George Sisler, who might be termed the brain hitters of the game.

Collins, unlike many of the other outstanding left-handed hitters, was not a pull hitter. A great majority of Collins' hits went to left field, line drives over the shortstop's head or sizzling grounders just between the third baseman and shortstop.

Collins was a difficult man to strikeout. He had a keen eye. He was a fine bunter, got away from the plate quickly and beat out many a bunt or dragged ball for a well-earned base hit. Next to Cobb, Collins was the best baserunner in the history of the American League. When it came to laying down a perfect sacrifice with runners on, there was no one in the game who could compare with Collins.

At the plate, Collins was a bundle of nerves on hinges. He was never still, constantly shifting his stance, better to suit his style, to what he believed was about to be pitched. Collins had no weakness at the plate, was tough to get out, and how he liked that outside pitch from waist to letter high. He could murder it to left field.

Of all the modern hitters, George Sisler, who over a period of sixteen years in the majors, turned in a .340 batting average, bore the closest resemblance to Willie Keeler. Sisler, a left-handed hitter, was faster than Keeler and used his speed to better advantage than any of the other stars with the exception of Cobb. Sisler always had his eye on the play of the rival infield. If it was playing deep, he was quick to take advantage of the bunt and the drag to get base hits. He would poke bad pitches just over the infield, to the consternation of the opposition, the pitcher in particular. Sisler, small of stature, compared to other great hitters—he didn't weigh over 165—gave little thought to distance, but he took delight in surprising many an outfielder who insisted on playing him too close, by socking one over his head.

Larry Lajoie, great right-handed hitter of the old school, was the good-to-look-at hitter. There was an aloof nonchalance in the manner in which Lajoie stepped into the batter's box, that ordinarily would have caused the pitcher to become careless, had not Lajoie's fame as a hitter made him feared by all. Larry's theory was hit the pitch to the field to which it should go. He was definitely a straightaway hitter whose chief thought was to get proper timing and thereby make correct contact. They say that the perfectly hit ball travels directly through the pitcher's box. It was surprising how many of Larry's base hits followed that course. He had a record for crippling pitchers by bouncing line drives off some part of their anatomy.

To my way of thinking, there never was a greater hitter than Joe Jackson. A left-handed hitter, Joe stood well back of the plate, keeping his feet fairly close together and, as the ball approached him, took a slow, even stride, and started the swing of the bat in unison with the stride. No hitter had more perfect co-ordination than Jackson. He could have hit fourth on my all-time team of great hitters of the game.

That brings us to the two great hitters of modern times, Joe DiMaggio of the Yankees and Ted Williams of the Red Sox. The styles of these two batsmen are entirely different. Of all the great hitters, past and present, DiMaggio, the greatest present-day righthander, uses the most open stance of all. He is the only power hitter who ever swung from a flat-footed position. At times, he lifts the left foot ever so slightly and then seems to dig in a little more with it as it touches the ground. Batters who hit from a flat stance are hard to fool, they are ready for any type pitch, due to the limited mechanics of their swing. DiMaggio is nonchalant, seemingly indifferent, but he gets tremendous results.

Ted Williams, in contrast to the phlegmatic DiMaggio, is a bundle of nerves. He seems to bubble over with enthusiasm for his work from the time he leaves the bench until he reaches the batter's box. Getting into the box, he goes through a dozen acrobatic maneuvers. He pulls down his cap, hitches his trousers, digs in with his spikes, takes a practice swing not unlike a golfer, pats his hands in the dust to get a firmer grip of that bat, wiggles his hips, shakes his long bat as if it were a tooth pick. It seems that he will never be ready for the pitch, but American League twirlers will testify to the contrary. He laughs at his own antics when he misses a healthy swing. He grins with satisfaction when he connects for the base hit. He is the big kid all over and, like Babe Ruth, wins his audience early. I have always felt that Williams, the greatest of today's left-handed hitters, is the nearest approach in every way, that baseball has had to Ruth.

There you have my thirteen best hitters. In rebuttal, what great batters would you name? In retrospect, I can think of a few; Jimmy Foxx, Harry Heilman, Joe Medwick, Paul Waner, Charley Gehringer and Heinie Manush. All great hitters, but we have to draw the line somewhere. ##

Jim Farley,
as sketched by himself

A Portrait of James A. Farley

by James A. Farley

Coming of Age: When I first comprehended that things don't happen in life—they're brought about.
Most Coveted Qualities: Cordell Hull's intellect, courage and humility.
Favorite Localities: New York City to work in, Miami and Atlantic City to loaf in.
Chief Recreation: Watching the Yankees win the final game of the World Series.
Most Pleasing Statistic: Being referred to by the public as Jim Farley ten times for every once they use the full moniker.
Relaxation Technique: A session at the Turkish bath at the Hotel Biltmore.
On My Conscience: The overemphasis on my public life with the resulting underemphasis on my family life.
Favorite Actor: George M. Cohan.
Advice to Young Men: Place yourself under some serious obligation early in life so that you will acquire the habit of hard work before it is too late.
Point of Pride: The knowledge that I had won the respect of so distinguished an American as Senator Carter Glass, to the extent of his leaving a sickbed to place my name in nomination for the Presidency of the United States at the 1940 Chicago Convention.
Worst National Habit: Trying our public men on the front page and condemning them by the time we get to the comic section.

Maker of Champions

Continued from page 37

bility rules, the speedy, well-built Cromwell boy could do it because in those days students at Oxy Prep and college freshmen were permitted to play on the varsity. Dean was captain of the Occidental eleven for four years and to round out his athletic career he played first base on the college nine and competed in the 50, 100, 440, pole vault, high jump, hammer throw, shot put, and bicycle racing on the track and field team. His combined speed and huskiness made him half a track man and half a field man, which in part accounts for his versatility today in coaching any event. He admits he won't mind if the automobile and tire shortage puts everyone back on bicycles, because pedalling the two-wheeled buggies used to be his favorite sport and he'd like to see bike racing back in the field athletics.

Dean has always had a speed mania and when he opened up one of the first garages in Los Angeles in 1902, he was the forerunner of present day flaming youths who "hop up" automobiles and motorcycles to make them go faster. Another gentleman whose name is now prominently associated with speed worked with Dean in those days. He is Harry Miller, the famous racing car manufacturer, who did a lot of his early experimental work on motorcycles in Cromwell's shop.

Although he had never given a thought to entering the coaching business, for several years after college Dean kept up his interest in athletics as a participant. In 1904 he went to the National Y.M.C.A. championships held in connection with the World's Fair in St. Louis and placed second in the high jump, shot put and hammer throw. The next year in the Lewis and Clark Fair in Portland, Oregon, he placed high up in the pole vault, high jump, shot and hammer. His favorite sport was the pentathlon, a varied track and field dish that in those days included the 100-yard dash, mile run, hammer throw, high jump and pole vault. During football season he still had a yen for active participation and used to visit the Southern California campus to help out Coach Harvey Holmes by scrimmaging against his varsity in practice. In fact, Dean was the helpful sports enthusiast who could always be counted on when one needed an athlete to enliven the competition or a referee, umpire or starter to aid in running it.

When Holmes resigned as Southern California athletic boss in the Summer of 1908 to go to the Denver Athletic Club, he suggested to Pres. Bovard that the versatile Cromwell, who had been one of the Southwest's outstanding athletes for almost a decade, be offered the job as his successor. By this time Dean was nearing the ripe age of twenty-nine and beginning to slow down as an athlete. Also he had sold his garage, having given up tinkering with cars and motorcycles for the more conservative telephone business. It was still some time before the pre-fabulous days of coaching salaries and perhaps it was no wonder that Cromwell took the university position with considerable trepidation.

Among other chores, Dean was hired as Trojan football coach. As his first fall season approached, in 1908, his temerity regarding his ability as a mentor became so acute that he went to Pres. Bovard and held another momentous powwow on athletic finances.

"Mr. President," he said, "I hate to bring this up, but we gotta have some more money in our athletic budget—a hundred and fifty dollars, if you can spare it."

"A hundred and fifty dollars is a lot of money, Mr. Cromwell," said Dr. Bovard.

"I know, Mr. President, but as athletic director I have fired myself as football coach. I want to hire one in my place. That's why I need the hundred and fifty. Good coaches come high these days, you know."

Cromwell got his special appropriation and went out and hired the late Bill Traeger, who was later Los Angeles County sheriff and congressman, to coach the Trojan varsity as a part-time job at fifty dollars a month for three months. Meanwhile, Dean timidly tried out his coaching hand by directing the University of Southern California Prep eleven. When these boys turned out to be champs in their league, he became bold enough to keep the head coaching job in track and field for himself. And when his first varsity track team, in 1909, won the championship of the Southern California Conference, he decided that this coaching racket wasn't such tough stuff after all. Except for one season, he has stuck with the instruction of young college athletes ever since.

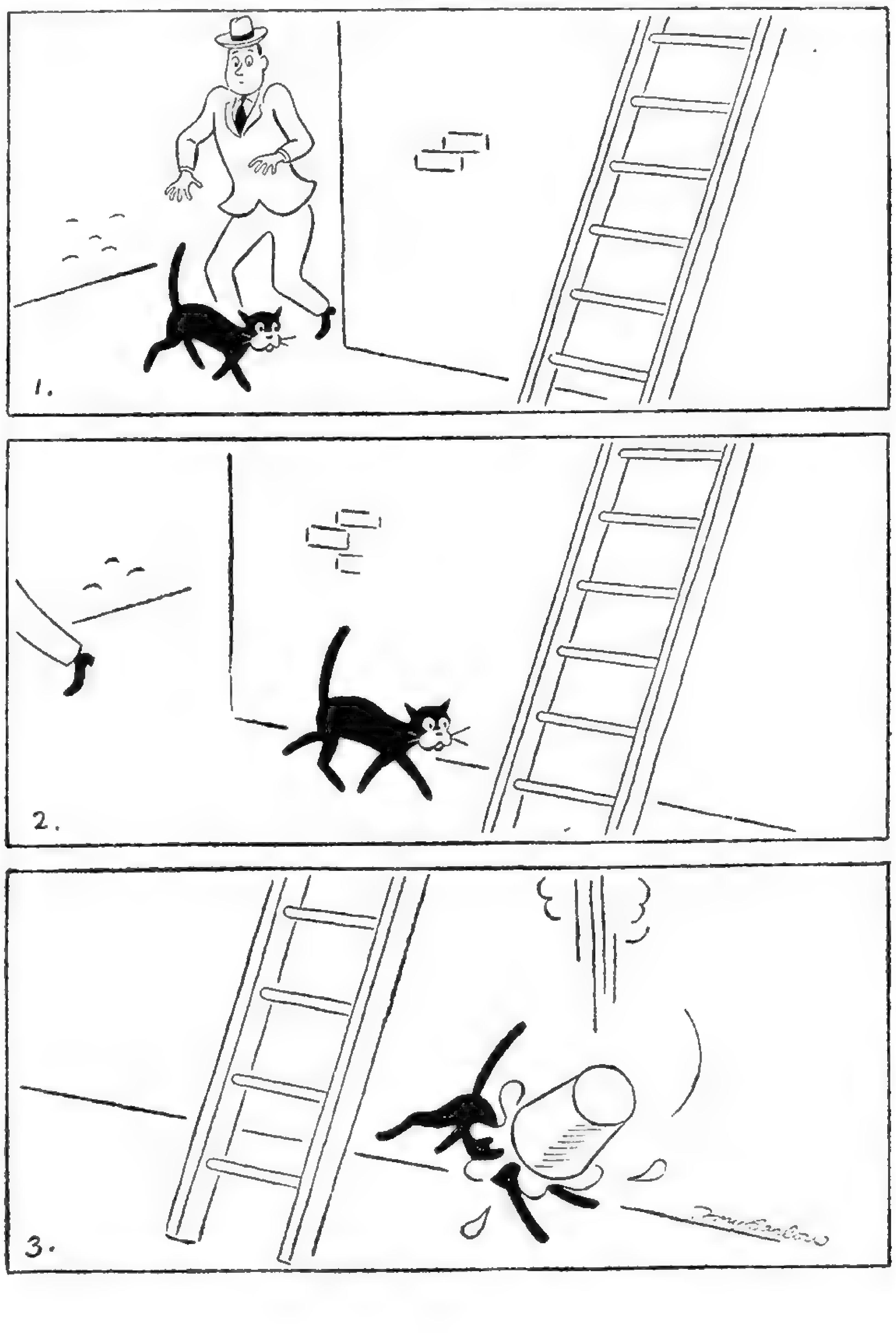
Dean has turned out such champions and record breakers as Charlie Paddock, Charlie Borah and Frank Wykoff in the sprints, Clarence (Bud) Houser in the weights, Lee Barnes, Bill Graber, Kenny Dills, Bud Day, Bill Sefton and Earle Meadows in the pole vault, Ken Carpenter in the discus throw, Vic Williams, Hal Smallwood and Hubie Kerns in the quarter-mile, Louie Zamperini in the mile, Phil Cope, Roy Staley and Jimmy Humphrey in the high hurdles, Ernie Payne, Norman Paul and Earl Vickery in the low hurdles, Jesse Mortensen and Bob Peoples in the javelin throw, Johnny Wilson, Bob Van Osdel and Duncan McNaughton in the high jump, and Al Olsen, Dick Barber and Jesse Hill in the broad jump. But the sweetheart of them all to Dean was his first champion, Fred W. Kelly, who as a Southern California freshman won the Olympic high hurdles title in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1912.

Although Cromwell's first four track squads at Southern California were conference champions, he was still going through a trial-and-error period in his teaching, slowly working out the principles upon which he was later to build his phenomenal success in developing champions. Always possessed of an overpowering yen to make people and machines go fast, Dean had a theory that speed work is the major essential in the training of any track and field event. Good form is necessary and so is stamina, but they won't buy a thing unless speed is there first of all. Today on Bovard Field, the training grounds of Southern California track teams, if you see ten boys lining up to take a practice start for a short sprint, it's a safe bet that there will be only one or two dash men among them. The rest will be made up of middle distance and distance runners, hurdlers, weight men, javelin throwers, jumpers and vaulters.

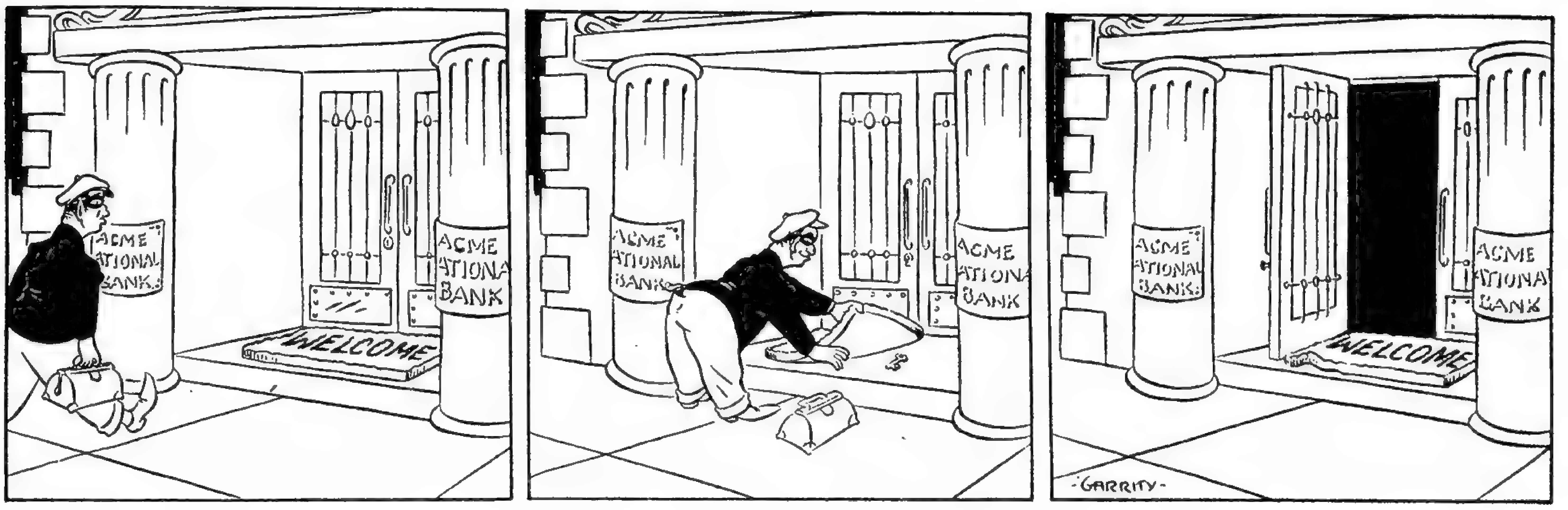
If you wonder why the field men get almost as much speed work as the track candidates, Cromwell is quick with the answer that sums up his philosophy of athletic training. "Speed—that's what we've got to have to make champions. The shot putter needs it in his hop across the ring and for the drive it puts into his legs as he uncorks his throw. The discus hurler must have it in his whirl to develop centrifugal force for his final whip. The jumper needs it for the spring it gives him at the take-off and the distance man requires it for the sprint down the home stretch. The vaulter must emphasize it for the momentum it transfers to the pole that swings him over the bar. Even the javelin thrower, who approaches his throwing line at only three-quarters speed, needs the training for the explosive power it gives him at the instant he tosses the spear."

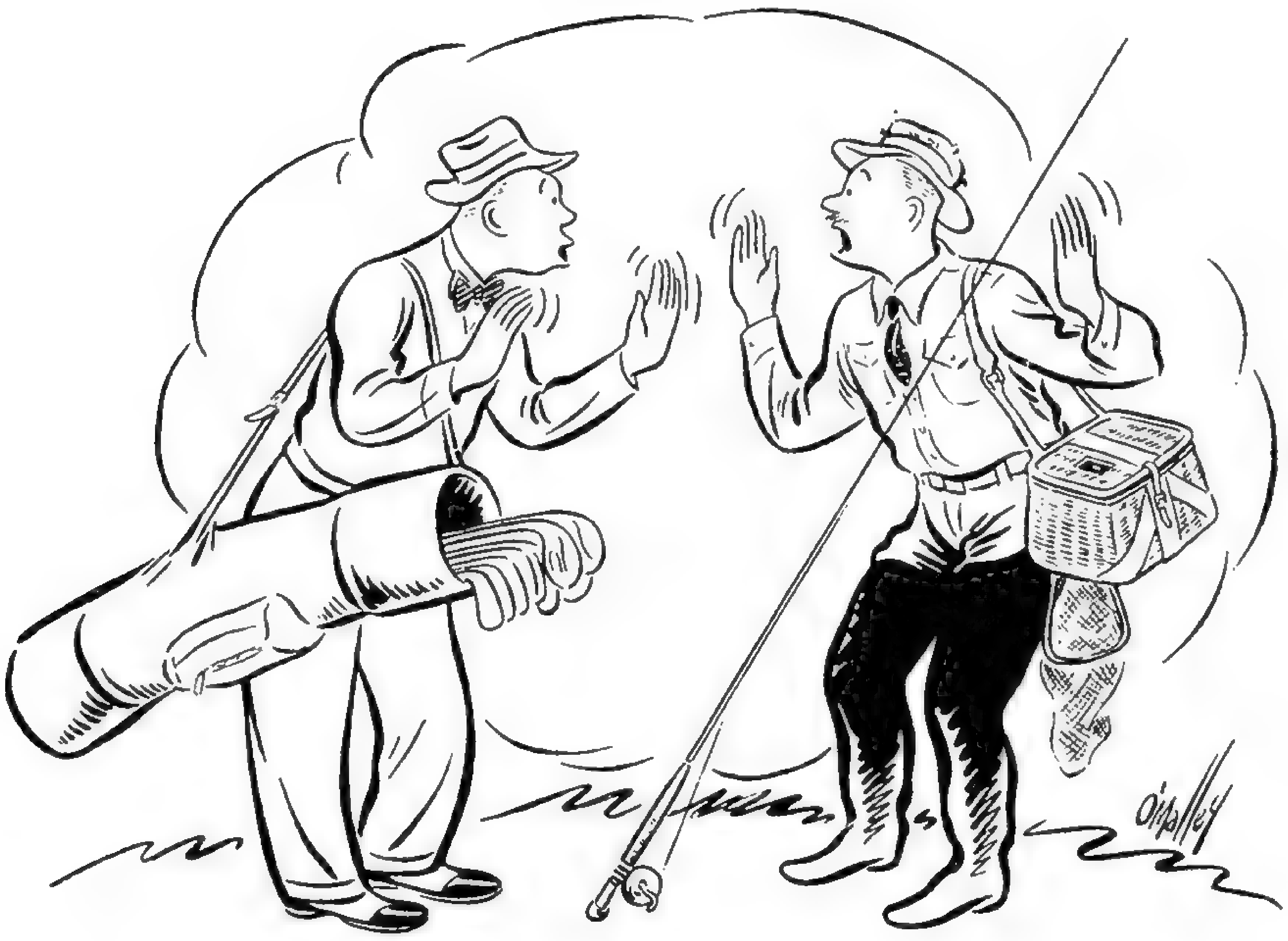
It was on Fred Kelly that Cromwell first proved to himself that even in a "form event" you can't spend too much time on speed training. Fred entered Southern California with a record of 16 seconds in the 120-yard high hurdles. He had a tendency to clear the obstacles too high, and to improve his form the coach used to place matches on the tops of the hurdles and insist that he flick them off with his pants as he cleared them.

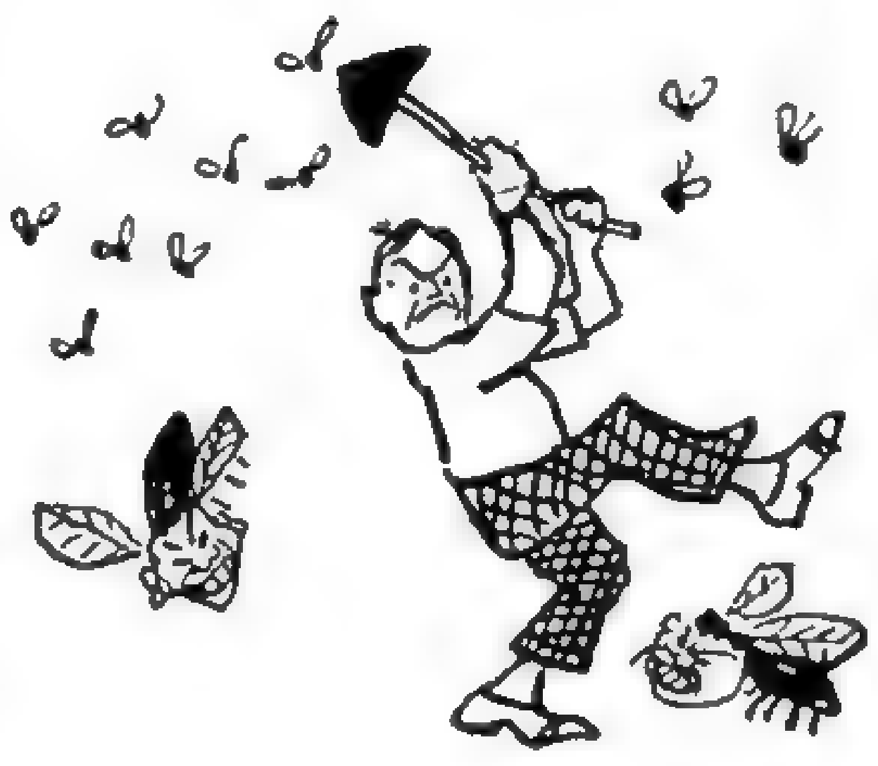
Fred soon improved to the point where he could scrape pennies and even dimes off the hurdles without touching the barriers. However, in time trials he wasn't showing enough improvement to satisfy the coach and the latter decided to take a chance on his speed theory. He ordered Fred to lay off most of his hurdle practice and to concentrate on speed. Day after day Cromwell put his hurdler



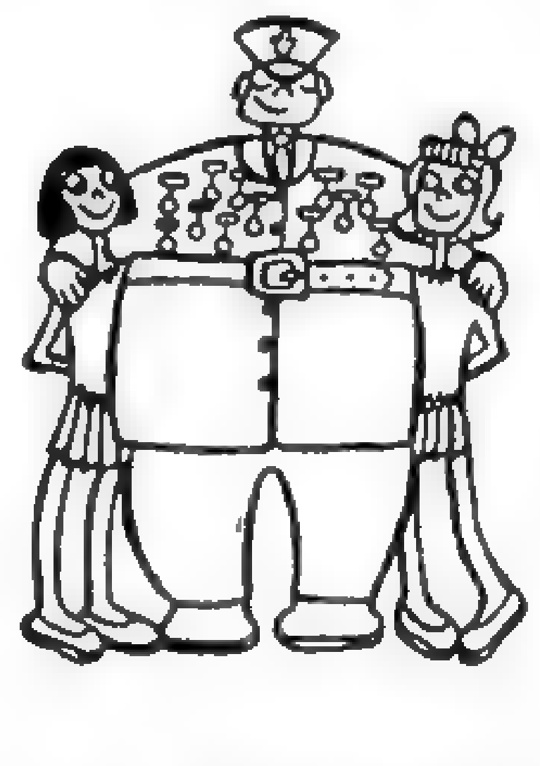
Continued on page 110


ACME NATIONAL BANK
ACME NATIONAL BANK
WELCOME
ACME NATIONAL BANK
ACME NATIONAL BANK
ACME NATIONAL BANK
ACME NATIONAL BANK
WELCOME
GARRITY

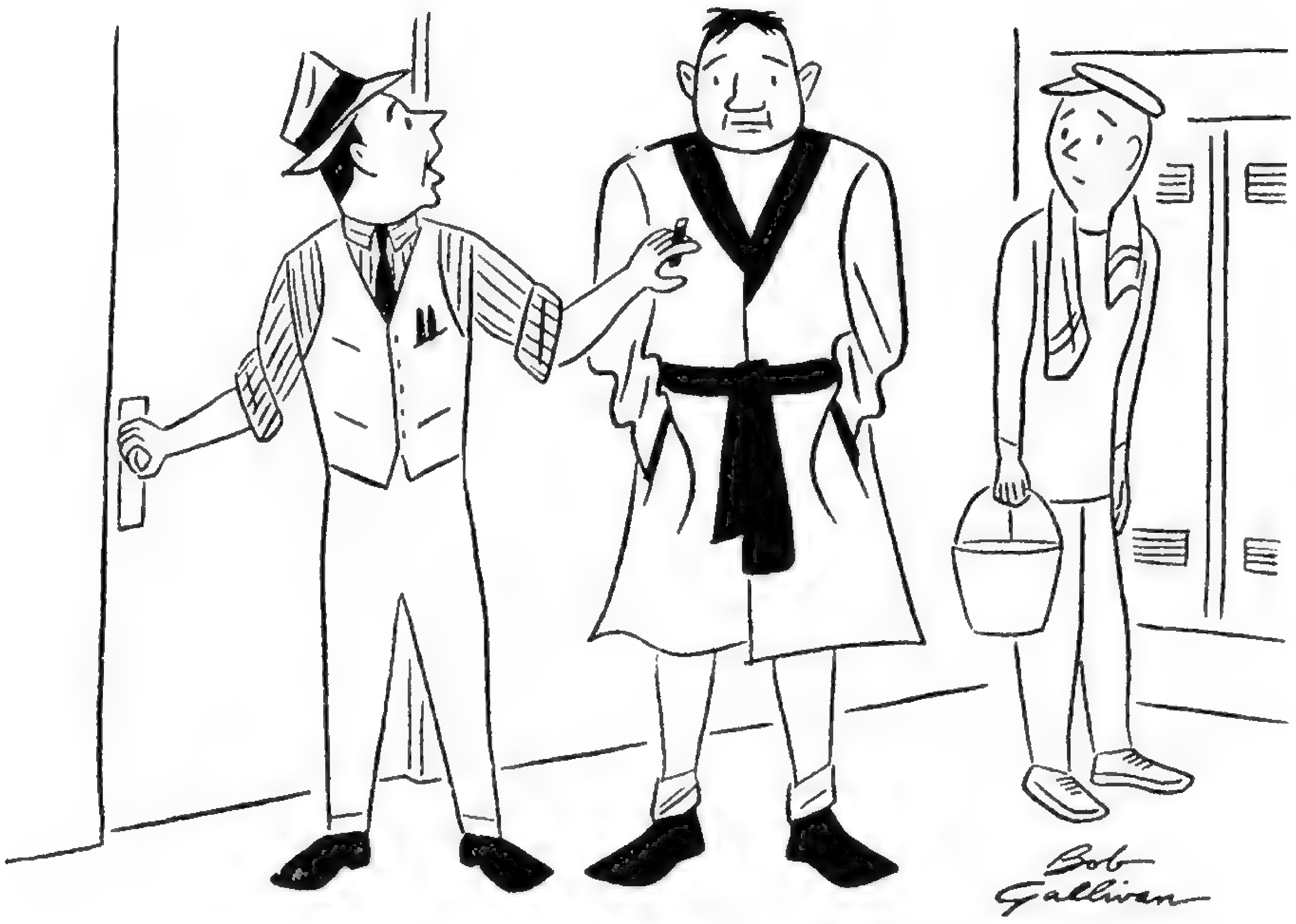




Gardening is in for a big boom this year, with the extermination of the Japanese Beetle enjoying special popularity.



You're an orphan of the
storm
Unless you wear a uniform;
For modern gals when out
romancing
Prefer the guys who keep
advancing!


Bob Galliwan

"And don't forget the f-i-r-s-t a-i-d k-i-t"

Maker of Champions

Continued from pages 37-108

through series of starts and short dashes. It paid off so well that Kelly not only won the Olympic Games high hurdle championship but later also broke the world's record for the event.

"By Golly," said the happy-go-lucky coach, "I love to get boys to run fast."

Cromwell had had no training as a coach when he went into the business except his experience as an athlete, and he admits all that he knows about coaching he has learned from athletes, mostly from his own. He confesses that the only book he has ever read on track and field was the one he wrote himself last year. He is a garrulous guy and loves to debunk his own profession by developing the theme that athletes make coaches and not coaches make athletes.

On the track, Dean believes that there are almost as many right ways of running as there are runners, and he has always been slow to criticize or change a candidate's form. A case in point is that of Charlie Paddock, who smashed or tied every world's record from 100 yards to 300 meters. I can speak freely of Charlie, for I was there, making a feeble attempt at running with him on the high school track team at Pasadena, California, and rooming with the guy in college.

Charlie was the greatest natural sprinter who ever lived. No one, not even Frank Wykoff or Jesse Owens, ever reached the terrific speed that Paddock did. But Charlie's weakness in high school was that he had to run nearly 75 yards before he could develop his top speed. Wykoff and Owens, who followed Paddock as record breakers in the 100-yard dash and who are now co-holders of the world's mark at 9.4 seconds, had the ability to come into full flying stride at 30 yards.

When Paddock entered Southern California the experts laughed. "Holy smoke, look at that form!" they said. "No man can sprint like that. He runs sitting down; he uses up his energy waving his hands. He's knock-kneed; he flips his feet out to the side. And on top of everything else he's slow to react to the starting gun. Oh, is that guy terrible!"

Dean listened sympathetically to his fellow coaches and to them he opined as how his sprinter was terrible, all right. But did he do anything about the awful Paddock form? He did not. He was busy learning from it.

From the illusion Charlie gave of "running sitting down," Dean noticed that it looked that way because although Paddock had a pronounced forward body lean, he had no waste motion in a back-kick. Consequently he stuck out in the stern as though he were sitting down. His foot struck the ground and bounced back up so high his knee nearly hit his chin. Charlie didn't run; from one stride to the next he bounced, but he did it so smoothly and rhythmically that other coaches didn't see what they were looking at.

In considering the criticism that Charlie wasted energy waving his hands, Dean first of all studied his shoulder swing and found it perfectly natural. "As long as his shoulders co-ordinate with his legs, I should worry what he does with his hands," reasoned Cromwell. "If I try to get him to change his hand action, maybe he'll get self-conscious of the perfect shoulder swing nature has given him and gum up the whole works."

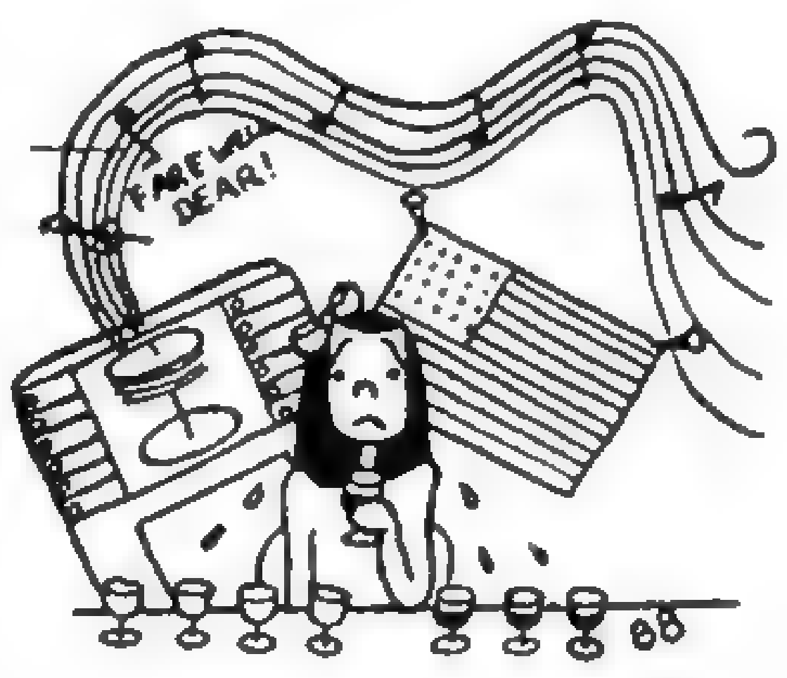
So what did Dean do about Charlie Paddock's terrible form?

Nothing.

He just let Charlie run. He let Charlie's form alone because he knew that the boy sprinted the way nature intended him to and any other style for him would be wrong. However, Mother Nature had neglected the start and that's where Dean went to work.

Although Charlie's reaction to the gun had been criticized, it didn't take Cromwell long to find out that his intelligent, high-strung sprinter was actually extremely fast in responding to the starting signal. His opening step was as quick as anyone's, but he lost out in the strides that followed it.

So it wasn't start or full speed form, the features of Paddock's running that had been condemned by the experts, on which Dean worked. It was Charlie's pick-up. To improve it, Dean would smooth off two adjacent lanes on the track. Then he set Charlie off on a 40-yard sprint. As his runner rested for another start, the coach would give him one of his little lectures on acute body angle coming out of the holes and the value of emphasizing greater stride length in the opening steps.


FAREWELL DEAR!

He's gone to heed his country's call
And left me here to sadly ponder
Upon a truth that's known to all—
Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder!

After his first practice start, Paddock would then try another in the adjacent lane, deliberately reaching out for longer strides. Cromwell would measure and compare the spike marks step by step, finding out just where Charlie could add to his stride length without impairing his marvelous leg speed.

Eventually it was discovered that with no reduction of leg speed Paddock could cover 42 or 43 yards in the same number of strides that it had taken him to do 40 yards.

What does a little item like this mean? Just cutting a 9 4/5-second 100-yard dasher down to one who with the same amount of energy could do 9 3/5 second, which was the world's century record when Charlie tied it.

Cromwell had a smooth-running machine in Frank Wykoff and he added to Frankie's natural speed by giving him some of Paddock's bounce. Wykoff had a terrific pick-up in the first 30 yards of his 100-yard sprint, ran as smoothly as a watch during most of his race, but at first lacked a smashing finish to hold off driving runners who came with a last second burst. Cromwell also found that Wykoff sometimes had a tendency to fade toward the finish of his race because of irregular breathing habits.

The coach's trick to give Frank the lift he needed going into the last 25 yards of the 100 was to take a seat next to the rail at the 75-yard mark and scream "Frank!" as his boy went by. That's all there was time to yell in that split second, but it reminded Wykoff to grab a fresh breath at this point for his final burst and to emphasize bounce in his stride from there to the tape. Frank adds that Dean's booming voice also gave him a psychological kick in the pants that sent him bounding for home like a scared jackrabbit.

When Louie Zamperini was a freshman at Southern California he thought that Cromwell was goofy when he ordered mostly speed training for him. Heeding other advice, Louie would sneak out and jog from three to five miles when Dean wasn't around. The coach couldn't figure out what was wrong when Louie was unable to get up enough speed to hit 4 minutes, 30 seconds in the mile at the start of his sophomore year. When "Zamp" confessed to having done a lot of undercover long distance work and Dean realized that the boy's legs were dead from the pounding taken on his surreptitious marathon jaunts, he nearly blew his topper. For two months thereafter he wouldn't let Louie go farther than a quarter-mile in practice.

So, for months much to Louie's disgust he was given a steady diet of short dashes and wind sprints with occasional 330's and quarter-miles.

It must have worked, for as the climax of his sophomore season Zamperini won the intercollegiate mile championship in 4 minutes, 8.3 seconds, which is still the NCAA mark and not far off the world's record of 4:6.4.

Just as he is against masses of muscle, Dean opposes hard training. His favorite word next to "speed" is "moderation." Get in shape slowly, he warns. Don't try to be a star in March or April or you'll be stale and past your peak for the championship meets in May and June. In the last seven years his Trojans have had some narrow squeaks in dual meets and in the Pacific Coast Conference championships, but by the time of the grand finale, the NCAA meet, his boys have been so ripe for peak performances that the Southern California victories have all been by overwhelming scores.

When you consider that Cromwell's teams have won ten NCAA championships in fourteen trips to the meet and nine ICAAAA championships in thirteen tries, and that he has produced individual Olympic Games champions in seven events and two relays, seventeen senior national A.A.U. winners and thirty-nine national intercollegiate first place men who have won sixty-six championships, you sort of have to admit that his ideas get results.

Cromwell is opposed to the theory of many coaches that to master an event an athlete should go over it time after time in practice. Dean's sprinters never run a 100-yard dash in training. They take exercises to increase their "bounce," run short dashes, work on starts, and co-ordinate their shoulder, hip and leg action. His quarter-milers never run their 440 distance in training. They take short sprints to develop speed and occasionally they go from 500 to 660 yards for their distance work. To build up their stamina and lengthen their stride, several days a week they breeze through two or three 220's at a moderate pace.

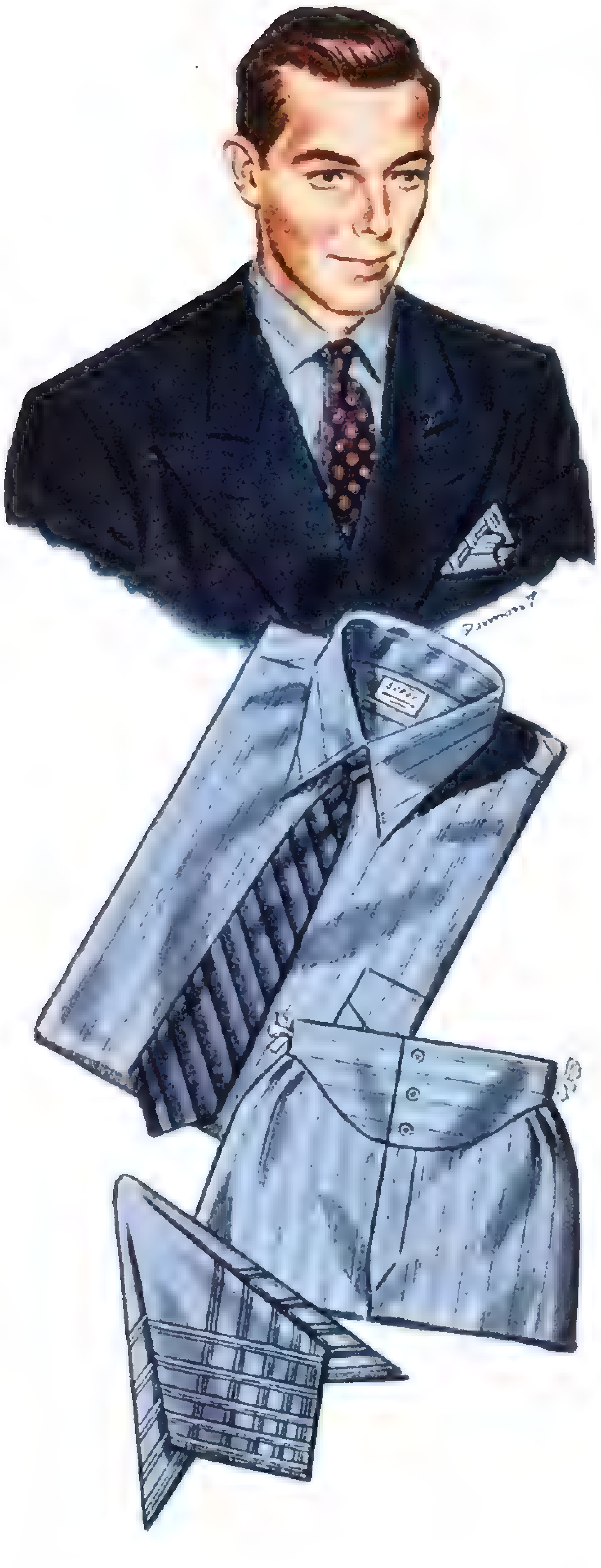
Cromwell's broad jumpers never leap for distance in training. They practice their hip swing and landing position while leaping into a pit of shavings at three-quarters speed, develop their leg drive by dashing with the sprinters, and perfect a uniform stride and get take-off practice by running series of two or three low hurdles.

Vaulters under Cromwell do about half of their training in the gymnasium on bars, rings and the rope climb to develop their upper body. They go outdoors to leap for form only two or three days a week.

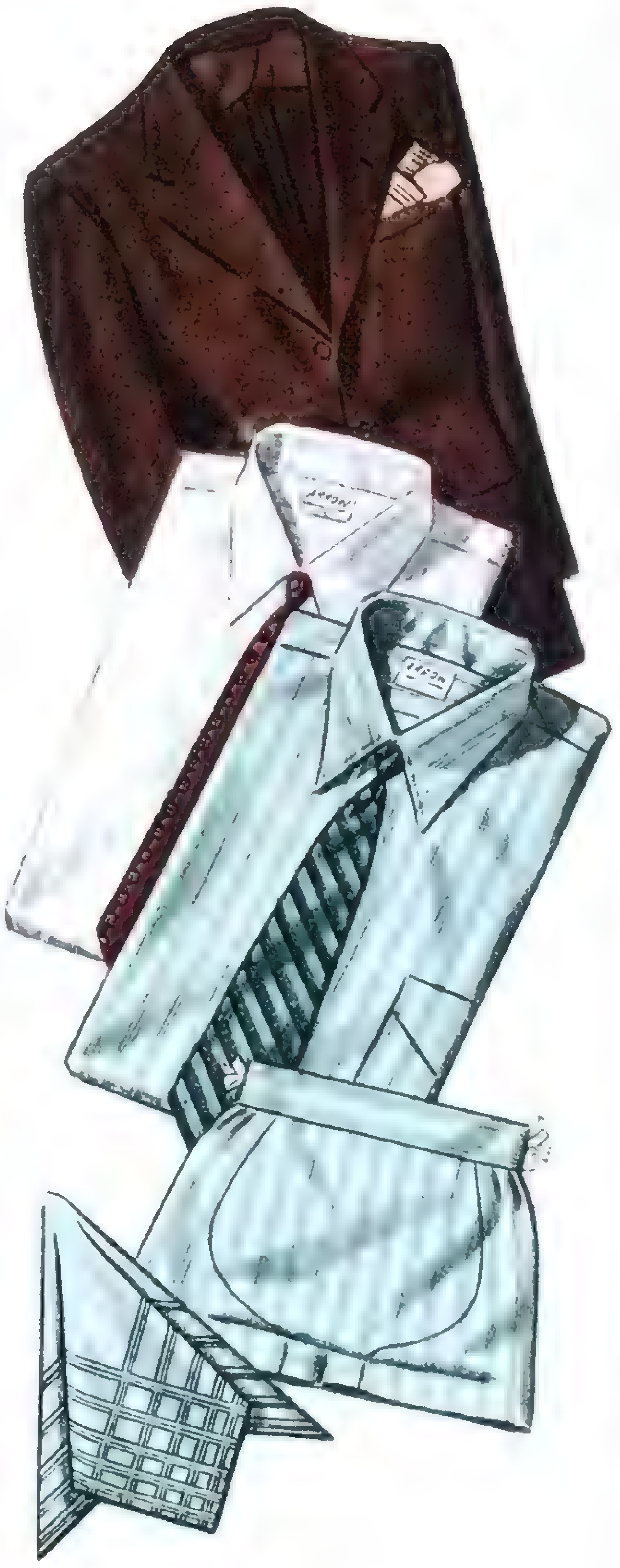
Even the shot putters, discus throwers and javelin men who train daily with their implements do nearly all of their practice work on form and are not permitted to "let out" until actual competition. As a result, the boys often don't know what they can do in advance of a meet. But the wily Cromwell knows. Early in the season when their marks are still mediocre he keeps calling them "champ" and building them up for the big day he knows is coming. #

Arrow's prize package of the month: *Arozephyr*

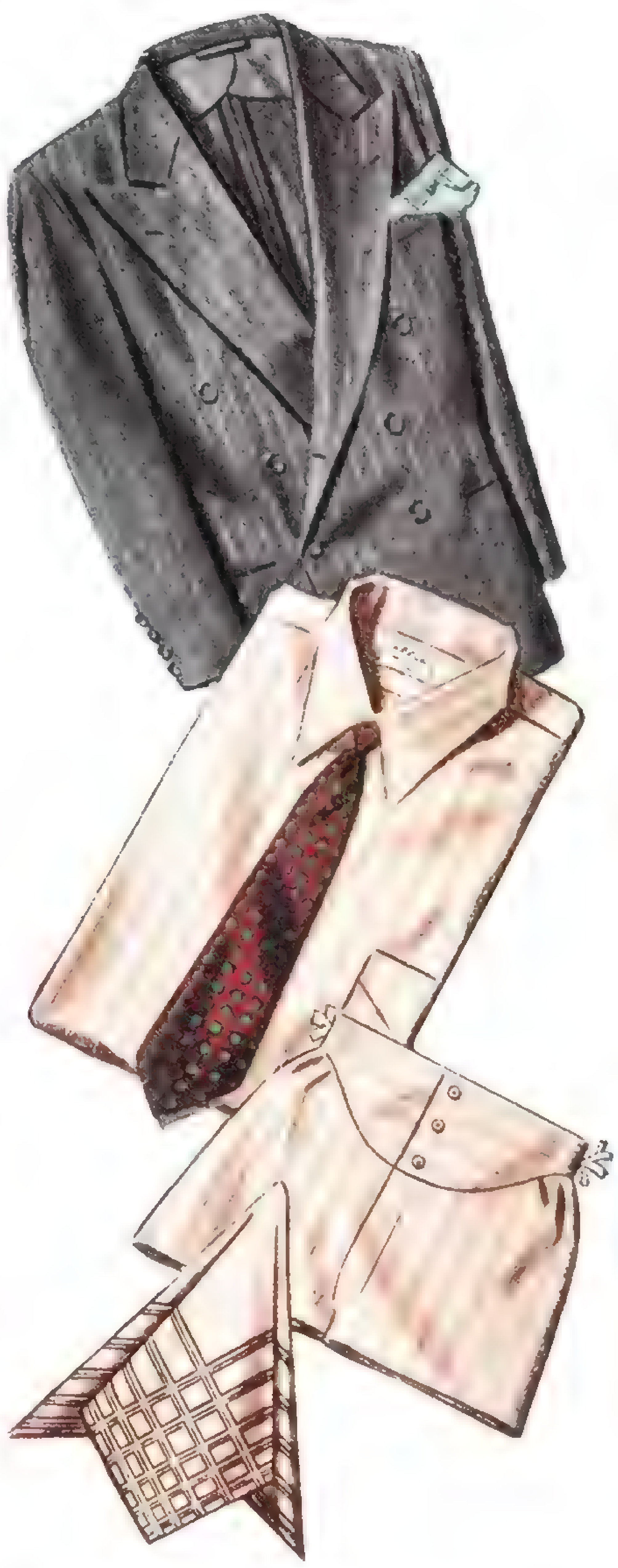
Here, gentlemen, is a luxury lightweight shirt named Arozephyr. What gives it its luxury? First, the good-looking, hushed-up shades of blue, tan, green, and white . . . with what you might call a murmuring self-stripe. Second, the wonderful lightness, yet durability of the fabric. Third, the incomparable Arrow tailoring. Fourth, the swell Arrow neckties designed especially to go with Arozephyr. Ditto for handkerchiefs and shorts. See Arozephyr today.



What could be sweeter with your blue tropical suit than this Arozephyr setup? The shirt comes in your favorite Arrow Collar styles, has the "Mitoga" figure-fit. Meets the Sanforized shrinkage standard (less than 1% fabric shrinkage!) $2.50.

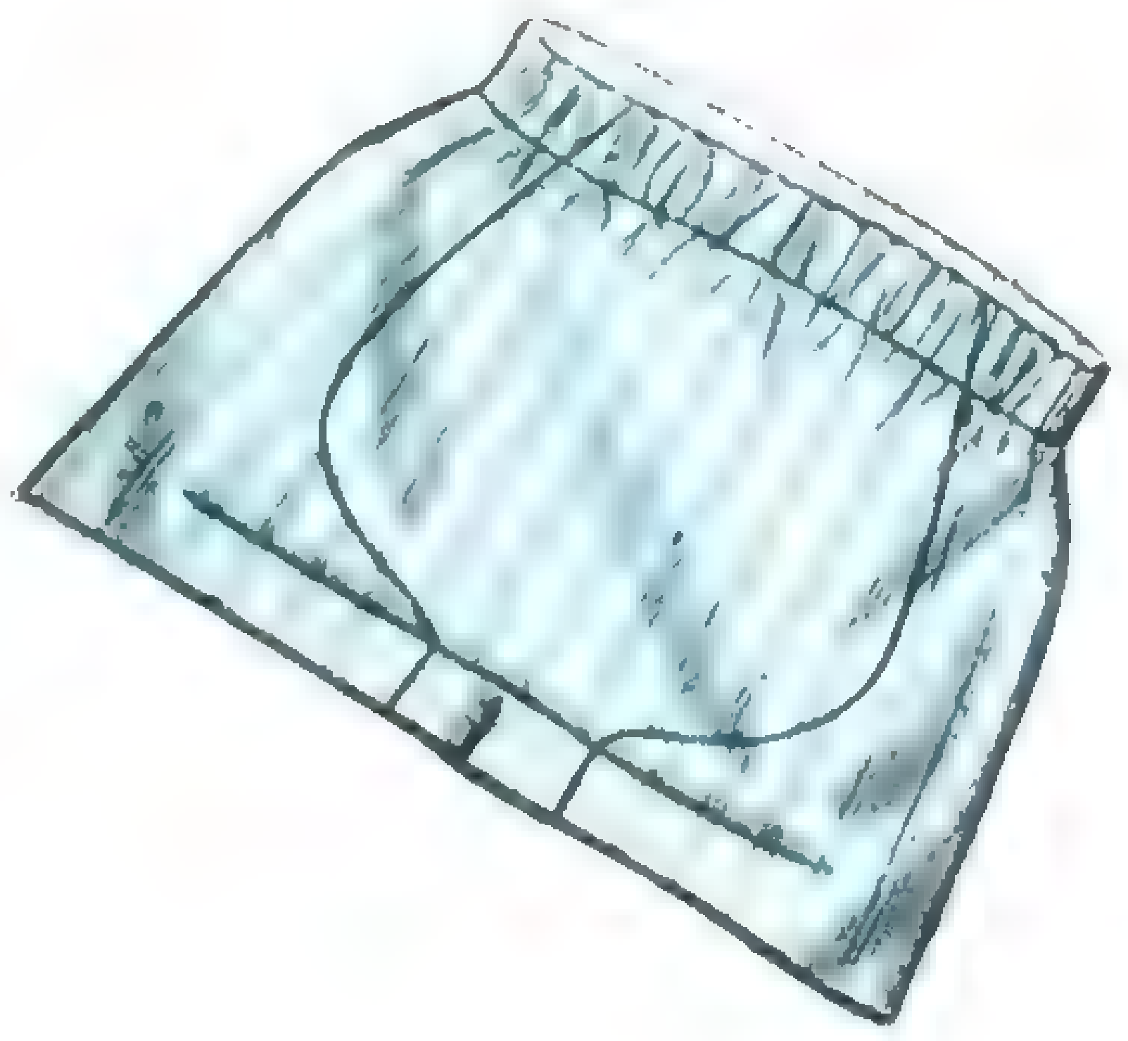


With your browns or tans: this Arozephyr group. The two tie patterns sparkle, give Arozephyr added oomph. They're wrinkle-resistant Arrows, cost $1.00 each.



Great with gray: this happy little family. The handkerchief is just 35¢. The shorts with Arrow's famed seamless crotch and Gripper snaps are 75¢.

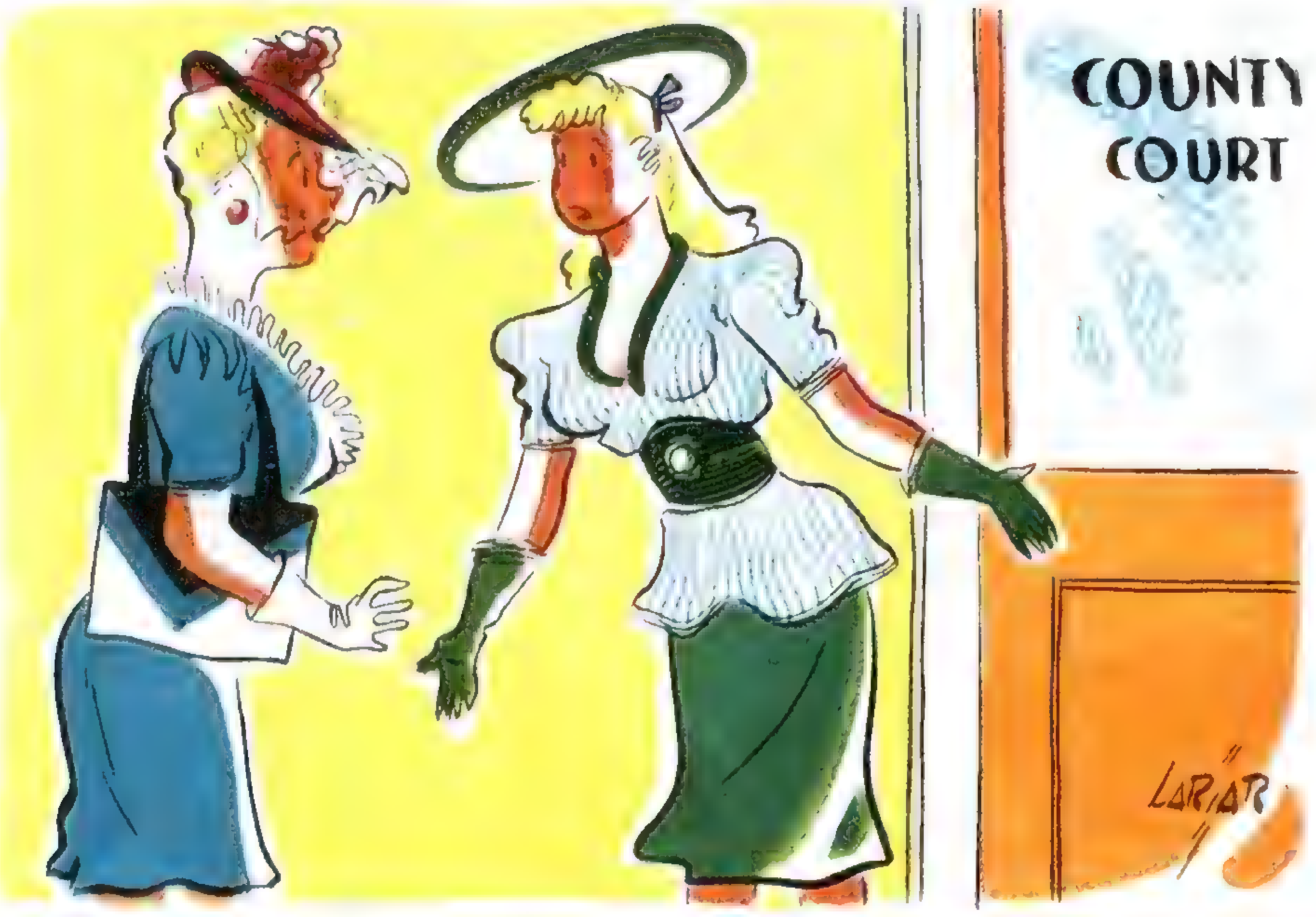
Special treat: You can also get Arozephyr Shorts in the Sprinter model! No buttons — they have an elastic top for comfort and convenience. 85¢.



ARROW

Shirts • Ties • Handkerchiefs • Underwear • Sport Shirts

★ BUY U. S. SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS ★



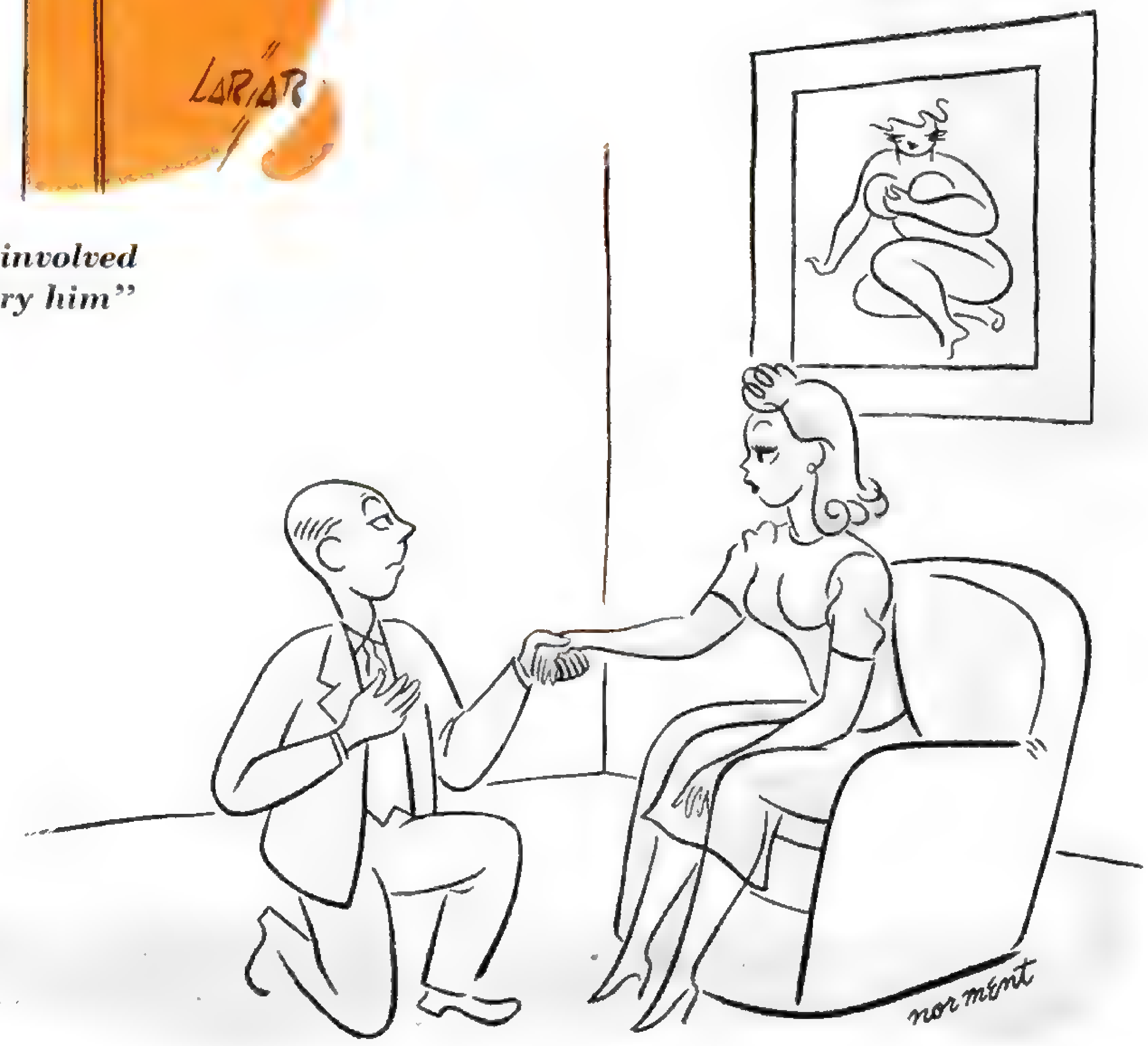
"There's some kind of legal technicality involved —and I can't get the alimony until I marry him"

Fairy Story

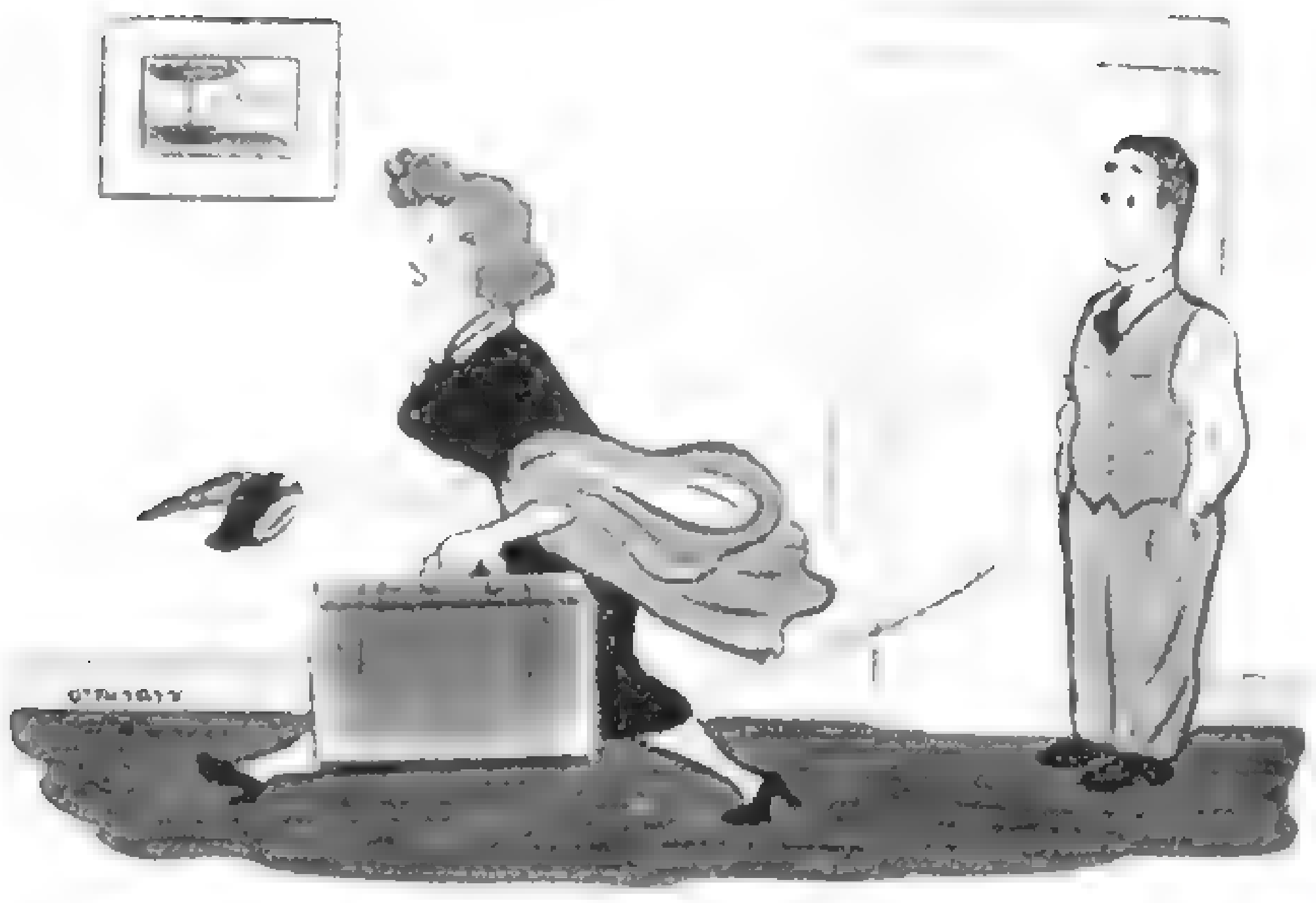
Once upon a time there was a radio comedian who became famous by constantly employing gags to the effect that he was careless with his money and a colossal spendthrift.

Consolation

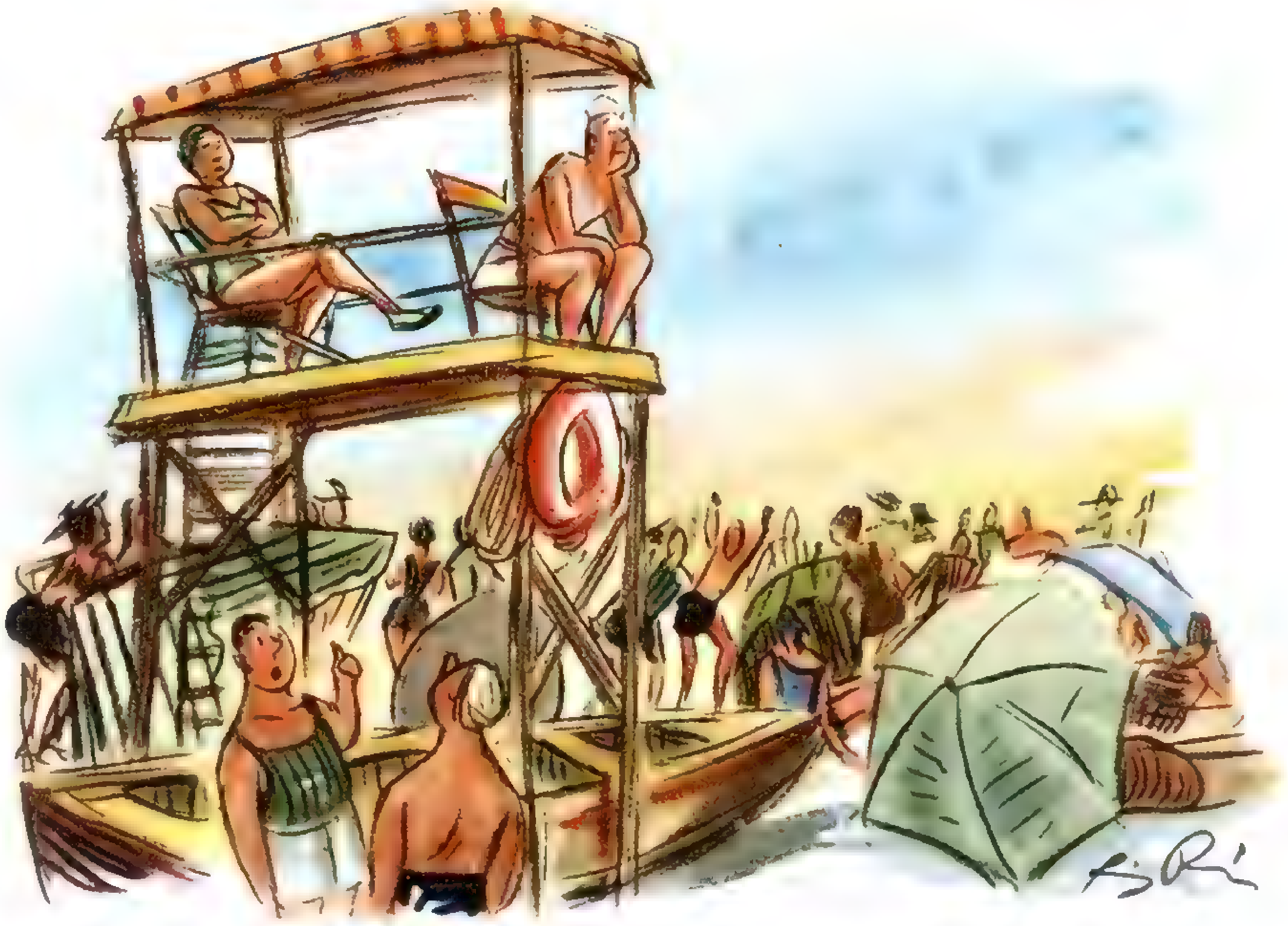
The biggest population-groups on earth are on our side—such as China, Russia and the folks who claim they foresaw that attack on Pearl Harbor.



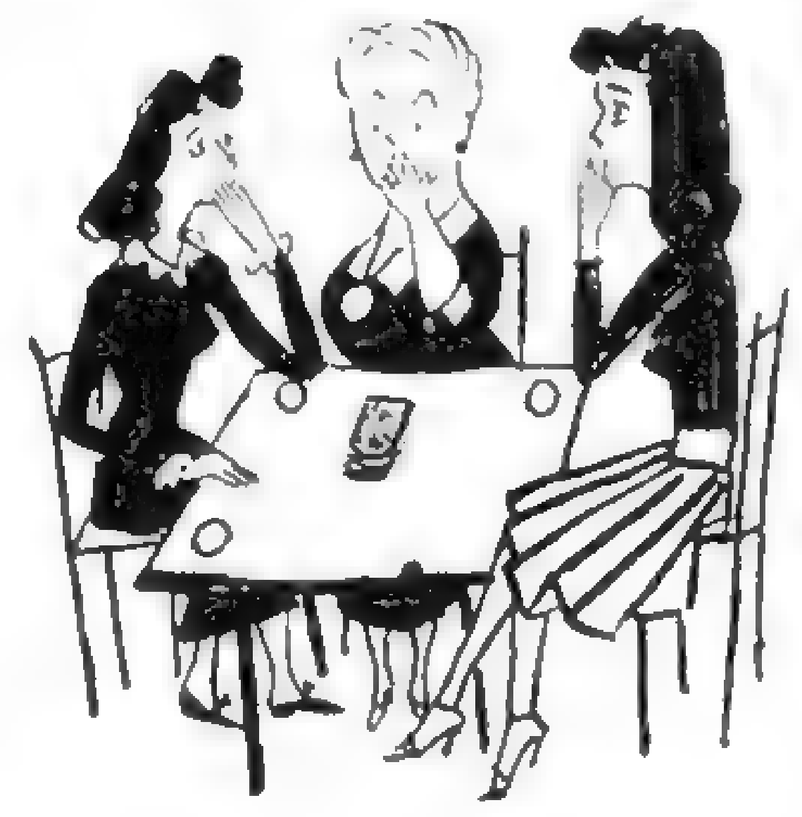
"I promise to wait for you, Georgie—now get busy with that hair restorer"



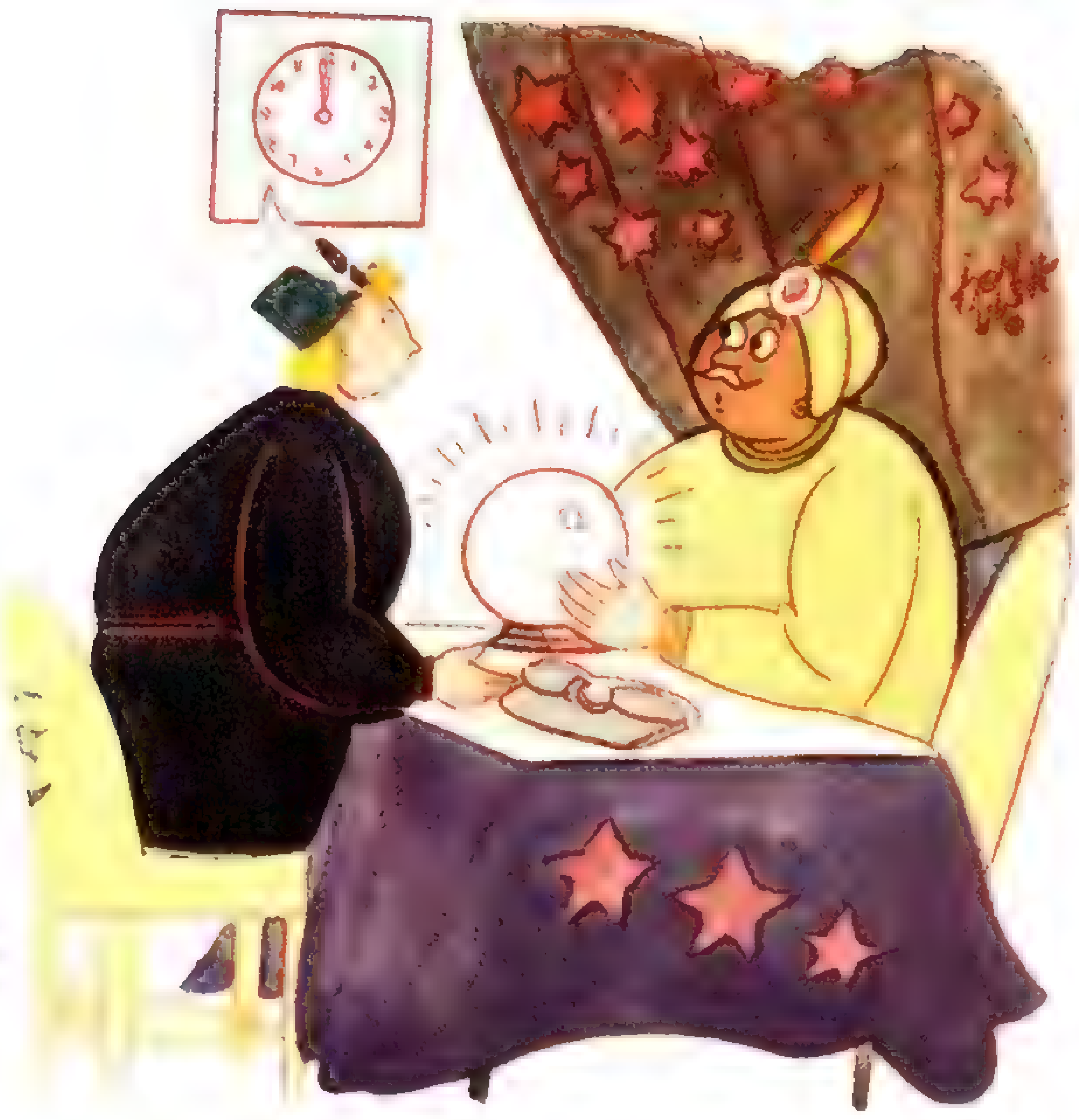
"I'm going back to mother —in the guest room!"



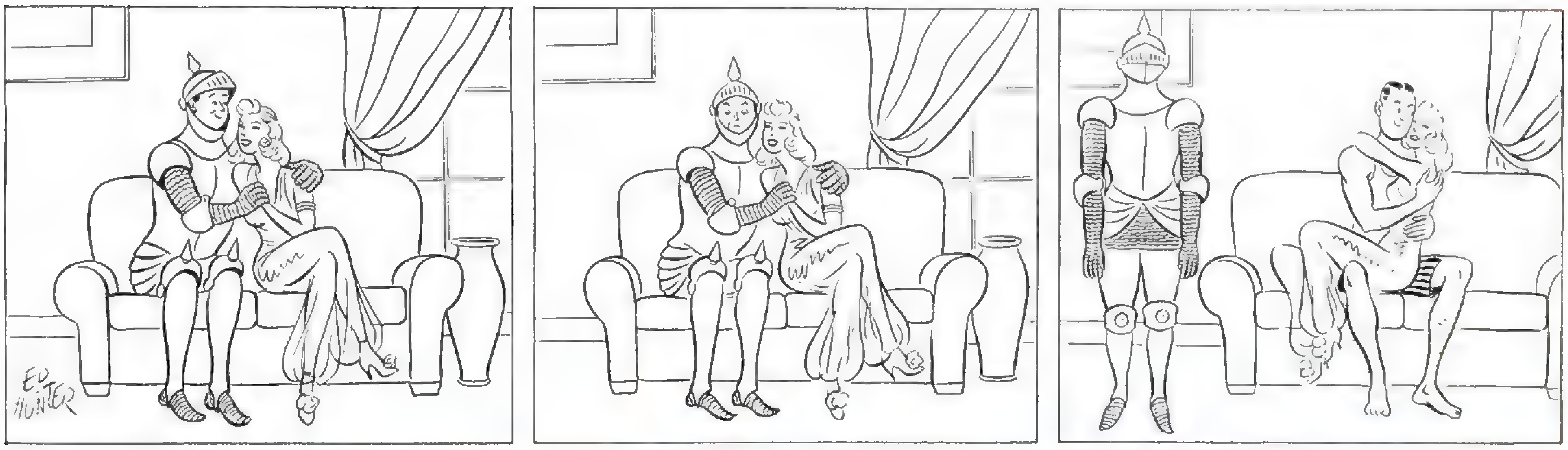
"That's his wife—she answers all female calls for help"

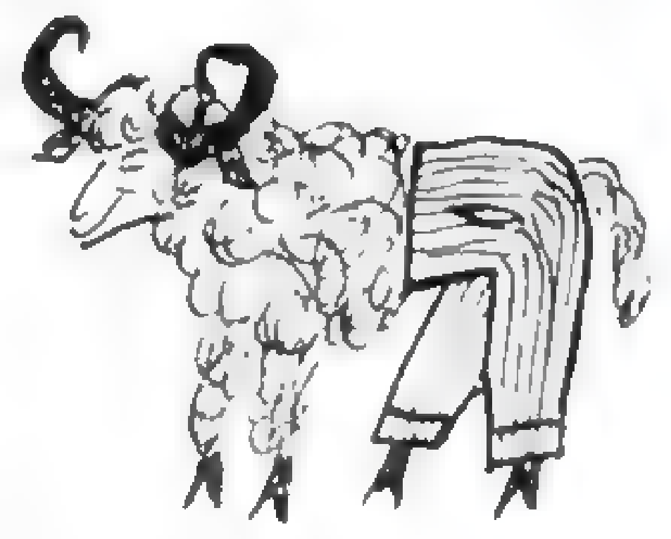


In this war women are being called upon to make the supreme sacrifice; they are expected to keep secrets just like the men.

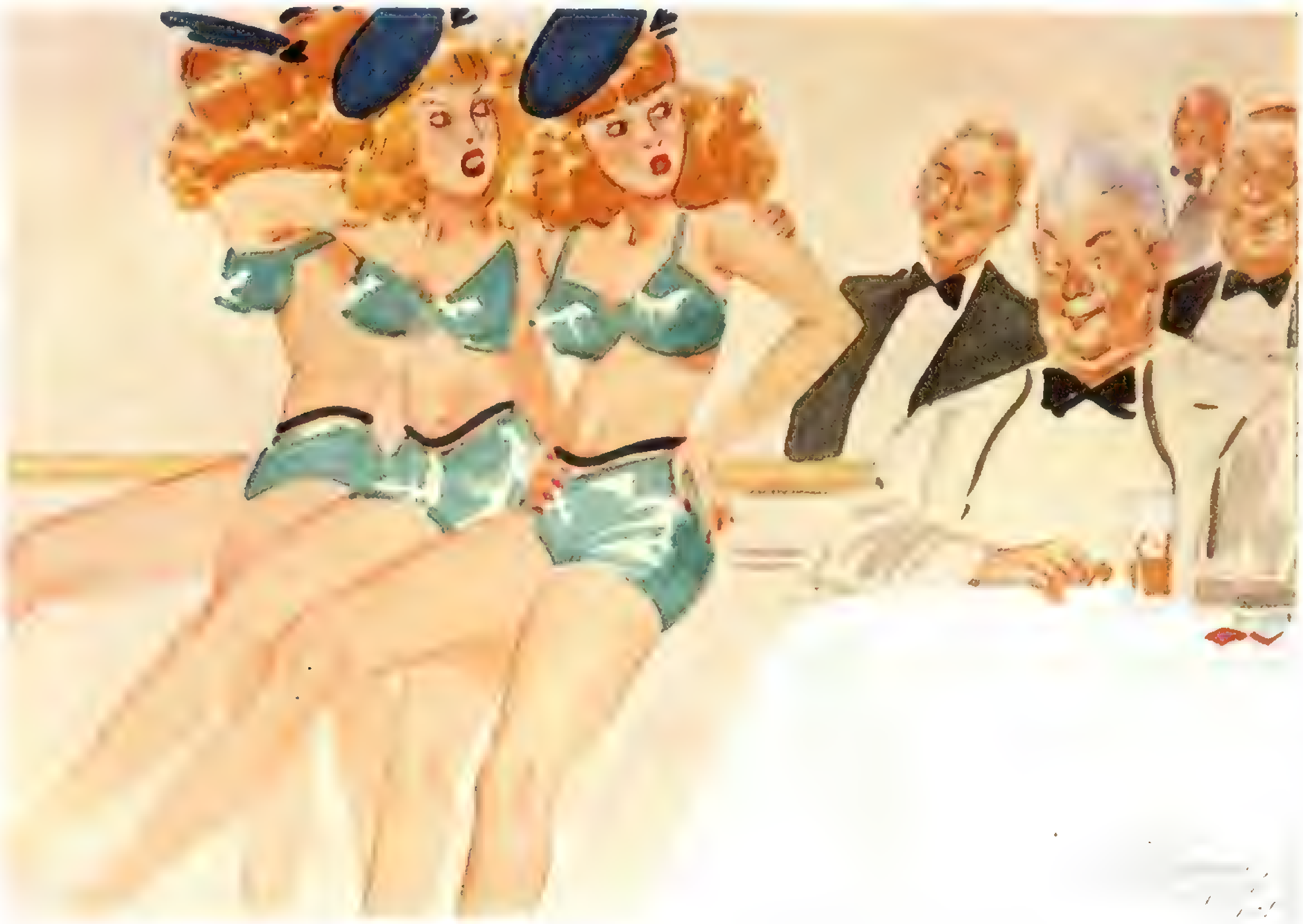


"I don't seem to be able to contact your late husband, madame—possibly he's out to lunch"



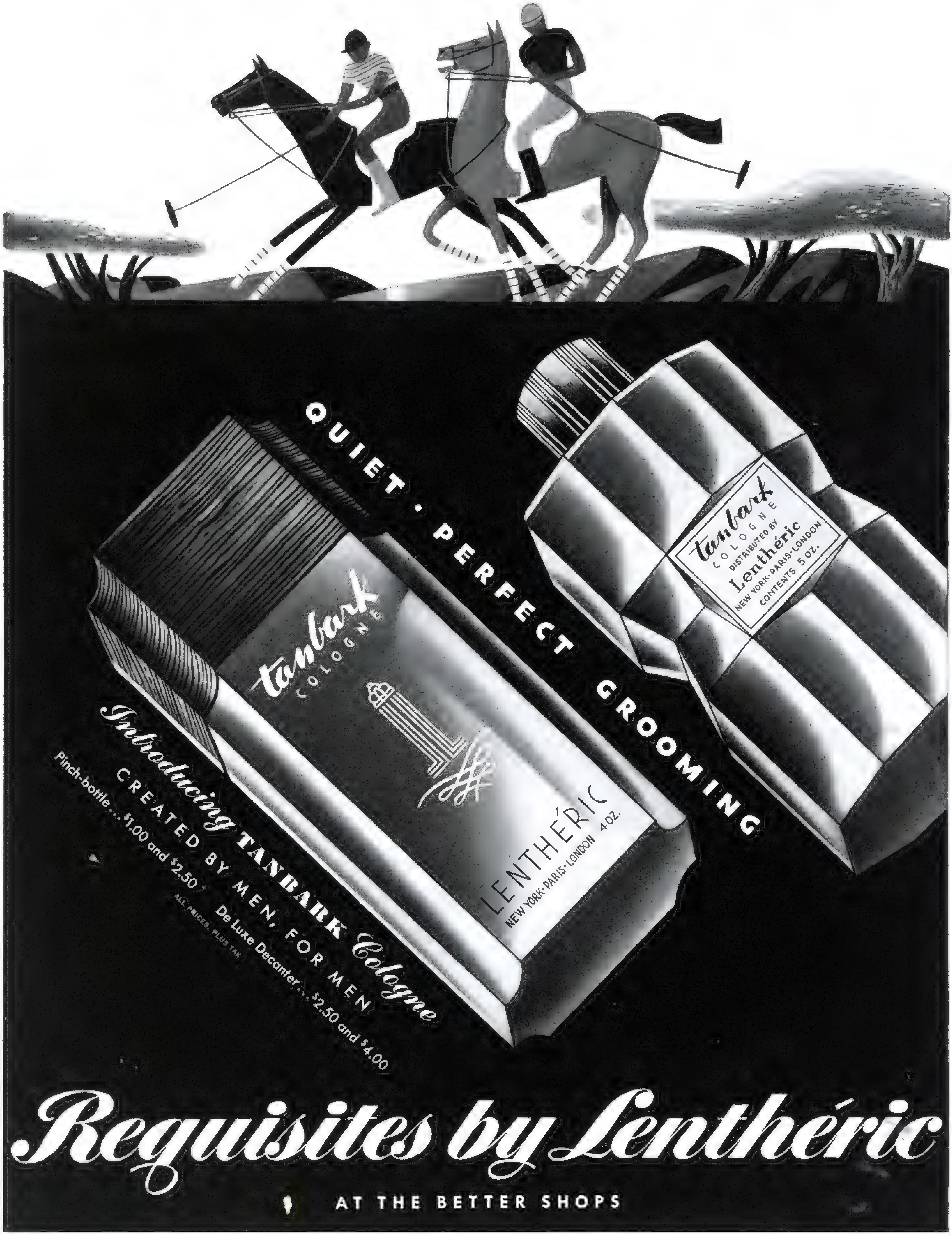


We must make sure that social gains obtained in wartime are maintained after the peace. For instance, the elimination of pants on lamb chops due to the paper shortage.



"Watch out for that one with the mustache—he pinches"

For men of action


tanbark
COLOGNE
LENTHÉRIC
NEW YORK · PARIS · LONDON 4 OZ.
tanbark
COLOGNE
DISTRIBUTED BY
Lenthéric
NEW YORK · PARIS · LONDON
CONTENTS 5 OZ.

QUIET · PERFECT GROOMING

Introducing **TANBARK** *Cologne*

CREATED BY MEN, FOR MEN

Pinch-bottle . . . $1.00 and $2.50 · De Luxe Decanter . . . $2.50 and $4.00

ALL PRICES, PLUS TAX

Requisites by Lenthéric

AT THE BETTER SHOPS

Like Something in a Book

Continued from page 70

whispered, "we can build a great new empire out of this wilderness, you and I."

He gazed at her upturned face and a wonderful smile suffused his features.

"You and I," he echoed, "you and I."

He lingered over this passage for a moment and then he did snap the book shut. He looked at it. He looked at the speckled green cover and one side of his face smiled. "A pickle jar," he thought, "to preserve the dreams of Cornelia Hottaway." He weighed it in his hand. "Fourteen printings," he thought, "fourteen printings for the pennies of passionate little laundresses." He thought of his own *novela*, the one that had appeared a year ago. What was the total number of copies sold? Two hundred and twelve. While he continued to stare at the cover of the book he decided that he was an unfortunate man. "My misfortune," he thought, "lies in my natural style. I am too much Hemingway and not enough Hottaway." Then his smile spread across his face for he was pleased with the little joke. Tonight he would have to tell it to Rosalind. She too would appreciate it.

He looked at his wrist watch. It was eighteen and a half minutes after four.

He put the book back in its place and twitched the ends of his fingers to get rid of the dust. He turned and started to walk briskly down the street, for he knew there was a drug store with clean and airy phone booths on the corner.

When he was in the booth he placed a nickel in the slot and dialled his number quickly and mechanically. He made sure that the door to the booth was shut tight. When he heard the ringing at the other end of the line he felt a little tremor run through his hands, and he smiled the half smile. "Why the hell should I be so eager?" he thought, "this is hardly the first time." Then the phone was being lifted at the other end and her voice was saying "hello."

"Hello Laura," he said, "just waking up?"

She laughed, prettily, and lazily. "I've been up for fifteen minutes."

"You were fast asleep when I left."

"You thought I was fast asleep. I saw you leave. You didn't even touch me."

"I didn't want to wake you. You looked too cozy lying there. I did look at you for a long time."

The pretty laugh came again. "Yes," she said, "I know."

He tried to sound just the least bit petulant. "You pretended to be fast asleep. You were playing with me."

"Darling," she said, "*Me* play with *you?*" She laughed.

He was pleased. "Now," he said, "I wish I hadn't left. Are you still wearing that black thing?"

"Yes," she said. She sighed, and he knew she was lying back on the bed. He knew that she would want to be talked to now. He looked at his watch. "My dear," he said, "I can't bear it but I have to go. I'm terribly late."

"The little woman?"

"Yes. You know I'm always expected at five."

"Yes," she said, "I know."

"Tomorrow?" he asked.

"Of course," she said, "if you won't forget."

"Forget? Me?" He cleared his throat. "Do you think I'm one of these people who keep everything but their promises?"

She laughed. "Oh," she said, "that's rather good. 'One of these people who keep everything but their promises.' That's good. Where did you get it?"

"It just came to me. One of my infrequent flashes."

"'Infrequent!—Oh Charles, you are the wittiest man in town and you know it. Talk to me."

"My darling," he said, "I can't. I'm terribly late." He looked at his watch. "Lie back on your yellow pillow just as you are, and close your eyes—just as you are—and think of me, think hard of me." His voice was low now and his lips were almost touching the mouthpiece of the telephone. He knew when the range of his voice was just right. "Tomorrow, my lady, I return, bearing primroses and gifts."

"Goodbye," she said, "you Greek."

"Goodbye, Laura," he said, and hung up.

It was only three blocks to the house but he walked slowly so that he could get there exactly at five. It was one-minute-to when the doorman let him in. By the time the elevator man stopped at his floor he knew he had gauged it to the second and it made him feel rather proud. He rang the bell and Rosalind let him in almost immediately.

In the doorway she held him tightly for what seemed like a good five minutes. "As usual," he thought. He cupped her face in his hands and kissed her twice, once on each eye. "You're right on time," she said, "please always be right on time because I don't know what to think when you're the least bit late. Oh darling, I worry so."

"Yes sweet," he said, "I know."

She led him to his chair and she sat on the footstool. He passed one hand across his forehead and gave her the tired smile. "It wasn't an easy day," he said, "I've been in the library."

She leaned forward and took his hands in her own. "You write the best books in the world," she said, "why do you have to read other people's books?"

They laughed at that, both of them. In her timid way she knew what it was that pleased him most.

Preliminary Round

My drive was strong and my drive was long
And I placed it exactly right,
And my brassie, too, through the ozone flew
As straight as an arrow's flight,
My lie was mean but I pitched to the green
And almost hit the pin,
And with eyes half-shut I tapped my putt
And I watched it trickle in!

(Now if I'm that hot as I play each shot
From an easy chair in my den . . .
Just think of my pace and the pars I'll erase
When I'm out on the course again!)
—Phil Stack

For the rest of the evening he was at his best. He joked and laughed and made puns. Sometimes he punned in French and she gazed at him in wonder and admiration, for when he was as charming as this her cup ran over. At the dinner table he talked about the silly people he knew and she giggled at his mimicry and told him he would have made a wonderful actor. "Oh darling," she said, "if you didn't write books you could make John Barrymore look sick."

He looked at her—rather puckishly, he thought—and said, "I'm afraid, my dear, that Mr. Barrymore doesn't need my shove in *that* direction!" She informed him that he was the most riotously clever man in the whole wide world. Sometimes he told his friends, "you know, Rosalind is not the most brilliant woman in the world and there are times when she's a damn sore trial to me, but one thing makes her the best wife a man ever had. She's the perfect audience, but perfect."

Tonight she was responding perfectly. She was flushed and almost too happy by the time dinner was over.

"My dear," he said, "is there anything left in the cask of Amontillado?"

"For you, there is."

She got up and took the bottle and the largest brandy glass out of the breakfront cabinet and placed them on the table beside him. He poured himself the right-sized puddle, the size he always called "a genteel sufficiency," and held the glass to his nose. "Just like the gin pahits in Burma," he said, "remember?"

"Will I ever forget?"

He sipped the brandy and looked at her over the rim of the glass. In the evening, he thought, when she was so happy to have him home and her eyes were wide and bright, she was an attractive woman. The only light in the room came from the tall white candles in the dining table and it gave small gold flecks to her hair. "Firelight for you, my dear," he said, "not the harsh white light of out-of-doors, but firelight . . ." She got up from her chair at the other end of the table and came to him. She sat on the floor at his feet and put her head in his lap.

That's an awkward thing to do, he thought. He should have had his hands free to stroke her hair, and they were too busy with the brandy glass.

"I did myself rather proud today," he said.

"Did you, darling?"

"Well, I hate to repeat my little *mots* but my flashes come so infrequently that . . ."

"Infrequently! Oh Charles, there's nobody in the world says things like you do."

"My dear," he said, "really. That's not good for me, you know." He took one hand from the glass and patted her on the head. She closed her eyes and smiled. "What happened today?" she asked.

"Well, I got into a little tiff with Laura Bishop—you know Laura—and she said something I didn't like. I measured her with my eye for a moment, drew myself up to my full height, and said, 'My dear Miss Bishop. *You* make disparaging remarks about me. How can *you* possibly cast aspersions at honest folk when the whole town knows you have a genius for keeping everything but your promises.'"

She raised her head and looked at him in wide-eyed wonder.

"But darling that's wonderful. That's a wonderful thing to say. 'Laura keeps everything but her promises.' Poor Laura! I'll bet she didn't have an answer to that one."

"No my dear, I'm afraid she didn't. She just looked a little sick. And you and I know how sick she can look."

He sipped his brandy and put the glass gently on the table, never taking his eyes from hers. She put her hand on his knee. He reached down and started to stroke her face with the tips of his fingers. She closed her eyes. He spoke to her in low tones, in a voice softened by as much tenderness as he could distill out of the growing suspicion that the brandy might aggravate his ulcers that night.

"You and I," he said, "you and I." ⧺

For Distinguished Service

HONOURS OF
The Royal Horse Guards

In nearly two centuries of glorious campaigning . . . from Dettingen, in 1743, to France and Flanders, in 1914-18 . . . the Standard of the Royal Horse Guards has been decorated with Twenty-one Battle Honours for Distinguished Service.

HONOURS OF
Dewar's "White Label"

Award of the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1892 . . . one of more than 60 medals honouring Dewar's White Label for Excellence in Scotch Whisky

At the call to Scotch maneuvers, the order of the day—and night—is DEWAR'S *White Label* and soda . . . the highball of the highlands. Veterans salute this gallant campaigner for its more than 60 citations for distinguished service. Command DEWAR'S *White Label*, Medal Scotch of the World, and be . . . at ease!

COMMAND DEWAR'S...AND BE "AT EASE"

White Label 8 years old

Victoria Vat 12 years old also known as Ne Plus Ultra

FULL-COLOR REPRINTS EDITION NO. 4 NOW READY—*Includes 6 new 9 x 12 full-color officer prints, without advertising, suitable for framing. Sent upon receipt of 25¢. Schenley Import Corp., N.Y.C., Dept. E.*

Dewar's
"White Label"
The Medal SCOTCH of the World

Schenley IMPORT
Both 86.8 Proof • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
Copyright 1942, Schenley Import Corporation, New York.

Tattooed Forehead

Continued from page 57

embark on a long domestic life. And then one night it rained. Well, it has rained before in the world and it will rain again. What difference can a little rain make? A little mud and gravel were washed down the embankment and into the gutter beside the railroad tracks. And a few leaves and twigs were carried along and clogged up the drain. And a puddle was formed. That's all. Only a puddle. And the water ran over the tracks and in the morning the Paris express stopped at our little station and the passengers had to wait five hours before the train could go through. Some of the people came into town and had lunch at the inn. And he was among them. He was a young son of a French wine merchant and his father was sending him to America to open a branch of the business. She waited on his table in the inn and he asked her some questions, to which she replied. They took a walk in the afternoon and he decided to remain over for a day or two and see our beautiful country. He had money and he rented an automobile and she went along to show him how one gets to this place and the other place. Our land is full of historic places and wherever they went they laughed. And so one thing just led to another and it all began with a little rain in the night and a puddle in the morning. They were soon married and crossed the great ocean. Did she love him? I don't know. She probably figured it all out very carefully and could not pass up the chance. I don't blame her. In one stroke she becomes a great lady and is fixed for life. After all, a little money and position and security in this world must count for something. I said to her: 'I don't blame you. In fact, you would be a fool not to grab it.' And he was as nice as could be and shook my hand very warmly and later sent me a wrist watch for a present. But I still loved her and after she left, for some years afterward I could look at no other girl. And so it is always a little thing . . . A little rain in the night and a little puddle and the course of events is changed. Everything is an accident. And there are good accidents and bad accidents."

When several letters had been tattooed on the forehead, Lucian wiped his needles very carefully and put them away in a secret place. He also hid the flat pebble with the coal, for it would soon be time for all lights to go out and the prison guards would walk their rounds of inspection.

"Yes," he said. "Everything is an accident. Little things make big things."

"You have made a good start?" asked Jules.

"Yes. And tomorrow night we can do several more. And on the third night it will be finished."

"Good."

"But you will never be able to wash it off."

"I will never want to wash it off. I will look every man straight in the face and they will look at me and read the secret of my life."

Soon the gong sounded. The lights went out slowly and it was dark. The prisoners stretched out for the night. They stretched out to dream the dreams that all prisoners dream.

On the second night they continued with their task. Lucian got out the needles and the crumbs of coal, while Jules made himself comfortable on the cot.

"Once for a short time," said Jules, "I felt very good—really distinguished. I was ill with some strange malady and they took me to the hospital. For a long time nobody could figure out what I had and then suddenly one day the head professor came by my bed and stood over me with a blank look in his eyes. He stood for quite a while and then suddenly he woke up out of his dream and walked briskly out of the ward. He returned with two other doctors and they had with them a large medical book which was opened to a certain place. They examined me again and in the end the two doctors shook hands with the professor. His discovery was correct. He had named a rare sickness. 'Once in a million,' he said. And they all agreed. The professor was very pleased and on the following day he had the whole class from the medical school over to look at me. He delivered a long lecture with the students all standing around the bed and from time to time he lifted the blanket and showed them my knees, my toes, the coloring of the skin and the swelling on the side. 'One in a million,' he repeated. 'It is a rare case.' At first I felt very proud for I had something nobody else had. It was a little distinction anyway to have achieved in this world. Other doctors arrived from neighboring towns to have a look at me. And to each he told the same thing: 'It's one in a million.' One day I smiled at him and said: 'Professor, for ordinary people in this world it might be as you say, one-in-a-million, but for me . . . Well, to tell you the truth, for me the laws of chance do not work. That is how I am built.' He looked at me and said: 'Nonsense. All people are built alike. Any doctor would tell you that.' It was not possible for me, a free patient, to contradict the professor, so I just shut up . . . In time I got better but something of this strange one-in-a-million malady remained with me."

"It is better," said Lucian, interrupting his work, "that one should not be too healthy. When I always felt too good I got into trouble. You know how it is, you run out and get frisky and then one thing just seems to lead to another."

He resumed his work and with rapid little pin-pricks soon completed another letter, which he examined from a slight distance. Before starting upon the next initial he paused a minute to grind up a fresh crumb of coal. When it was ground, powder fine, he wet it slightly and proceeded.

Every now and again the sharp sting from the needles would bring a slight twitch to the prisoner's face. Some little facial muscle would contract here or there in sudden convulsion, but it could not be counted as pain for a heavy satisfied smile hung on his lips.

"In Marseille once," spoke Jules, "I ran into a small boy—an orphan. He had run away from the orphanage and came down to the docks. There was a wild look in his eye, the look an animal would have when suddenly let loose from a trap. It glances about nervously here and there and puts its nose high into the air to see if it can catch some scent. The whole frame quivers like the needle of a compass before it settles upon a direction. And instinct too is hard at work trying to make up its mind. . . . Well, this boy George—the nuns of the orphanage had named him with four Christian names but he was not quite certain of the spelling of his last name, Nele or Nelly—anyway, he had run away and come to the docks. 'Where are you going?' I asked. 'To the sea.' 'How old are you?' He answered: 'Eleven.' 'You have papers?' He looked at me. He did not understand. I explained that all boys must have papers before they can join a ship. 'No,' he said. 'I am going to the sea. Far out.' And with these words he began removing his shoes and jacket. 'What the hell are you doing, you little monkey?' I cried. 'You want to jump in the water and drown! Are you crazy?' Or do you want me to jump in after you and drag you out and become a pie-faced hero? Come over here or I will give you a box on the ear!' I spoke pretty roughly to the kid."

"You never told me about this boy."

"No. I kept it secret. But now it does not matter. I was hoping that someday, you see I know his name and he was eleven then and now he would be about twenty-one, someday I was hoping I would run into him. What would an orphan from Marseille do? He would be a seaman or he would be in some place in the town near the docks. Or I would run into him in Cape Town or Shanghai or Bombay or San Francisco. The whole world is like a train on one track. I see his face often when I close my eyes. Well, when I spoke roughly to him his eyes filled with tears but still he went on taking off his shoes. I picked him up and carried him along the street. He hugged me tight and seemed content. I brought him to my lodging and sent out for some bread and cheese and wine. He asked me if I were a real sailor and I told him I was. He put his hand out and touched my hand and cocked his curly head to one side. 'By God,' I said, 'you are a fine boy and you can live with me and be my boy

Continued on page 118

Tricks of the Trade

Pick-Up Technique

EWING KRAININ

Sooner or later, it is expected of every man that he approach a baby, pick it up and hold on to it. Even men with progeny of their own, fearful of maiming the infant, sometimes take months to acquire the proper pick-up technique. Actually, it's all very simple.

Amateurs can take a leaf from John Doughty, shown here in two stages of handling a baby. To pick it up, he places one hand at the back of the baby's neck, with fingers supporting the wobbly head. The other hand goes firmly under the *derrière*. In this way, the child can be hoisted without strain on any part of its anatomy. The same two-handed grip applies to holding the baby. As long as the head and back are supported, there's nothing for you—or it—to worry about.

Mr. Doughty is one of the graduates of the Classes for Fathers conducted by New York's Maternity Center Association, a non-profit organization founded twenty-five years ago to provide instruction in maternity care.

SOAK up the healthful sunshine but don't let its blazing rays ruin the looks of your hair. For hot Summer sun can parch your hair—make it dry and brittle—give it a "baked-out," unattractive look.

Summer Sun and Water can mean Damage to Your Hair!

USE VITALIS

and the Famous "60-Second Workout"

50 Seconds to Rub—Feel that stimulating "tingle" as circulation of the scalp quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance.

10 Seconds to Comb and brush—Your hair stays neatly in place—has a lustre but there's no trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

A cool shower after your exercise makes you feel "in the pink." But the drenching water washes away scalp oils—leaves your hair lustreless and lifeless. So use Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout." Your hair needs this important help to combat the damaging effects of sun and water this Summer.

Wherever you go and whatever you do this Summer—have well-groomed hair—the kind of hair that's an asset to your appearance. Make Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" a regular routine. See how it keeps your hair neat and handsome—a credit to you on every Summer occasion! Get Vitalis today!

Vitalis is a Product of Bristol-Myers

USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

FOOT TRANSPORTATION*
FOR ACTIVE MEN
*COPYRIGHT

Two of over 100 smart styles

You feel your feet relax when you take your first step in Wright Arch Preserver Shoes. Muscle-straining foot tension disappears. Built-in precision-features give your foot normal support—provide it with a natural, free-striding, flexible treadbase. In widths from AAAA to EEE — sizes up to 15.

A thousand fine dealers — with specially trained fitters—carry these top quality shoes. Below is a partial listing. If your city is not included, write to E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Dept. E-6, Rockland, Mass.

4 HIDDEN COMFORT FEATURES

1. Patented Shank
2. Metatarsal Raise
3. Flat Forepart
4. Correct Arch Fitting

WRIGHT
Arch Preserver
SHOES

Akron	M. O'Neil Co.
Atlanta	Geo. Muse Clo. Co.,
Baltimore	N. Hess' Sons
Binghamton	Strange's
Boston	Walsh Arch Shoes Graham Shoe Co. Filene's Men's Store
Bridgeport	Howland's
Brooklyn	Phone WI 7-6540
Buffalo	A. M. & A's
Canton, O.	Vicary's
Charleston, S. C.	Condon's
Charlotte	Gilmer-Moore
Chicago	Marshall Field
Cincinnati	Potter Shoe Co.
Cleveland	Stone Shoe Co.
Dallas	Volk Bros. Co.
Dayton	Fred Hageman
Denver	Fontius Shoe Co.
Detroit	R. H. Fyfe & Co.
Fresno	Reliable Shoe Store
Grand Rapids	Steketee's
Harrisburg	Crego's
Holyoke	Childs
Houston	Sakowitz Bros.
Indianapolis	Marott's
Jackson	Selby Shoes
Jersey City	Wenton's
Joliet	The Eagle
Kansas City	Miller Shoe Co.
Lancaster	Shaub's
Lexington	Phillips
Lima	Crawford's
Long Beach, Calif.	Dobyn's
Los Angeles	Bullock's Gude's Inc.
Louisville	Rodes Rapier
Lowell and Lawrence	Dickerman-McQuade
Macon	Macon Shoe Co.
Miami	Burdine's
Minneapolis	C. M. Stendal The Dayton Company
Nashville	Meador's
New Orleans	Pokorny's
New York City	In Metropolitan New York are many dealers. For store most conveniently located — telephone Wisconsin 7-6540
Oakland	Chas. Kushins
Okla. City	Rothschild's
Paterson	Stenchever's Kobner's
Philadelphia	Cherry's Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh	Kaufmann's Boggs & Buhl
Portland, Me.	Lamey-Wellehan
Portland, Ore.	Meier-Frank
Richmond	Miller, Rhoads
Rochester	Pidgeon's
St. Louis	Famous-Barr Co. Stix, Baer & Fuller Co.
St. Petersburg	X-Ray Shoes
Salt Lake	Thompson Co.
San Antonio	Frank Bros.
San Francisco	Sommer & Kaufmann
Seattle	Frederick & Nelson Nordstrom's
So. Bend	Selby Shoes
Springfield, Ill.	Luers'
Syracuse	Park, Brannock
Tampa	Maas Bros.
Toledo	B. R. Baker Co.
Topeka	Payne Shoes
Trenton	Fischer's
Utica	Hughes'
Washington	Boyce & Lewis Raleigh Haberdasher
Waterbury	Hayes & Jones
Wilkes-Barre	Walters
Youngstown	J. W. Smith

For Women — Selby Arch Preserver Shoes, Portsmouth, Ohio

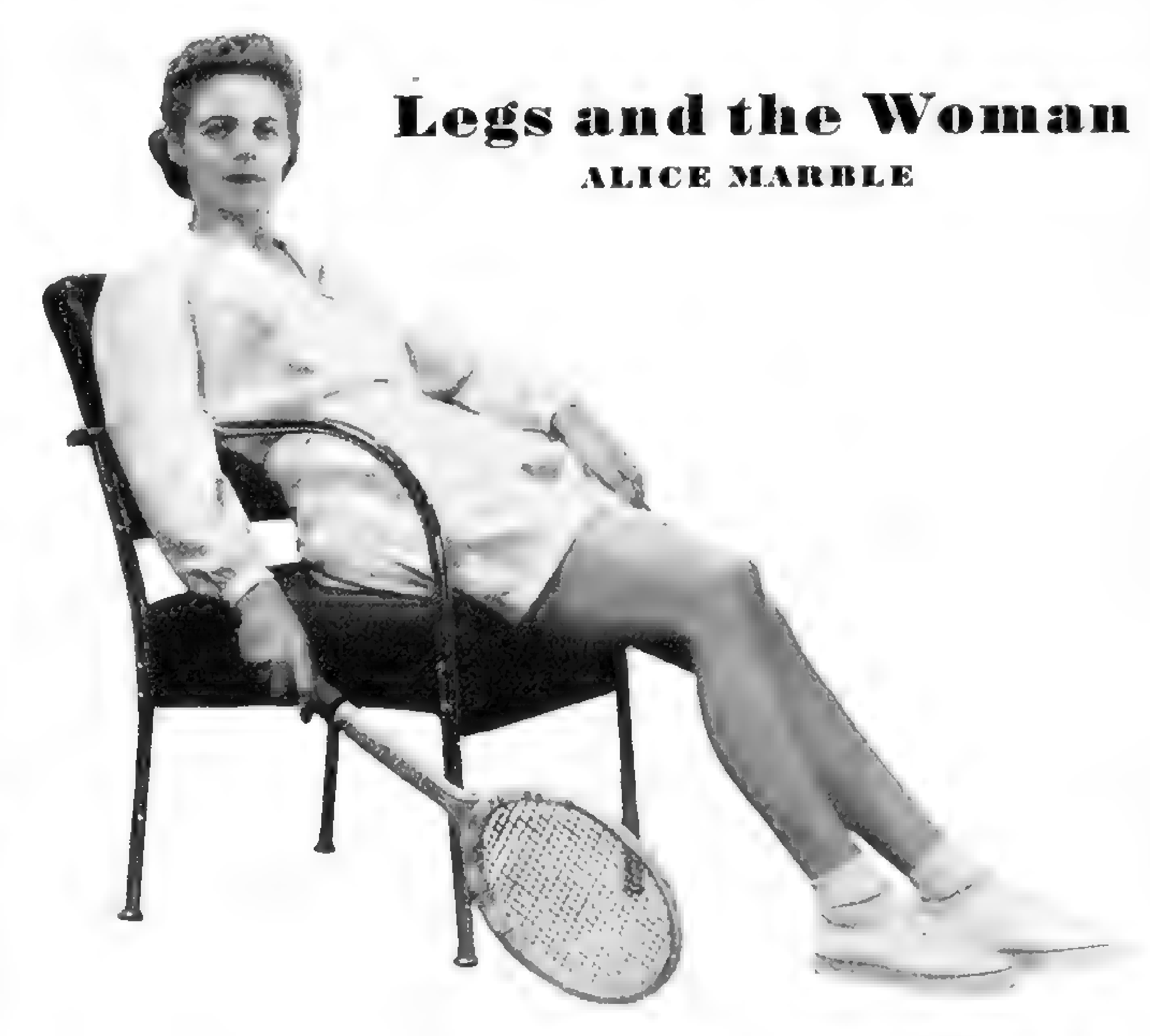
Tattooed Forehead

Continued from pages 57-117

until you grow up or as long as you want. I don't have chateaux and automobiles and servants but it's a clean room here and a clean cot and what I eat, you will eat, and if something comes our way then we will share fairly.'"

"That sounds like a fair proposition."

"It was fair enough. We shook hands and I went out and bought him a suit of clothes and a good pair of shoes and a cap. I was as happy as I could be. He was a fine boy, bright, cheerful; and only to look in his face made your heart glad. I was a fool. I did not know. What I should have done was to take the boy and go away from Marseille to some other place and then nobody would have known and we would have lived in peace and . . . But the neighbors told me I would have to go to a notary and make out adoption papers and the notary leads to the city clerk and the clerk is close to the police and the police investigate very carefully. Two nuns came from the orphanage to identify him. 'I hate you!' he cried. 'I don't want to go back. Jules is going to be my dad. He treats me good and we shook hands. I am learning cord knots and can repair nets. Let me stay, I hate you so!' I went to the Mother Superior and pleaded with her but it was no use. The boy was under age and could not be let out for two years. Besides, he had climbed over the garden wall and run away and therefore he had to be punished. Alas! I could do nothing. 'I will wait for you!' he cried as they dragged us apart. 'Yes, I will wait,' I said. Then I went home and waited day and night for I was certain that if the boy had done it once he could manage it again. This time if he came to me, we would both run away. I had a plan. I had some money saved up. And my things were packed. A week passed and then a month. I went to the place where the orphanage stood and I looked up at the windows, hoping to catch a glimpse of him. I came back each day and waited across the street until I was arrested by the police for loitering and plotting to kidnap. I took the count of thirty-days in the city prison. . . . Well, thirty days are soon over. I went back to the place and rang the doorbell. I told the Mother Superior that my intentions were good and I would guarantee a good home, my friends would sign for me, and . . . 'No.' I would put up money. 'No.' I would make a contribution, the best I could. 'No.' I would take him on probation and if at the end of a year or even six months he was not happy, then . . . 'No.' It was no, no, no! When I was going out one of the young nuns taking me to the door



Legs and the Woman

ALICE MARBLE

Miss Marble's sturdy legs—which also happen to be shapely enough to merit description by Winchell as one of the three most lovely pairs in the world—first twinkled to fame in 1931 when, at the age of 17, she shared the National Women's Junior Doubles title. . . . They subsequently carried her to the National Women's Singles Championship on four occasions and to a dozen other major tennis titles. . . . Their greatest feat of endurance was recorded at Wimbledon on a muggy day in 1939 when Miss Marble ran herself ragged winning three titles in one day (Women's Singles and Doubles and Mixed Doubles) and then went dancing until 4 a.m. at a "Victory Ball." . . . After a brief spell supporting their owner as a nightclub singer, they switched over to the more energetic task of getting her around on her duties as Assistant Director of Physical Fitness for the OCD. . . while in this role, since resigned, they beautifully exemplified Miss Marble's main preachment: To keep fit, use your head by using your legs—walk to where you're going.

whispered in my ear: 'It is no use. Don't come back. His mother was a countess and someday . . . There is a lot of money in the family. We take good care of him. In fact he is now in the country.' I waited for several months, hoping he would run away again and once more we could be together. Ah! That would have been a life. In his presence, not one foul word would ever have slipped through my lips. We would have lived and we would have been happy. And I would have shared everything with him. A man wants to share. And I would have given him anything I had. Anything and everything. Except, of course, the damn curse. That is mine, mine alone! It belongs to me and God. No one dares touch it!"

"Keep still. Don't shake your head."

"All right . . . I never saw him again. I sailed for Australia. We stopped in New Zealand, Java, Sumatra, we went on to Manila and I deserted the ship in Hong-Kong."

It was again time to put the needles away and stretch out for the night. The light went dim and all was again dark.

On the third and last night of the tattooing Jules spoke very little. His lips no longer smiled and he seemed unwilling to talk. His mood was brooding and there were long pauses between his disconnected sentences.

"It is better to face things and not try to pretend," he said. "It is better to say frankly what you are. That is why they put prison suits on prisoners. People who come may look at them and know what they are. But it is not enough. A prison suit only tells you of those outside traits. A man steals or he murders and he gets a prison suit. But inside he has traits and these are hidden. One man is mean, another is brutish, still another is lonely or he perhaps is generous. One person has a streak of fortune that clings to him all his life and every turn of his hand is golden, and another—his very brother—may be just the opposite. These are hidden traits."

After a brief silence he spoke again.

"All the big things in the world are the result of little things. We are taught to believe that if you can do little things well then the little things will add up and the big also will be good. And if you are good in little things your whole life will be a good life. But there are controls that are inside and there is a fate that is outside. Often they go together. Often one may be encouraged and helped by the other. Only sometimes they pull against each other with the strength of a dozen mules. Once the struggle begins, then nothing can prevent it. Between such two powerful forces the soul and spirit of man is crushed, just as you grind a crumb of coal."

After another long silence he said: "Once we journeyed up the Amazon and while we camped at night two Frenchmen suddenly came upon us and threw themselves on the ground. They cried for mercy. They had escaped from Devil's Island and, making a long journey through the terrible jungle, come to a branch river. They drifted down in a crude canoe and at last reached the broad Amazon. Here we were and they feared that we were officials. For who then could be found in this place? 'Rise up,' said our leader, 'and eat. We are no cheap inspectors living on tax-payers' money. We are explorers; we are adventurers; we are men. And we are looking for gold.' They came forward and ate with us in silence. Tears filled their eyes. They wept at their good fortune."

"Starting on the last letter," Lucian announced.

"When fortune is with you, then you take desperate chances. When it is against you, then you become timid and crawl into your own shell. Fear then has a chance to enter and you become a weakling. That is wrong. I fought it as hard as I could. I took chances anyway, desperate chances, for what difference could it make? . . . The savages in Africa beat their drums all night long to keep away the evil spirits. I heard them myself. It can drive you mad, the constant, dull, insistent beat. . . . I knew a sailor once who cut the drums with his knife. He could not stand to hear them beating any longer. They killed him."

Soon the job was done. Lucian stepped back a pace to admire his work.

"How does it look?"

"Good."

"All even?"

"All the same size exactly and all properly spaced. It will never wash off."

"What day is today?" asked Jules.

"Friday."

"Tomorrow we take our exercise in the yard. Then they will all see."

"Yes," said Lucian, putting away the needles and the flat pebbles between which were ground the crumbs of coal. "Tomorrow they will all see."

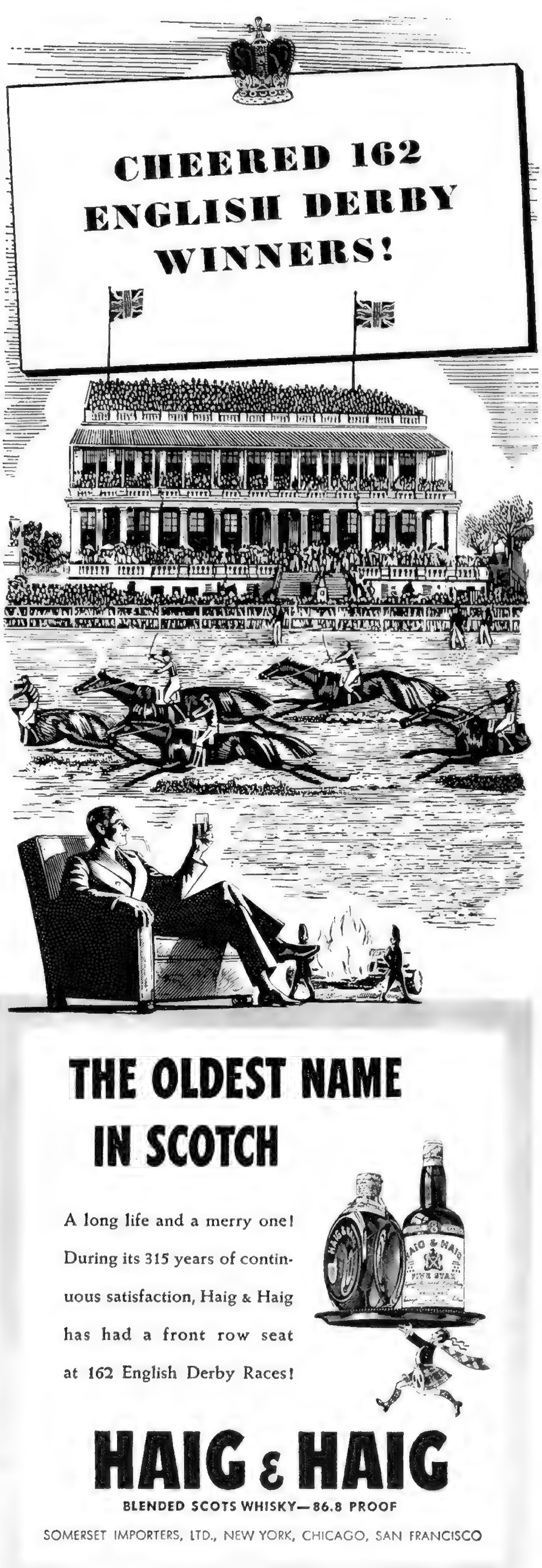
On the following afternoon the cell doors were unlocked and all prisoners marched single file into the open yard. The air was fresh, the heavy sound of the waves was heard as they dashed against the great rocks of this far-flung prison island. Now and again the screech of a bird was heard.

Jules stood in the center of the yard. His eyes looked out earnestly and frankly. His face was grave.

The keepers came up to him and read what was tattooed on his forehead. And as each read he laughed out loud. It was a good joke. They slapped each other on their backs.

The prisoners also came up, one at a time, to examine the letters tattooed on his forehead. They nodded their heads in approval and departed in silence. It was true. They knew it was true and they did not laugh.

The tattooed letters read: No luck.



CHEERED 162 ENGLISH DERBY WINNERS!

THE OLDEST NAME IN SCOTCH

A long life and a merry one! During its 315 years of continuous satisfaction, Haig & Haig has had a front row seat at 162 English Derby Races!

HAIG & HAIG

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY—86.8 PROOF

SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO

Superb style innovation

FROM LATIN AMERICA... BY HICKOK

A straw-vote among style experts... shows which way the style-wind is blowing. Natural braided palm... under LiveGLAS*... framed in leather... it's the cleverest new brace-and-belt idea in years! You'll like the looks, the feel... of this Hickok "first." Be first to wear it!

Hickok straw belt, $1.50... Braces, $2

* Made of "Vinylite" brand resins. T. M., C. & C. C. C.

The Eagle Spreads Its Wings

Continued from page 87

time. Sooner or later, most people come to agree about the same things; it is the irony of history that they don't reach these agreements at the same moment.

If the Inquisition were in force today, it is highly probable that even this conservative body would concede Mr. Galileo's contention that the earth does move.

And by a multiplicity of irony, it so often happens that the group, or the country, which perceives a truth late in time, perceives it more acutely. And we, who clung so long to the empty sentimentalities of life and war, will grasp the realities with a desperate and fervent passion.

Our fighting arm is becoming air-minded with all the speed for which the American business pace is noted. And this speed is now harnessed to and integrated with the latest and most advanced details of design. This is particularly evident in our bombers' program. We have now in the process of production—and in the process of delivery—the most formidable air fortresses the speculative world has yet foreseen. We're out-Wellsing Mr. Wells.

Mr. Wells may have gone off at the deep end with his ideas of "things to come" in the field of gaseous war; but where air alone is concerned, he's still panting.

It might be well, at this point, to draw up a list of our latest bombing planes . . . and see precisely how well we're set. And in this review, it should be borne in mind that a reasonable possibility exists for winning the entire war—as General Douhet implied—by concentrated and continuous attack with these heavy-armored instruments of devastation.

Of the many bombers which are now rolling off our scattered assembly lines, perhaps the most awe-inspiring is the Douglas B-19. This is the largest airplane ever built, exceeding in wing span even the giant Maxim Gorky, which some years back, carried everything but a small factory over the streets of Moscow.

If used simply as a troop transport, the B-19 could carry a hundred men in comfort—if not luxury. Its gross weight is seventy-two tons. It is scarcely expedient here to go into details of performance and armament. But if each of these hundred hypothetical passengers were translated into a couple of bombs, you could get a rough idea of its potential striking force.

The Boeing B-17E, which is the latest version of the famous Flying Fortress, is another of our growing fleet of air battleships. Weighing some twenty-three tons, having a high speed of over 300 m.p.h., a range of over 3,000 miles, and tremendous armament and fire strength—it is virtually a battle cruiser that is equipped with wings.

The Douglas Boston, which has been in active service for the British, is another symbol of our particular type of offensive strength. The Douglas is a seven-ton plane, rugged, also heavily armored. The night-fighter version of the Douglas is known as the Havoc.

One of the best high-speed medium bombers built for the British is the Martin Baltimore, the successor to last year's Martin Maryland. Another Martin bomber, distinctly hush-hush these days, is the B-26—a high, mid-wing type, much cleaner in design, hence speedier, than either the Maryland or the Baltimore.

The Consolidated (B-24) Liberator, incorporating the by-now-much-publicized Davis wing—a wing which seems to have wonder-working virtues—is a heavy ship from which much is to be expected. Powered by four Pratt and Whitney engines, its speed is considered to be well above the 300 m.p.h. mark.

Among the other bombers which add to the future hopes of our Air Forces, are the North American B-25, the time-tried Lockheed Hudson, the Douglas A-20A light bomber, the Douglas C-47 cargo transport, the Curtiss C-46 cargo transport, and the Navy ships, the Consolidated Coronado Flying Boat, the Consolidated Catalina, and the Martin PBM-1 Mariner.

The several types of dive bombers, on which a great deal of our expected summer offensive depends, were covered in the last issue of Esquire.

It is interesting to note, now that the fustian of early criticism has passed away, that many fields formerly considered too radical or theatrical for conservative circles, are being adopted and developed—in orthodox haste.

Gliders, for example—vehicles which were once considered as sporting devices for oppressed German youth, or Russian eccentricities, pure and simple—are now an official arm of the Air Forces. Precisely what has developed in this field, and to what nefarious tasks they will be put—across the vast and solitary spaces of the Pacific—is still a secret of the inner chamber.

Parachutes, similarly, have begun to open up and loft themselves above the many Army and Navy training fields.

Many new devices are still on trial. There's a Northrop *Flying Wing*—a radical new type of military airplane, which is all wing, and no fuselage. Having a minimum of wind resistance, the wing, if successful, will provide greatly increased flying speed and a maximum of invulnerability.

There is the Ryan *Dragon Fly*—a radically new type of observation plane, with a special adaptation of wing flaps, capable of remaining almost motionless in flight.

And, again, we have a unique, thaumaturgic motor fuel—100 octane gas. This gas can make our planes fly faster, farther, higher—and carry heavier bomb loads than Axis planes of comparable specifications, but with gas of lower octane content.

Because of factors unique in our production setup, we have a virtual monopoly on 100 octane gas. And this is one time in history when even the classical economist would consider monopoly healthy.

* * *

It's a pleasanter thing a much pleasanter thing, to write the lessons of history than to learn them. And it's a heartening thing for the country as a whole to find that our military is gradually abandoning that type of navel contemplation which has long been the earmark of the Buddhist, the mystic, and the military man.

Inaction, non-violence, non-aggression, and contemplation, all have their charms. From the purple heights of the philosopher's perch, it's not easy to say whether in the long run, these fragrances—born on an East wind—are not more desirable than imagination, drive, and aggression.

Unhappily, we are not yet living in the long run. Our life span seems irrevocably committed by biology to an acutely circumscribed life cycle.

And in the short run, a run to which we are quaintly confined, our best butter must be reserved for the instincts of self-preservation—instincts which today call for more bombers, bigger bombs, and a swifter use of both.

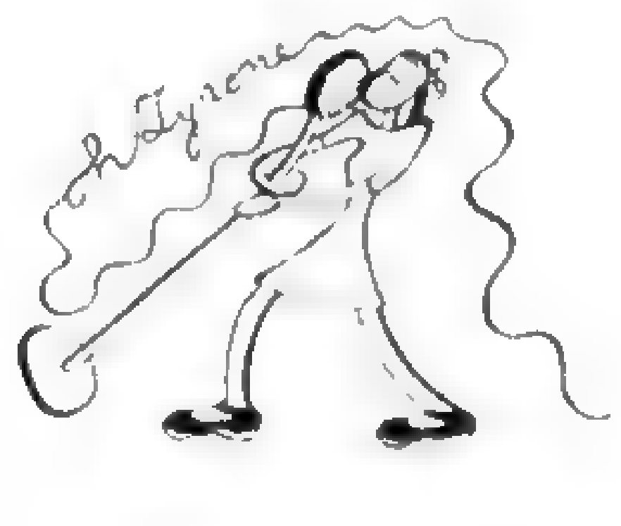
Mr. Descartes' happy maxim, "I think, therefore I am," *Cogito, ergo sum*, must soon be made to read *Oppugno, ergo spiro*—"I attack, therefore I breathe." Or, as we might say, on a high cloud over Tokio: *Imo wa ikaga de gozaimasu ka?*—"Will you have another helping of potatoes?" ⋕

Latest Tips on Etiquette

by PARKE CUMMINGS

Automobiling: When a gentleman calls on a lady to pick her up for a date he should *not* honk his horn loudly and vehemently to notify her of his presence. The honking should be subdued, staccato and infrequent for the first five minutes. After that real loud honking is permissible. If she still doesn't appear, it is then au fait for the man to ring her doorbell and inquire who does she think she is Mrs. Astor huh expecting him to come to the door and escort her to his car huh? If it is a gentleman's first date with the lady he does not attempt to kiss her without first removing his hat.

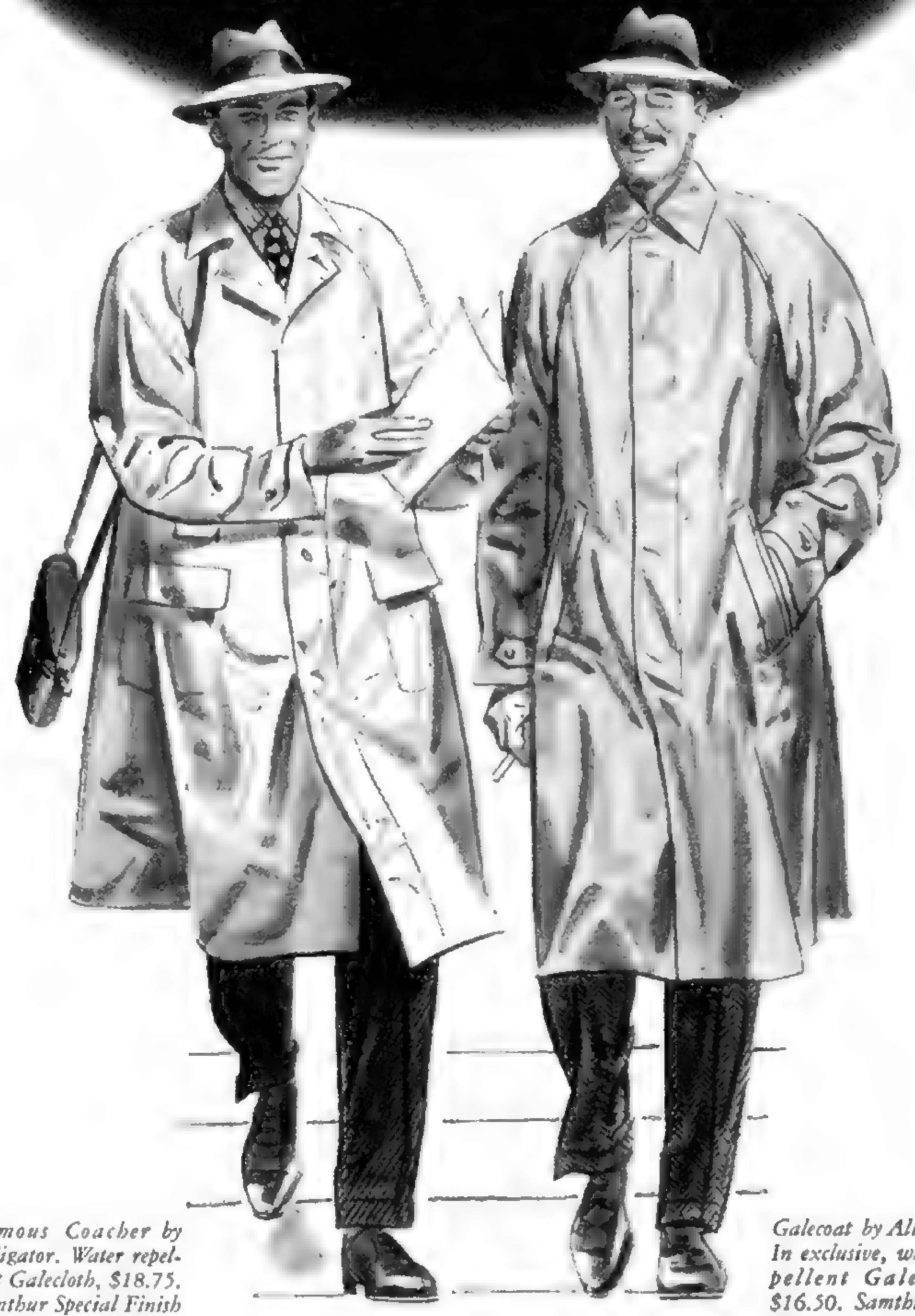
Movies: A gentleman always offers the arm of his chair to the lady sitting next to him. If there are ladies on both sides of him, he holds his hands throughout the picture. If a boy escorts a girl to the movies, it is not good manners to boo at the news reels until she boos first, and he discovers whether she is for defense or attack. While torrid love scenes are taking place gentlemen will not whistle nor ladies sigh loud enough to be heard by the person accompanying them.



Radio: When there are ladies in the room, no gentleman tunes in on a prize fight or a football game without first inquiring whether the ladies want to hear it loud or *very* loud. If a boy and a girl are listening to the radio together, it is impolite for either of them to yawn without immediately remarking: "It's them terrible commercials." It is not necessary for a gentleman to rise to his feet or remove his hat when a lady talks over the radio on cooking hints or her favorite movie actor. It is O.K. to remove the radio, though.

General conduct: When an impending divorce is announced, do not congratulate the woman; just the man. In walking past jewelry and millinery store windows, a man walks on the inside of the sidewalk and puts his lady friend on the outside—if he's smart. No gentleman tells shady stories in mixed company without giving the gals first chance.

You're Smarter *Two Ways* with an ALLIGATOR



Famous Coacher by Alligator. Water repellent Galecloth, $18.75. Samthur Special Finish Cloth, $15.50.

Galecoat by Alligator. In exclusive, water repellent Galecloth, $16.50. Samthur Special Finish Cloth, $14.50. Stormwind Cloth, $11.50.

✓ Smarter Appearance . . .

✓ Dependable Protection!

Your new Alligator raincoat, waterproof or water repellent, will give you—ONE—vastly smarter appearance on the street—TWO—keep your suits looking newer by the greater protection it provides. You'll find yourself glad for the chance to wear it. See the Alligator styles at your dealer's. Look for the Alligator label—"the best name in rainwear." THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

$\$6^{50}$ to $\$31^{50}$

At Better Dealers Everywhere

ALLIGATOR

Raincoats · Galecoats · Sportswear

because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

Buy U. S. Defense Bonds and Stamps

Sepeshy: At Home in Two Worlds

Continued from page 88

Sepeshy had lived for six years in Detroit, an old friend and benefactor gave the struggling young artist, as he then was, a round-trip ticket to New Mexico where, for four months, he painted and lived with the Indians, especially around Taos and Santa Fe. On the way back he stopped off at Denver and there, one morning, heard a sight-seeing bus driver bellow the name of Buffalo Bill. There was the chance to pay that return visit! Sepeshy bought a ticket, boarded the bus and was put down, at the end of the ride, before a heap of fieldstones and a memorial tablet. It was Buffalo Bill's grave. The old fellow couldn't wait any longer.

Sepeshy brought with him also from the old world an evidence of obligation to the new world more tangible than the recollection of white-goateed Buffalo Bill. At the head of the breadlines which formed in Budapest after the Bela Kun uprising there was American Red Cross bread and margarine and diluted milk and spinach, and there was also clothing, chiefly woollens and knit wear. And when he came to the United States he brought along as a memento a pair of woollen socks, which, after having twice crossed the Atlantic, was despatched on a third crossing, through a Bundles for Britain agency in Detroit.

By the time the war was over and the Czechoslovaks came down from the North to claim the slice of Hungary awarded to them by the Treaty of Trianon, and the Rumanians came in from the East, pillaging and fighting the Communists, all the solid bulwarks of land and houses, prestige and position had gone with the wind, for the turmoil that followed the war swept mainly through that part of Hungary in which nestled Kassa, his birthplace, and the lands of his family and friends. Laughter, broad gestures, hospitality and the grace of living all went to hell. Part of the family was driven off or slain; the rest remained, stripped and poor. But by that time Zoltan Sepeshy had acquired several intangible assets that could neither be burned nor expropriated—an education, the broadening influence of travel throughout Central Europe, the ability to paint pictures, a pathetic gift for those times, and a diploma qualifying him to teach various branches of art.

By that time he had passed through the courses of the *gymnasium* and had survived a four-and-a-half-year course at the Academy of Fine Arts at Budapest, emerging in 1919 with a piece of parchment qualifying him to teach drawing, painting, geometry and pictorial perspective as well as sculpture. The Horthy regime refusing to acknowledge a diploma granted during the regime of Bela Kun, he had to go through a second examination. Before the war, the student had traveled alone and with his father through the Balkan countries, Poland, France and Italy, not to mention the empires of Franz Joseph and Wilhelm Hohenzollern, their cities and their museums. For one of the dividends of his father's position was a half-fare ticket on all the railroads of Austria-Hungary. And so he travelled, and became cultivated. And when his diploma had been certified by the gentlemen of the White Terror, there was nothing better for Zoltan Sepeshy than a clerkship in a hospital and afterwards, for about seven months, he taught art in a school in Budapest.

In this state of affairs a letter from an uncle in Detroit—"how would you like to come to America to live?"—proved irresistible, even though the Uncle had no estate and no fortune, but was a simple proletarian in the employ of the matter-of-fact American Can Company. Somehow the young man tore himself away from a saddened father and a grief-stricken mother and after fourteen days on a Dutch freighter saw the Statue of Liberty. For several weeks he explored New York in quest of a job but found none, and found no hint of welcome for a young man with cultural credentials and diploma from an already liquidated world. He went to Detroit. Whether by plan or accident he avoided the pitfall of living in the midst of transplanted Hungarians, who might have softened but certainly would have prolonged the process of adjustment to the new world which he was not too old to conquer. Uncle's welcome and help seem to have been a little less than overwhelming, and there were agonies of loneliness and homesickness, not to mention the pangs of want and hunger. Slowly and painfully he learned to make his English understood, slowly and painfully he made friends and allies among a group of artists and collectors, bohemian spirits who made up with warmth for their lack of fortune, and whose patience with a foreign accent was almost angelic.

Sepeshy had come to Detroit just at the beginning of the big boom decade and there was work for willing hands and able bodies. He describes the city in his contemporary prose as "terrifically and dynamically growing, building, manufacturing, steel-riveting, shrieking, real-estate gorging, money-mad," and in that atmosphere he found jobs and peddled his pictures from home to home and office to office. His first employer was a house painter for whom he became the expert in charge of kalsomining clothes closets. Then he stacked lumber in a lumber yard and painted billboards, and then became window trimmer for a chain of drug stores, for which also he painted huge ice cream cones. For a time he was layout man for advertising firms and subsequently an architectural draftsman.

After awhile there were sales of pictures. Sepeshy's first American sale was to a barber, who paid twenty dollars for a group of prancing horses under a shady elm, in gratitude for which the artist sometimes swept the shop. His second sale was to the physician—Dr. Kamperman—who twenty-one years later brought into the world the artist's daughter, Cecilia. He began exhibiting timidly, in the local group shows and even at state fairs, at which he shared blue ribbons with the livestock. His first break came in 1926 when an old friend and benefactor gave him that round-trip ticket to New Mexico, where, for four months, he painted and upon his return to Detroit sold everything he had brought back with him.

Upon his return he was appointed to a teaching post at the school of the Society of Arts and Crafts, where John Carroll now teaches. Then came the first of a series of mural commissions. He painted two panels for the Chevrolet display room of the General Motors Building and later painted for the Fordson High School (Fordson is now Dearborn) six panels and a lunette on the theme of Transportation. He received his second papers at the time he was working on this commission. This was in 1927. He was growing in importance, stature and capacity. He was exhibiting his paintings more frequently, selling them for better prices and winning an occasional prize. The homesick stranger had become the citizen, and the citizen was becoming the representative in art of both Detroit and Michigan. (In the International Business Machines collection of American Art, for example, his painting represents Michigan.) When, in 1933, he made his one-man debut in New York, his sponsor was the head of the Detroit Institute of Art, Dr. W. R. Valentiner. Sepeshy's paintings and water colors are in the permanent collections of most of midwest America's important museums.

Ever since 1933 he has been associated with Cranbrook Academy, at Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, twenty miles outside Detroit. At this Academy, one of the most spacious and best equipped kindergarten-to-college institutions in the United States, he holds the place of resident artist in charge of the department of painting, Carl Milles being his peer in the department of sculpture. In that year also he married and began making a home all his own, which combination of circumstances helps a man really to sink roots into new soil. That was the year likewise of his first one-man show in New York, which resulted in the first metropolitan acknowledgment of Sepeshy's existence as an American artist.

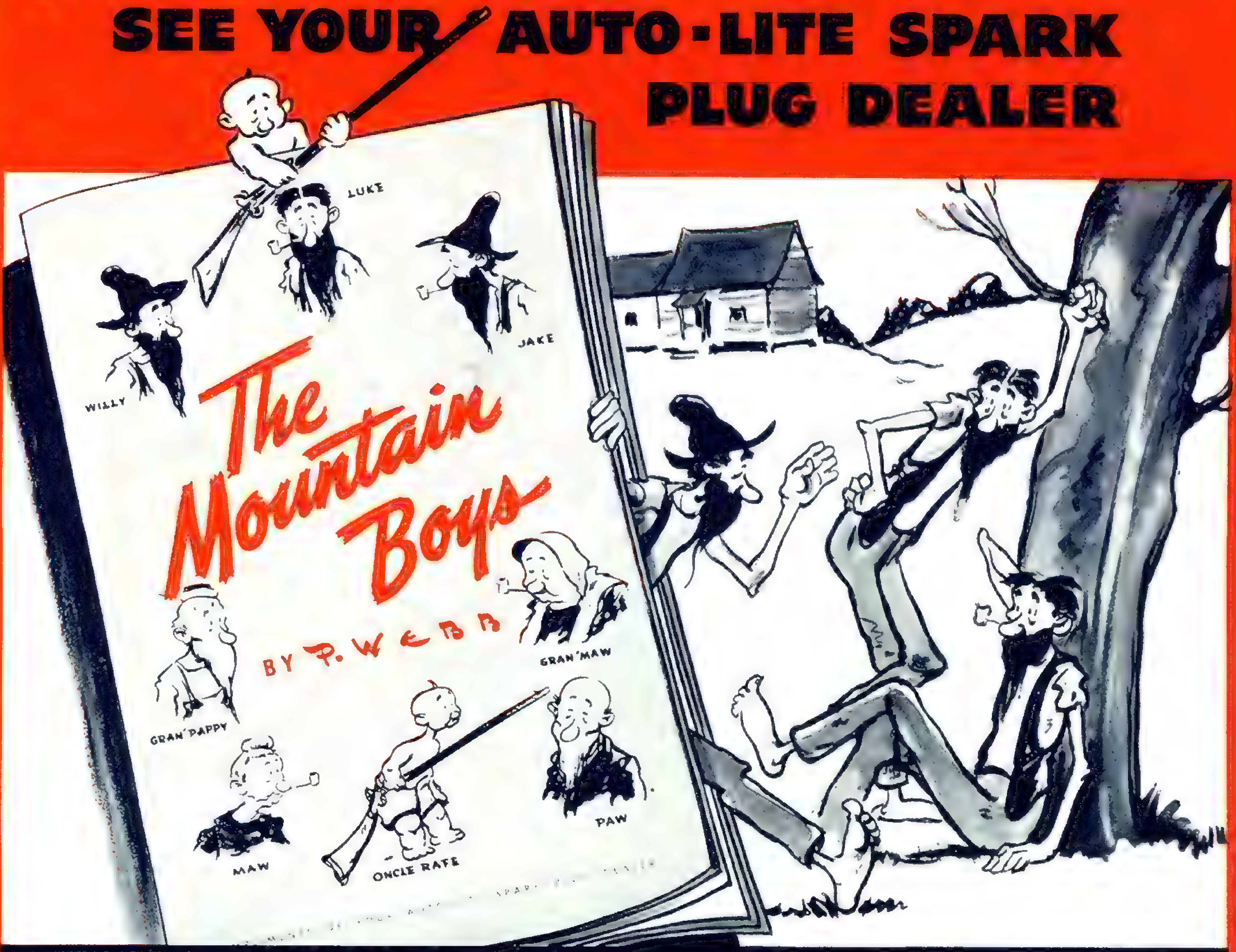
His special contribution to the art of painting consists in the application of the tempera technique in such a way that he captures not merely the surface aspect of things but their granular, fibrous quality. His painting has the clarity and precision of etching, with the added veracity of coloring which the black and white medium can only suggest. He seems to be able to do with painting even more than painting requires. He can represent such refinements of line as rain drops, the twine of fishing nets, single hairs and the down on the back of a woman's neck, the gradations of fibrous matter in the cross-section of a blasted tree trunk. His is an art which is realistic, descriptive, solidly structural, delighting in the relations of forms and the representation of the finest shades and textures. It is not a poetic art, it is not evocative, it does not suggest; it tells all. The workmanship is sometimes too explicit, too workmanlike. And yet there is something thoroughly satisfying about Sepeshy's slow and patient exposition. You need never be in doubt about his intention, or his subject matter. There are no empty spaces. There is nothing which has to be filled out. His art is a wonderful antidote to the vaguer kind of Impressionism. His is not the painting of a thing; it is practically the thing. You can feel the goods, it is all wool and a yard wide.

Whatever Became Of . . .

Those cross-eyed Jap fliers? . . . Two cars in every garage? . . . Crooners who sing through megaphones? . . . Hitler's triumphal 1941 entry into Moscow? . . . That dough we put aside for paying our income tax instalments? . . . Last year's tennis top ten? . . . The jigsaw puzzle craze? . . . The day when equaling par was a triumph and not a disgrace? . . . Suits with padded shoulders?

GET THIS "BOOK of LAUGHS"

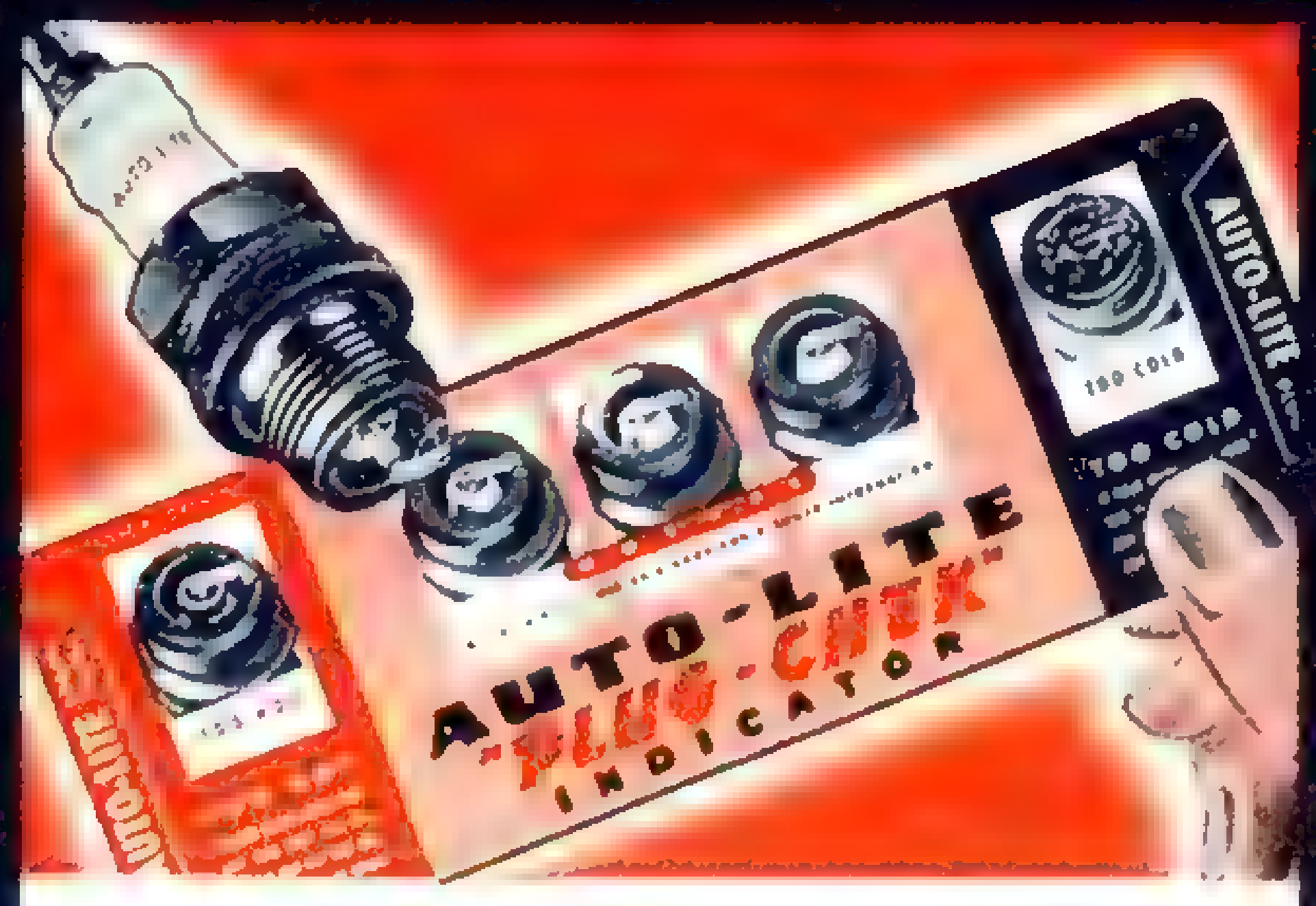
SEE YOUR AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUG DEALER



ASK FOR "PLUG-CHEK" INSPECTION SERVICE

You've laughed at the antics of Paul Webb's famous "Mountain Boys" in the pages of Esquire. Now you can get a whole series of these rib-tickling drawings—24 pages packed with laughter and sly humor. Be sure and ask for this book of laughs when you drive in for "Plug-Chek" Inspection Service at your Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealer's. "Plug-Chek" helps your service man quickly spot faulty plugs—tell whether they are wasting gas and power. Simply cleaning and regapping your present plugs may give you "like-new" performance—now more important than ever. Drop in at your Auto-Lite Spark Plug dealer's. Ask for "Plug-Chek" Inspection Service and find out how to get your "Mountain Boys" Cartoon Book today.

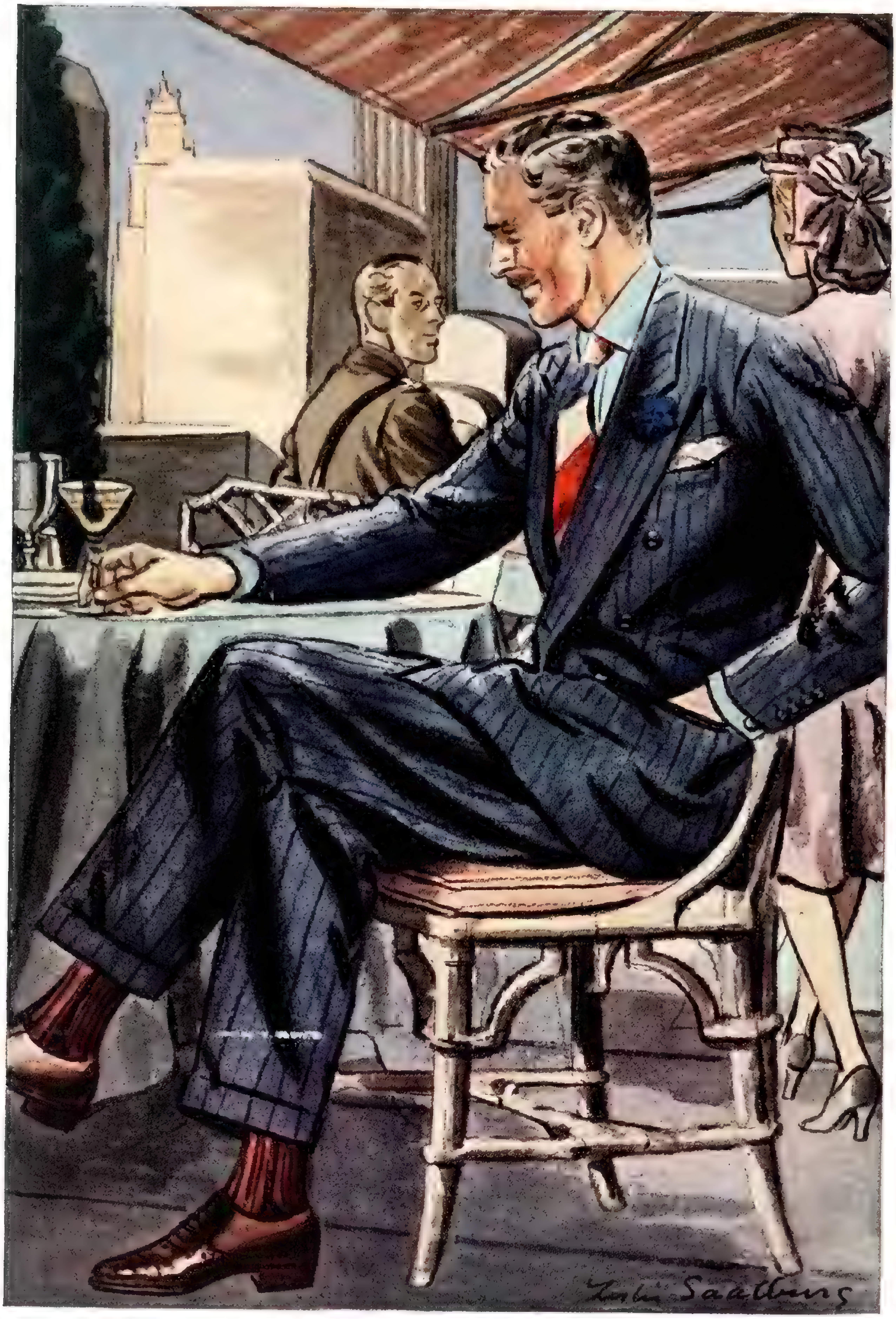
THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
Merchandising Division
Toledo, Ohio • Sarnia, Ontario



Color and condition tell whether spark plugs are operating "too hot," or "too cold," or just right. Matching your plugs with those illustrated on the "Plug-Chek" is the first step in restoring new life to spark-weary engines.

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS
IGNITION ENGINEERED

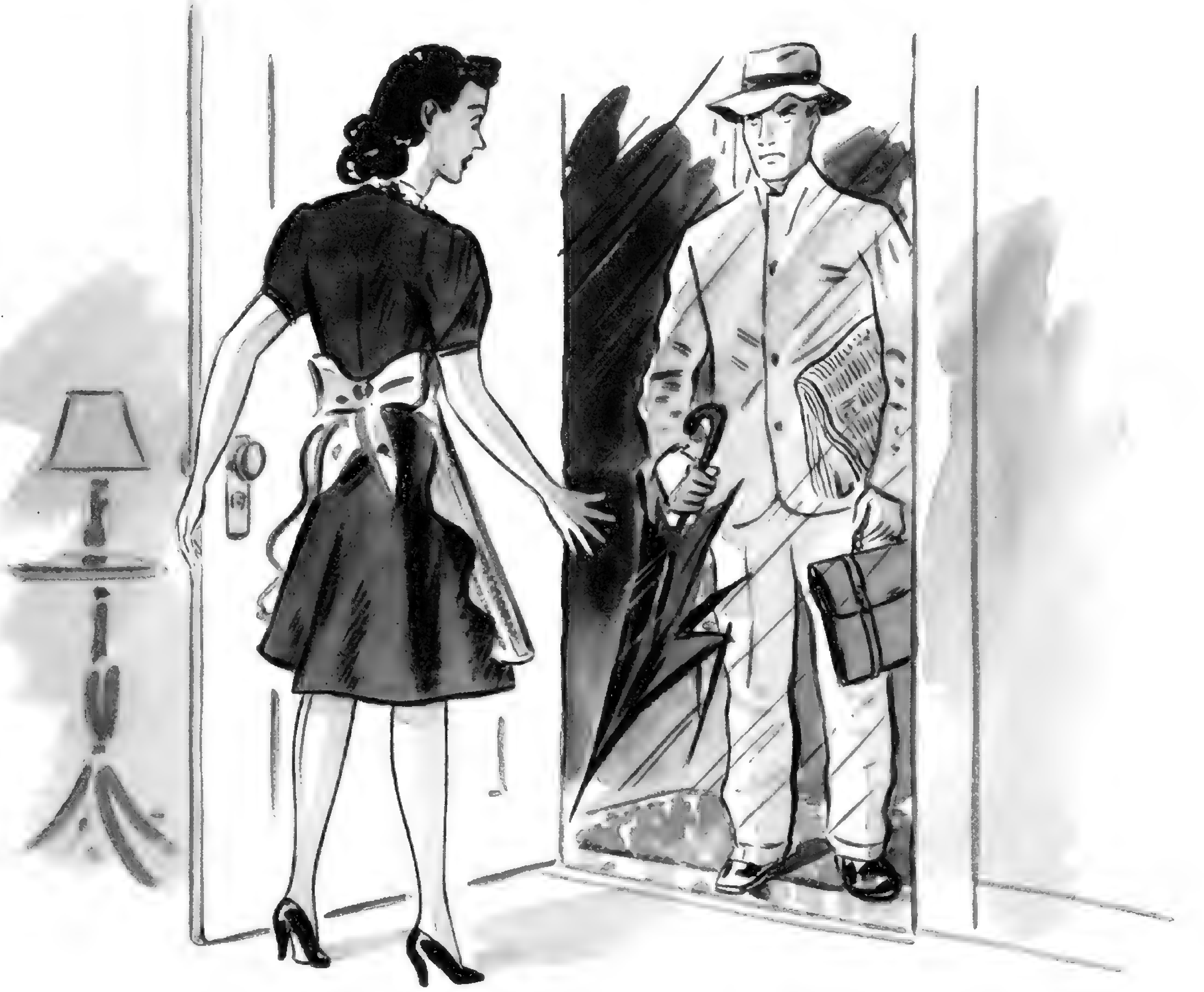
IN ITS 26 GREAT MANUFACTURING DIVISIONS, AUTO-LITE IS PRODUCING FOR AMERICA'S ARMED FORCES ON LAND, SEA AND IN THE AIR



in the lightweight class

Some like it hot and some like it on the roof-tops like this Martini drinker who sits alone, and obviously he likes it. The temperature is delightfully cool up here in the clouds, which we hope accounts for the frosty glance from the gentleman in uniform at the table yonder. Or perhaps the Martini man's Harbor Blue worsted suit with blue and grey stripes is the coolest thing in the picture. It's built of a summer fabric, the background color of which was inspired by the brilliant blue harbor at Nassau. His shirt's made of loosely woven madras and feels like nothin' at all. The maroon lisle half hose are summerweight, and even his brown town-last shoes are of lightweight construction, which practically air-conditions the guy from head to toe... "But, Daddy, if that Martini man on the roof feels so cool, why is his face so red?"... "Shut up, Junior!"

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



"You might at least have kept The Sun from getting soaked!"

Of course she should show a bit more sympathy for her husband's bedraggled plight. But her interest in The New York Sun is easy to understand.

Just open your eyes to the latest facts about New York newspaper readership. They're shown in the L. M. Clark studies on reader interest and are among the most significant ever turned up on this important subject.

These findings reveal the intensity with which every section in The New York Sun—news, special features, ads—is read.

They make indisputably clear the reason why The Sun has long been so profitable for advertising.

It's essential to keep up-to-date on the world's richest market. Be sure to see the full details of these impartial studies that prove The Sun to be one of the best read metropolitan dailies in America.

You'll be amazed at the difference this readership makes in the number of people who see the advertisements!

★ ★ ★

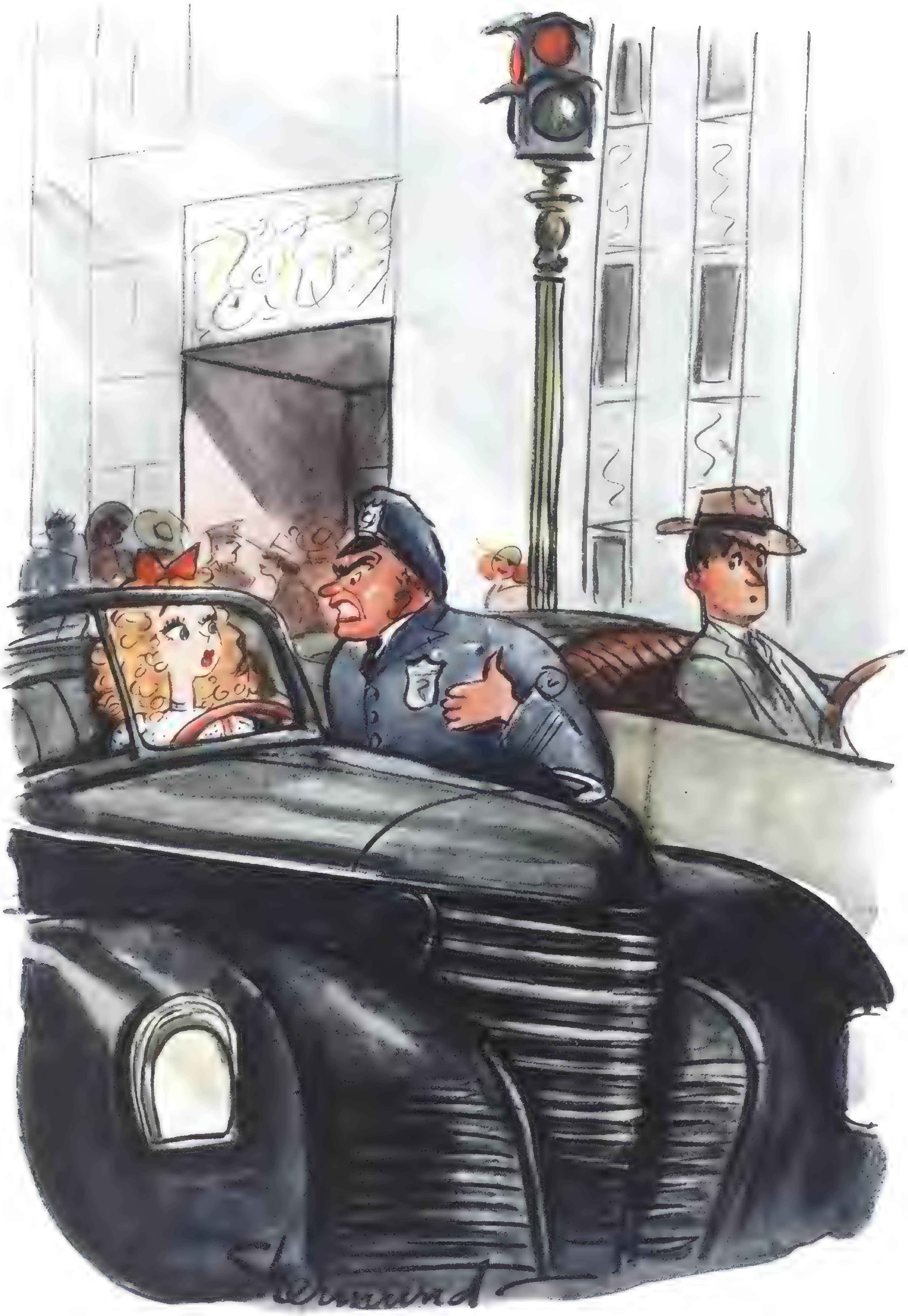
WE DID NOT EMPLOY L. M. Clark to make these studies. The results of Clark's 3-year continuing research on intensity of readership among metropolitan newspapers, are regularly syndicated to leading advertisers and agencies. In New York, The Sun's leadership in reader interest among standard size, weekday newspapers, gives new point to the fact that for 16 years The Sun has led all such papers in department store advertising.

The Sun

NEW YORK

Represented in Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco and Los Angeles by Williams, Laurence & Cresmer Company.

TO GET IT READ—PUT IT IN THE NEW YORK SUN



*"This guy claims he left his driver's license home in his other pants—
I suppose you're gonna pull the same story"*

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 83

they smoke; they are Amon Carter, the Texas millionaire (who, by the way, sells few of his smoked birds and gives away to friends hundreds each year), and Paul Mazur, a New York banker and writer on economics.

Since Texas is beyond the scope of New York writers doing research, I elected to visit Mr. Mazur's Fiddlers Creek Farm, in the vicinity of Titusville, New Jersey, not only because it's near, but also because at an amateur smoked turkey tasting held in a famous New York restaurant, his product was adjudged prime in flavor and beauty. The judges were such experts as Gilbert Miller, the theatrical producer, Jules Glaenzer, of Cartier's, Gene Cavallero, owner of the Colony Restaurant, a score of other male gourmets and many lovely female gourmettes. Another reason why I decided to look over the smoked turkey situation on Paul Mazur's farm is that, in gastronomy, semi-amateurism often produces the highest results. The professional, or commercial certainly endeavors to bring his product near the level of perfection; however, this is chiefly for material reasons. The amateur food producer works *l'art pour l'art.* Since it does not involve his livelihood, he proceeds with his hobby slowly, meticulously, taking enormous pride in his creation, in a downright altruistic manner.

Mr. Mazur, let me assure you, does not have to bother about raising, smoking and selling turkeys. In fact, he does not even have to be a gentleman farmer. But, I imagine that when near it one grows weary of incessantly hearing about the omnipotence of money and one must feel happy to escape from the complicated science of finance to a primitive life. Moreover—and this is merely a supposition—Mr. Mazur must have read a certain passage by J. J. Rousseau. I feel bound to insert it here since it is so true to man, so everlasting and so beautiful: "There were all my wishes: a bit of land, not too big, with a garden there, close by a stream of clear water, and a bit of forest too."

To possess a small, unostentatious farm is the greatest of blessings today when the world is standing on its head. And if that farm is adequate enough to produce edibles for home consumption and also for the market in order to help pay for its keep, there is an added satisfaction. Finally, if that edible happens to be smoked turkey, the blessing is complete.

Rousseau's forest in this case, at Paul Mazur's farm, is an apple orchard (apple wood being indispensable in smoking turkeys), near a charming 18th Century stone dwelling, and also near the simple and very unpretentious looking smokehouse. The smokehouse also constitutes the kitchen: the cooking and smoking of the birds takes place simultaneously. But I must proceed in order. First of all, I want to tell you why smoked food is better, far better, for you than meat in any other form.

Don't get me wrong—I love fresh meats; but smoked meat is more easily digestible because that delicate and peculiar flavor causes an extra flow of eager digestive juices to the stomach. Since the odor of smoked meat arouses hunger even in the *blasé,* it is the last refuge of jaded appetites. I'm not thinking only of smoked turkey, but of all other smoked food, from fish to cheese. Smoke actually is the finest condiment, for it permeates, saturates the food with an added aroma without altering the natural taste. Besides it is the best of all known preservatives. I am not a nutritionist or a dietician, and I cannot tell you the exact health value of smoked food; I only know that in the feudal countries in Europe every estate, big or small, used to have a smokehouse where the peasants' bacon was constantly being smoked. Smoked bacon comprised the major part of the workers' wages, and if you asked the elders, they attributed their perfect fitness and longevity to their love of this staple food. These European peasants went a step further—they smoked the bacon still more on a spit over the embers of a campfire, letting the hot fat drip on a piece of bread, causing all humans and most animals within smelling distance to howl with the delight and pain of longing and hunger. Ah, that bread soaked with smoky fat, and that twice-smoked bacon! How could one forget it?

OGGIANO

My Idea of a Good Time

Fannie Hurst Gives Her Formula for Fun

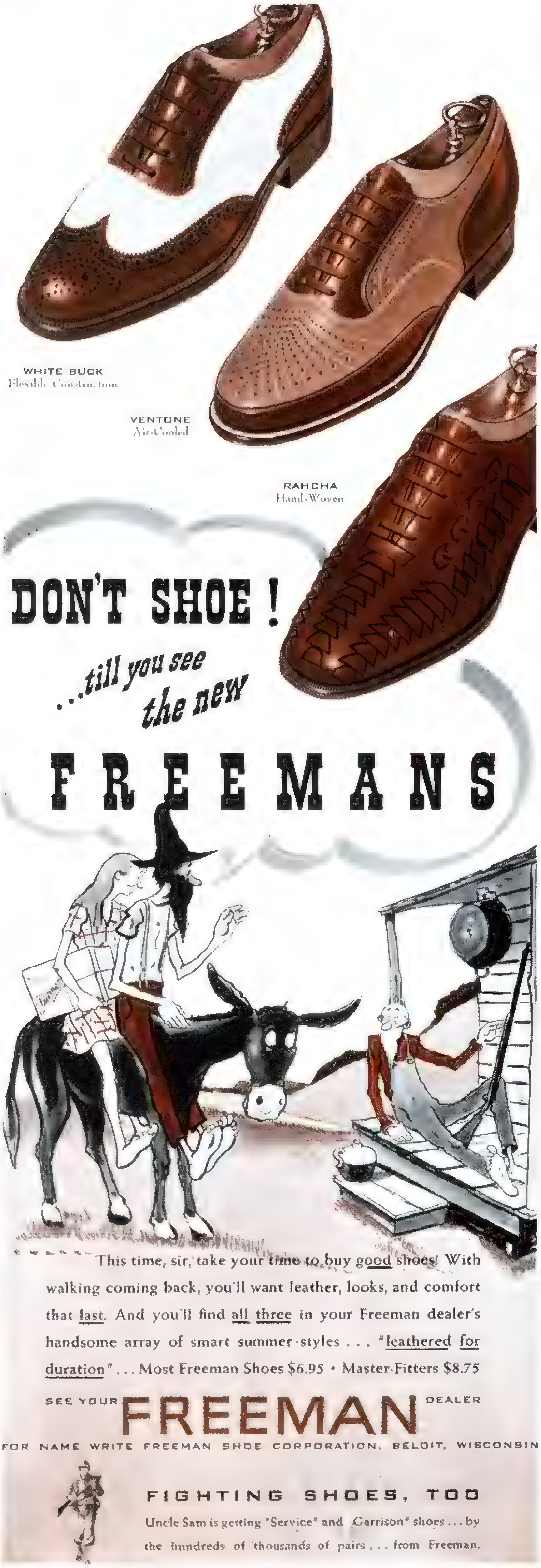
My idea of a good time would be for me to take my schedule of a given day, tear it up into confetti and then proceed to spend the day exactly as I please. Here is how it would probably work out:

Fannie the Drudge	***Good Time Fannie***
6:30 a.m.—Get up, go for my regular morning walk, breakfast on one cup of black, unsweetened coffee.	*6:30 a.m.*—Get up (being an early-bird by instinct), go for a drive, breakfast on sweet melon, cereal with plenty of sugar and cream, two orders of buckwheat cakes with maple syrup.
8:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.—Work on my current book.	*8:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.*—Ditto.
4:30 p.m.—Attend a plush function for the distinguished Professor Coughdrop.	*4:30 p.m.*—Browse, indulge in unscheduled and relaxed activities such as a visit to the fabulous Maizie of the Bowery, or beg a barge ride off a family who lives on one.
7:00 p.m.—Attend a dinner in honor of this or that Somebody instead of the somebody one would choose.	*7:00 p.m.*—Dine with someone who has remained exciting—preferably one who has not yet achieved his goal and is still spiritually lean.
8:30 p.m.—Deliver a talk on a subject important to the speaker, but which does not always seem likewise to the audience.	*8:30 p.m.*—Attend a night class in a City University, or browse some more.
9:30 p.m.—After cogitation, decide to attend a reception in honor of a visiting diplomat, get as far as the hostess' front door and turn around and go home.	*9:30 p.m.*—Get me a beau and go dancing, but this time de luxe. Perfect floor, perfect name band and all the fixins.
12 to 2:30 a.m.—Read in bed.	*12 to 2:30 a.m.*—Ditto. This allows only four or five hours sleep, but fortunately that's enough. God made me that way.

At the Mazur farm smoking goes on in a scientific way, the age-old customs blended with new methods. Rearing for smoking really commences at the birth of the turkey, at the embryonic moment the eggs are placed for hatching in the incubators. The care exercised at birth, during life and at death of the birds, helps to ensure the perfect flavor of the turkey that eventually gets into the smokehouse. It takes twenty-eight days for the eggs to hatch in the incubators; then the infant birds are put in batteries to stay for three weeks. They are most difficult to raise at this time. They are fed a special mash of very high protein content (the feed of turkeys is one of the jealously guarded secrets of raisers; but there are several, as you'll see presently). The second stage of feeding is for fattening. And since they have no mother who'll show them how to eat and drink, the baby turkeys are attracted to their food and water by bright-colored lights in their cages. From the day of birth until they die, for less than seven months that is to say, they never touch the ground, but are constantly on wire flooring, so they don't pick up the dirt of the earth and counteract their scientific diet which accounts for their fine grained, tender meat and delicious taste; the wire flooring also serves to limit the exercise of the birds, so they won't develop sinews and muscles, but will be all meat, preferably white.

Turkeys are fighters, especially White Hollands, for if the combatants see as much as a small drop of blood on the white feathers, they gang up and kill the marked one instantly. So at Fiddlers Creek Farm the birds have a bit in their nostrils to prevent them from closing their beaks. The other peculiarities of the birds are: an almost complete lack of brains, and an almost human response to danger. For instance, if an aeroplane flies by above them, they look up in the sky and set up a terrific racket with their glu-gluing. Mr. Mazur raises 1,800 White Hollands, a year, of which around six hundred unsmoked ones are sold, when twelve weeks old, and weighing six pounds, to a well-known New York poultry butcher; they are a great delicacy. The ones destined for smoking live for twenty-seven weeks. Then they are slaughtered by severing the jugular vein—they must bleed to death. After their insignificant souls have departed from earth in this pleasant way, a certain spot

Continued on page 128



This time, sir, take your time to buy good shoes! With walking coming back, you'll want leather, looks, and comfort that last. And you'll find all three in your Freeman dealer's handsome array of smart summer styles . . . "leathered for duration" . . . Most Freeman Shoes $6.95 • Master-Fitters $8.75

SEE YOUR FREEMAN DEALER

FOR NAME WRITE FREEMAN SHOE CORPORATION, BELOIT, WISCONSIN

FIGHTING SHOES, TOO

Uncle Sam is getting "Service" and Garrison" shoes . . . by the hundreds of thousands of pairs . . . from Freeman.

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from pages 83-127

in their brain is touched with a sharp instrument; this spot controls the feathers, which rip off easier due to this operation. A day before slaughtering the turkeys are starved, so that the intestines will be clean and empty. Now the turkeys go into a refrigerator for twelve hours; then they are placed in huge crocks, in a pickling solution, the composition of which is another jealously guarded secret of the turkey smoker. Among other things the formula contains brown sugar, salt, and water, specially treated with herbs and spices.

The crocks, with the turkeys in the pickle, are then put back on ice, but not under freezing temperature, and kept there for a week. Now the solution is thrown away, the birds are hung to dry, and they are ready for the smokehouse.

It is important in smoking that the apple wood should be fresh, and that the birds should stay thirty hours in the smokehouse. After having been smoked for that length of time, they are cooled in the now fireless smokehouse for a day; then they find their way once more back to the refrigerator, and are inspected, tagged, packed in cellophane in an elaborate and useful carton, and shipped. Mr. Mazur, not much interested in volume and profits, sells his smoked turkeys exclusively to one New York restaurateur, a friend of long standing, as well as to a score of individual customers, who, by the way, have to wait three weeks to get a turkey smoked. The Mazur turkeys are individual affairs. On the other hand, Mr. Blitzer, the owner of Pinesbridge Farm, supplies most of the New York restaurants and many in the country.

Special!
TYRONE MATURE
ON
RYE

It All Depends

A ham-on-rye in tea-room
terms
Is a sandwich, crisp and
slender,
But in the Broadway sector
It's an actor on a bender!

Mr. Blitzer of Pinesbridge is most secretive about his spices and their mixing. Possibly apochryphal, but typical of his extreme care in guarding his formula is the legend that, at least at one time, he is supposed to have made it a habit to buy his spices always in different shops in New York, certain kinds in one store, other kinds in others.

The proprietor of one of these stores asked him one day out of curiosity:

"Excuse me, but you are buying a lot of spices. What do you use them for?"

Mr. Blitzer is supposed to have answered without hesitation, on the theory that he had the reply ready all the time:

"A new kind of ice cream!"

Ever since the store keeper is said to have gone on bothering Mr. Blitzer for the recipe of that spicy ice cream. Of course, he can't get it out of him, for very obvious reasons.

Questioned on this story Mr. Blitzer's advertising agent waved away the whole thing by saying that Pinesbridge spices are not bought at retail but are imported spices bought wholesale, which probably makes a good point but seems to spoil a good story.

Either way, the fact stands that their formula is a carefully guarded secret.

I can't give it to you either, but here are some recipes for smoked turkey in warm form, although I, personally, love it cold. But first of all, I issue to you a last ukase, a warning. Do not buy smoked turkey which is advertised as "slightly smoked"; this a product of people who have discovered that they can save much time, trouble and money by submerging the lovely birds for an hour or so in cheap chemical solutions, denaturing and completely spoiling them, instead of smoking them carefully and slowly. I have referred you to reliable houses, so be sure to do your buying in one of these.

SMOKED TURKEY VENDOME

(12 portions)
(as served at the Caviar Restaurant, New York)

½ cup butter	3 egg yolks
⅓ cup flour	½ cup heavy cream

2 bunches broccoli, cooked

Slice a smoked turkey in very thin slices. Place neck, drum sticks, wings, skin and any other trimmings in kettle, cover with water and let simmer covered, for six hours or more. Strain, reduce to 3 cups of stock to use in making sauce, or add water to make three cups if necessary. Melt butter, add flour, stirring while mixture browns. Add stock gradually, stirring until smooth and the mixture thickens. Let cook slowly for five minutes. Blend egg yolks with a little of hot sauce and add. Fold in whipped cream. Cover bottom of casserole with broccoli, add turkey slices, cover with sauce and top with grated cheese. Place under broiler flame until cheese melts and browns slightly.

SMOKED TURKEY CASSEROLE

Cook some wild rice and place it in the bottom of a casserole. Put on top of this a layer of thinly sliced smoked turkey. Cover with a layer of sauteed mushrooms. Pour a sauce over this, made from the stock of legs and bones of the turkey, butter, flour and cream. Serve with currant jelly.

SMOKED TURKEY BONE SOUP

Pour cold water over the neck and the left-over bones of the smoked turkey and boil. Add carrots, celery, onions, parsley, salt and pepper, put over low flame and cook for two hours. Strain, and add rice or egg noddles. ###

Coronet presents as its Bookette for May

YOUNG MAN OF CARACAS

The South American Life With Father

A condensation of the Book-of-the-Month Club selection

by T. R. Ybarra

Coronet's bookette for May is a 6,000 word condensation of that popular Book-of-the-Month Club selection, YOUNG MAN OF CARACAS. Hailed as the "Life With Father" of South America, T. R. Ybarra's YOUNG MAN tells the colorful story of life below the border, with his General-father who had a habit of picking the wrong side in Venezuelan revolutions. All the spark and color of the book, called by the Book-of-the-Month Club "the most human, the most humorous and in many ways the most revealing book written in English about South America," go to make this Coronet bookette a sure-fire winner. Make a date with the irresistible Ybarra family for tonight . . . get your copy of the May Coronet, now on sale at all newsstands, today!

And look for these other stellar stoppers in the lively May Coronet:

SAILORS ON THE PRAIRIE—behind the scenes at Great Lakes Naval Training Station, once called the biggest piece of pork to smell up the Congressional record but now acclaimed the keystone of the Navy. Here's how intensive training molds the fighting men for our Navy.

SISS, BOOM, WASHINGTON!—the world's most important city, our wartime capital, is too busy running the war to do anything about cleaning its own house. That's why the story of life in Washington today is a symphony of sweat and toil, fun and laughter—a hodgepodge of humanity.

CORONET
MAY
25¢
YOUNG MAN OF CARACAS

C O R O N E T

919 north michigan avenue, chicago, illinois

The Name of a Dog

Continued from page 35

our child comes."

"There are doctor bills," she said wisely. "And besides, a man is of no earthly use at such a time."

"You are right, Elena. But promise me that you will write often, that you will send me a telegram when the time comes."

"And you must write to me every day," she said.

I ran to the telegraph office and dispatched a wire to Father Poltovsky telling him what time I would arrive and asking him to meet me at the station. Then I returned and put my effects in order.

"Do you have Professor Chistin's letter of recommendation?" asked Elena.

"How could I forgot that?" I asked in exasperation. "I have it in the inside pocket of my coat. Come, Elena, the train will not wait for me!"

The train seemed to creep like a sluggish beast all the way to Father Poltovsky's village. Father Poltovsky greeted me at the station.

"Have you had experience with children?" he asked solemnly.

I admitted that I hadn't. He pursed his lips and shook his head. "It is just as well, " he said. "Anton Kratchnikov is no ordinary child. He is a devil. Four tutors he has had, and he has broken their hearts. You are the fifth. Perhaps you will last a week, perhaps less."

I was not discouraged. "A little discipline properly administered," I ventured.

The priest looked at me commiseratingly. "Let me tell you the situation," he said. "Philemon Kratchnikov is the boy's foster father. He is a good man and uses his wealth for the benefit of his *moujiks*. It was a bitter disappointment to Kratchnikov that his wife could not bear him a child. However, they adopted Anton thinking that he might become as dear to them as their own. But Madame Kratchnikov died when Anton was only two years old, and since that time Philemon has lost interest in his domestic affairs. No one dares lay a hand on the boy, for Kratchnikov submits weakly to whatever he demands. Should Anton insist that you be discharged, which is quite likely, the old man will merely obey."

It was early autumn, and Kratchnikov's fields were a golden blanket of wheat as far as the eye could reach. For a long while we rode in silence, and then Poltovsky pointed with his finger. "That is the house," he said.

We hitched the horse in front of the house and were admitted by a servant who ushered us into a room where Kratchnikov was sitting in brooding meditation.

"This is Leonid Olenko, the new tutor," said the priest.

The old man looked up at me with little interest. "Be seated," he said. I sat down and studied my employer. He was a small man with a beard which had once been fulsome and black. But now his hair was an ambiguous gray, matching his pale and placid eyes. A world of potential energy lay within him, but he seemed resigned to stagnancy, a driving force which had stopped of its own accord.

"Father Poltovsky tells me you come highly recommended."

I nodded.

"May I see your letter of recommendation?"

I took the envelope from my coat pocket and handed it to him. He removed the letter from the envelope and scanned it hurriedly. "This seems satisfactory," he said. "Before you begin your duties, I must tell you what I have told your predecessors. It is my express command that at no time must you lay a hand on Anton no matter what he may do."

"I do not approve of physical punishment," I answered, "but are there not times when conditions demand drastic remedies?"

"In taming a colt," he said, "one must be careful not to break the spirit of the animal. We should be no less careful with a human being."

I shrugged my shoulders. "It will be as you say."

Suddenly I heard a wild commotion from within the house. First the furious barking of a dog, then the shouts of a boy: "Bite him, Philemon! Bite him!" and the terrified cry of a man.

The door burst open, and a peasant rushed in, his face contorted with agonized fright. He ran to Kratchnikov. "Do not let the dog bite me, *barin!*" he pleaded.

Kratchnikov hardly moved. Instead he seemed to sink lower in his chair as though an unseen weight on his shoulders had suddenly become heavier. At that moment the hound came to the entrance of the room. He paused for a moment, his jaws slavering hatefully.

Another shout came from the hall. "Don't let him get away, Philemon! Bite him!"

The dog leaped toward the quivering peasant, and a blood-curdling growl issued from his snarling jaws.

Quickly Poltovsky stepped forward, seized the cur by the throat, and hurled him against the wall. The dog crouched, ready to attack his new enemy, but he did no more than growl, for he saw the look of cold determination in

VAT 69
BY APPOINTMENT TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
8 YEARS OLD
8 YEARS OLD
Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd. LEITH, SCOTLAND
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP. NEW YORK, N.Y.
8 YEARS OLD
86 PROOF

IN AGE AND TASTE —
Scotch Whisky AT ITS BEST!

"Quality Tells"

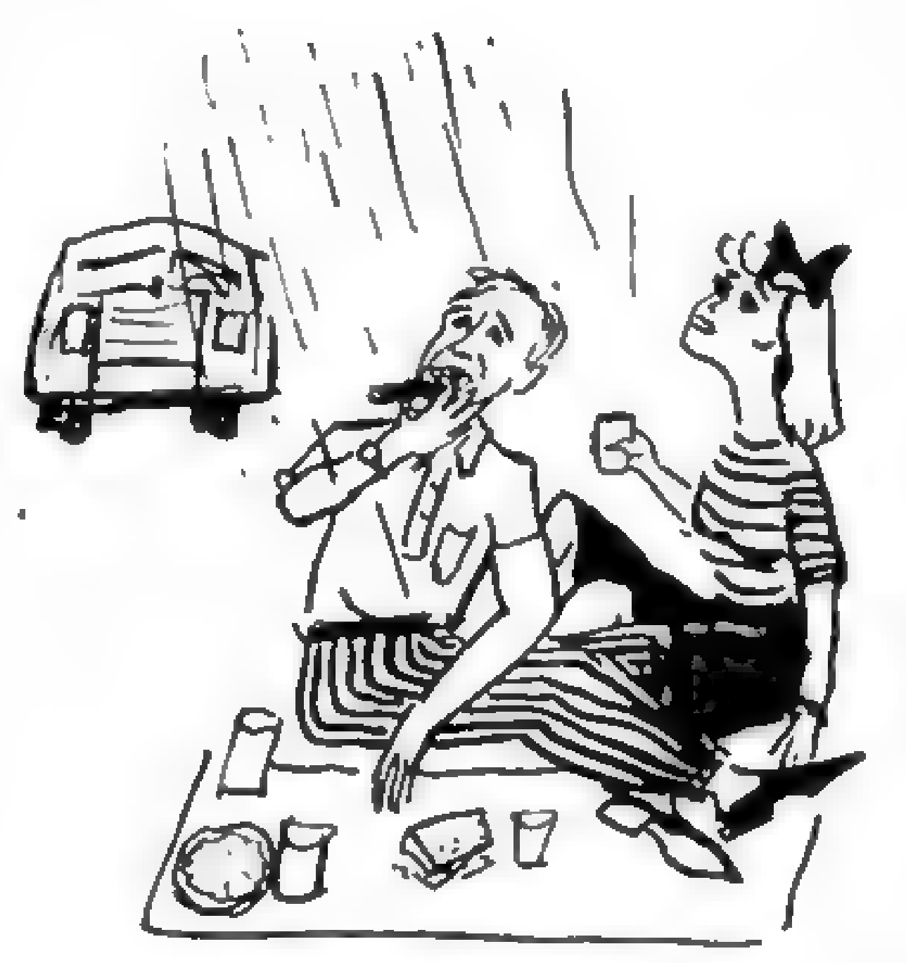
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.

the eyes of the priest, and he must have understood that this was no easy game.

"*Batiushka*, you will suffer for this!"

I turned, and there stood Anton in the doorway. He was nine years old at the time, his body was lithe and alert. Two small fists were clenched tightly at his sides, and his small mouth was contracted with the anger of frustration. His black eyes were lit with a cold fire of defiance.

"Hold your mouth, boy," said the priest. "You are in the presence of your elders." He turned to the peasant. "You may go, Stepanovitch," he said. The peasant sidled fearfully out of the room, skirting the walls to stay out of the range of the dog.



We don't care if Axis agents are listening. On the day you plan your picnic there will be gales and thunder showers as usual.

Anton turned his attention to me, staring with contemptuous interest. "Who are you?" he asked impudently.

"This is your new tutor, Anton," said Kratchnikov conciliatingly. "I hope you will like him."

"We shall see. I have nothing against tutors so long as they mind their own affairs." With that he turned to the priest. "I have not finished with you," he said. "Come, Philemon, we shall look for the cowardly Stepanovitch."

My hair stood on end with indignation. "*Barin* Kratchnikov," I said, "how can you bear to see the child so impudent?"

Kratchnikov shook his head. "It is not for me to punish him," he rationalized. "His spirit must not be broken."

"But it is intolerable," I insisted. "What must you think of his calling the dog Philemon?"

"It is a child's prank."

"It is an insult to his foster father!"

The *barin* spoke softly. "All my life I wanted a son to bear my name. You see," he said philosophically, "the flesh is impermanent, and it is only through names that one may achieve his small measure of immortality."

"But the dog!" I broke in.

He shook his head wearily. "Anton knows my desire. And so he gave the dog my name. Naturally, I do not like it, but . . . the child has boundless energy, and I am too old to fight against him."

I remained for a week on the farm, and I began to see why Kratchnikov became weary of the job of training him. Each day I felt the strain more and more, until even the sight of Anton was enough to cause me to tremble.

Everywhere he went, Philemon, the dog, accompanied him. They made great sport of harrying unsuspecting peasants. Anton howled with delight when the dog succeeded in biting his victim. Conversely, he was infuriated on those rare occasions when the hound failed in his mission.

"Anton," I told him, "do you not think you are being a little thoughtless?"

He stared me straight in the eye. "Old Kratchnikov is rich. There is nothing I cannot do."

"But what of your future?" I asked. "If you do not study, men will say you are ignorant."

"Kratchnikov is ignorant too," he said. "And yet he has a hundred peasants on his lands. I shall do as I please."

I realized that I was in a most compromising situation. My compensation as a tutor was quite liberal, and yet seven days had passed, and no tutoring had been accomplished.

But my wife was hundreds of miles away, destitute except for the money I was able to send her. A baby was expected at any moment, and the only source of income was through Philemon Kratchnikov.

No, I could not resign. I owed too much to Elena and my unborn child.

I say that this condition lasted for seven days. How much longer it might have gone on I have no way of knowing, for on the seventh day a crisis occurred. It was a warm afternoon, and Anton and his dog were resting in the shade of a tree in front of the house. I strolled over to them and sat on the grass beside Anton.

"Ah," I said with a smile, "I see you are out of mischief for the moment."

"Only until I find the peasant Stepanovitch," he said. "He is a liar, and he must be punished."

"Stepanovitch a liar?" I asked. "What did he tell you?"

"He told me that in America there are buildings ten times the height of this tree."

I said nothing.

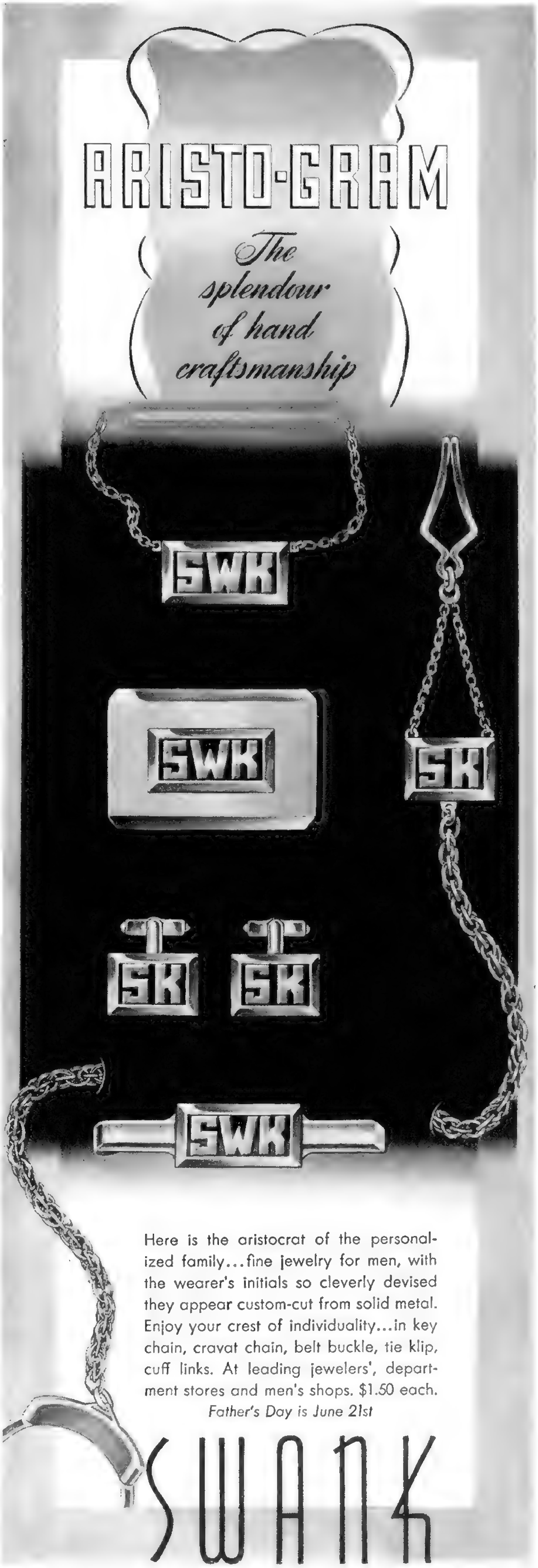
"He told me that a thousand men can live in it at the same time, and that people ride up and down the building in little boxes. I know it is impossible. A strong wind would make such a building topple over."

"Stepanovitch was not lying, Anton," I said. "There are such structures in America. And some are even taller than Stepanovitch told you."

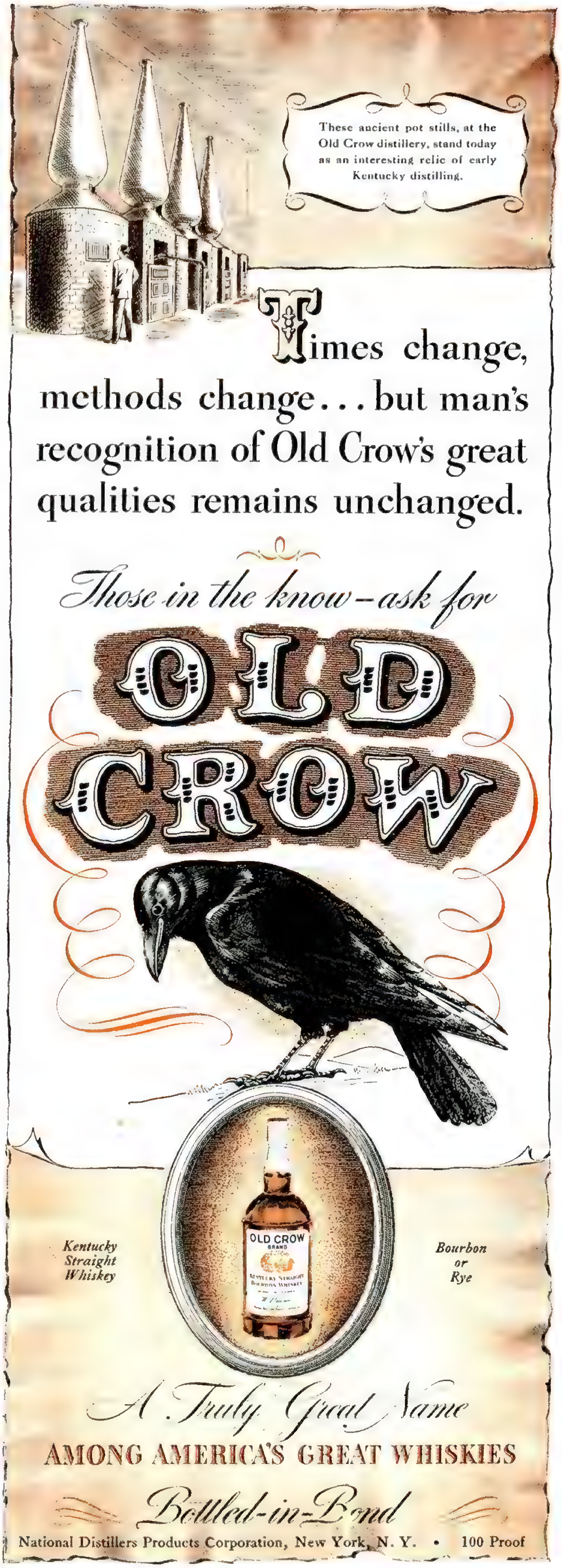
He stared at me in disbelief. "You are a liar too," he said. "And if you are not, explain to me why the building will not fall down."

I told him how the designs were drawn by the architect, how engi-

Continued on page 132



Here is the aristocrat of the personalized family...fine jewelry for men, with the wearer's initials so cleverly devised they appear custom-cut from solid metal. Enjoy your crest of individuality...in key chain, cravat chain, belt buckle, tie klip, cuff links. At leading jewelers', department stores and men's shops. $1.50 each.
Father's Day is June 21st



These ancient pot stills, at the Old Crow distillery, stand today as an interesting relic of early Kentucky distilling.

Times change, methods change... but man's recognition of Old Crow's great qualities remains unchanged.

Those in the know—ask for

OLD CROW

Kentucky Straight Whiskey

Bourbon or Rye

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Bottled-in-Bond

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y. • 100 Proof

The Name of a Dog

Continued from pages 35-131

neers supervised the actual building, how tests were made for strain and resistance. I told him how the builders excavated deep in the ground in order to provide a solid base. He listened with wide-mouthed astonishment.

"And the architect is responsible for all of this?"

"The building is made according to his design," I said.

There was a period of silence, and then: "How does one become an architect?"

I told him it required study, specialized education, that one could not hope to become an architect unless he devoted himself wholly to learning.

Anton hugged his knees, thinking deeply. "That is what I shall be," he announced. "I am going to be an architect."

A miracle had occurred! Anton, at last, had an interest in life beyond mere selfish amusement. He would begin to study, and my conscience as a tutor would be saved. Yes, indeed, for a moment I was happy beyond words.

But it was only for a moment. Philemon, the dog, had been lying peaceably on the turf, but suddenly he rose to his feet, and a vicious growl came from the depths of his throat. Anton rose quickly, all thoughts of architecture vanishing from his mind.

"Bite him, Philemon!" he screamed furiously. "Rip him to pieces!"

Not a dozen yards away was Father Poltovsky walking toward us. The dog did not attack directly, but circled his opponent warily. Poltovsky stopped and faced the dog, considering how he might best administer a crippling kick.

"Call off your dog!" he warned.

But Anton danced up and down in excitement. "Don't be afraid of him, Philemon," he shouted. "Go after him, Philemon!"

I was hypnotized into inaction. As Philemon feinted a rush, Poltovsky braced himself to meet the attack, slipped on the damp grass, and fell to the earth. The dog rushed in, a beast to the kill, as the priest lay on the ground.

Suddenly I was galvanized into action. I leaped forward into the air, my arms reaching desperately. I felt my fingers touch Philemon's hide, and I gripped the dog with all my strength, holding his struggling body until the priest could rise once more. Philemon growled, twisted his head, and raked my hand with his teeth until the blood came.

"Let him go!" shouted the boy. "I'll kill you . . . I'll kill you!"

He lunged toward me, and now I released the dog, and turned to meet my new assailant. What I did, I had to do. I slapped him . . . hard! He stopped. His hand rose to his face, and his fingers touched the red spot on his skin where the mark of my fingers was clearly outlined. For a long moment he said and did nothing. Then he turned and marched purposefully to the house, Philemon at his heels.

"You acted unwisely," Father Poltovsky said at last. "You should have let me take my chances with the dog. But come, we had better see Kratchinikov."

When we reached the house, he paused. "I had forgotten what I came for," he said. "There was a telegram for you at the station. I thought it might be about your wife, so I brought it for you." He gave me the envelope.

I studied it for a moment, holding it in my hands.

"Why don't you read it?" asked Poltovsky.

I shook my head. "The bad news first," I said. "Just now I must deal with Philemon Kratchnikov."

He was sitting in his usual chair, and the lines in his face seemed deeper than ever before. Anton stood at his side smiling grimly.

The priest spoke first. "You have heard what has happened?" he asked.

Kratchnikov nodded. "I am sorry," he said sadly. "I had hoped that Olenko would succeed, but . . ." and he shrugged his shoulders.

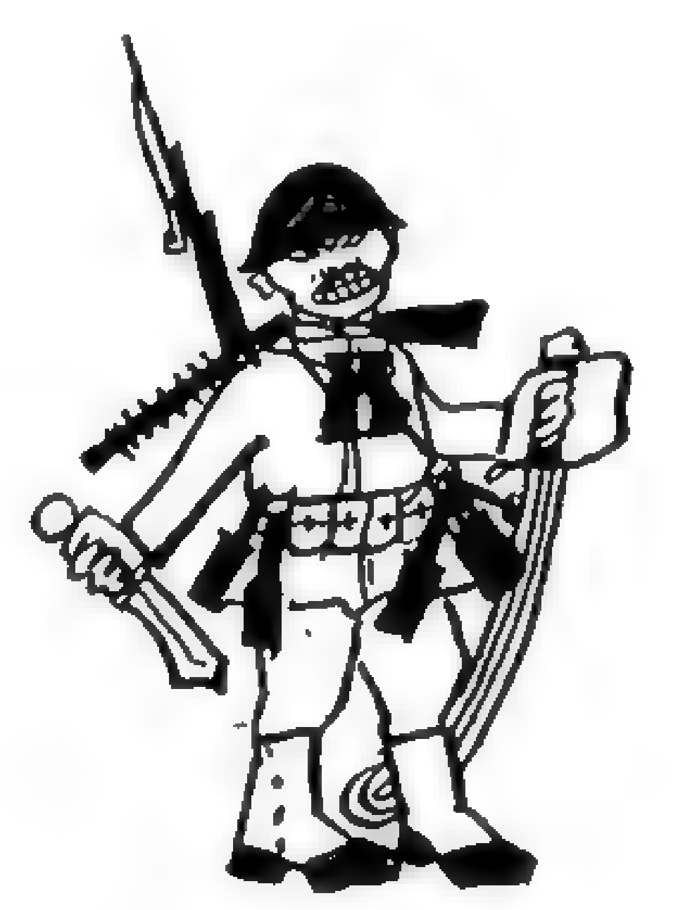
Poltovsky fumed. "It is only fair that you learn the truth," he expostulated. "I assure you that if Anton could be disciplined with the stick, there would be fewer incidents of this kind."

"No. I will not have it." He turned to me. "When you have packed your belongings I shall give you your pay for one week and transportation to your home."

I smiled wryly at Poltovsky. "That is the bad news," I said. "Now let us see if the telegram contains better news." I ripped the envelope open and read its contents. Suddenly, as if a light had been turned on in my brain, I saw what I must do. The implications of that telegram were astounding.

I looked up at Kratchnikov. "It is a shame that this should happen now," I said. "It seems that my gratitude was premature."

He looked at me inquiringly.



The Japs have turned out to be under-sized, under-handed and under-rated.

"I had written my wife how well you have treated me. She has just given birth to a son, and she says that in gratitude she has named the child Philemon . . . after you!"

Kratchnikov's head jerked up quickly. "What was that you said?"

I repeated the message. For a moment he said nothing, and when he did speak his first words seemed to be addressed to no one in particular. "All my life I have wanted a namesake," he said softly. "All my life . . ." And then suspiciously, "Let me see the telegram."

I gave it to him, and his eyes swept rapidly over the message. "Philemon," he said dreamily, "Philemon." I watched him closely, I did not breathe for a long moment.

"And now," I said, "I shall go to my room and pack my bags."

When I had reached the door I heard his voice. I turned slowly. "Come back a moment," said Kratchnikov.

At that moment the dog began to growl at Poltovsky once more. He could not have chosen a worse moment so far as Anton was concerned. "Be quiet, Philemon," said Anton.

Kratchnikov rose to his feet. "Philemon!" he shouted. "You dare to name your dog Philemon!" He turned angrily to me. "Olenko," he said, "you are not dismissed. If you will retain your job, I shall give you full permission to train this child in whatever way you see fit!"

"And if he needs the stick?" I asked.

"By all means use it!" was his quick answer.

"But, papa . . ." protested the boy.

"Don't 'papa' me! You will be my son when you behave like a son. Until that time you will obey your tutor in everything." He walked to the door, and for the first time his head was held high, his shoulders erect. "And one thing more," he said, "you will get rid of that dog immediately! Philemon! Tschah!"

"Anton!" he looked at me, bewildered, confused. "Anton," I said, "you will go to your room, and there you will read and study the first hundred pages of your geography book. Tomorrow I will ask questions to see what you have learned."

When the boy had gone, Poltovsky took my hand and shook it happily. "Congratulations," he said, "on winning a splendid victory over the little devil."

"Thank you," I said.

"What a boor I am!" said Poltovsky. "I have almost forgotten to congratulate you on being a father."

I shook my head. "It is too soon for that."

He stared at me as if fearing I had gone out of my mind. "But the telegram, you showed to Kratchnikov..."

"Father," I interrupted, "Do me a great favor: Pray that when the child is born, it will be a boy!"

* * *

"I am happy to say," my father concluded, "that as a result of discipline properly administered, Anton studied, became a successful architect, and is now the most sought-after designer in the world."

My wife sniffed incredulously. "How could you tell Philemon Kratchnikov that your wife had named her son Philemon if the child had not yet been born?"

"I'm afraid I told a little lie," said my father.

"But you showed the telegram to Kratchnikov," my wife pointed out. "Surely he was not blind."

"No, the truth of the matter was that, even though he tried to hide it, Kratchnikov could not read!"

My wife shook her head. "You yourself said that he read the letter of recommendation given you by Professor Chistin."

My father smiled superiorly. "I didn't say that. I said he scanned it."

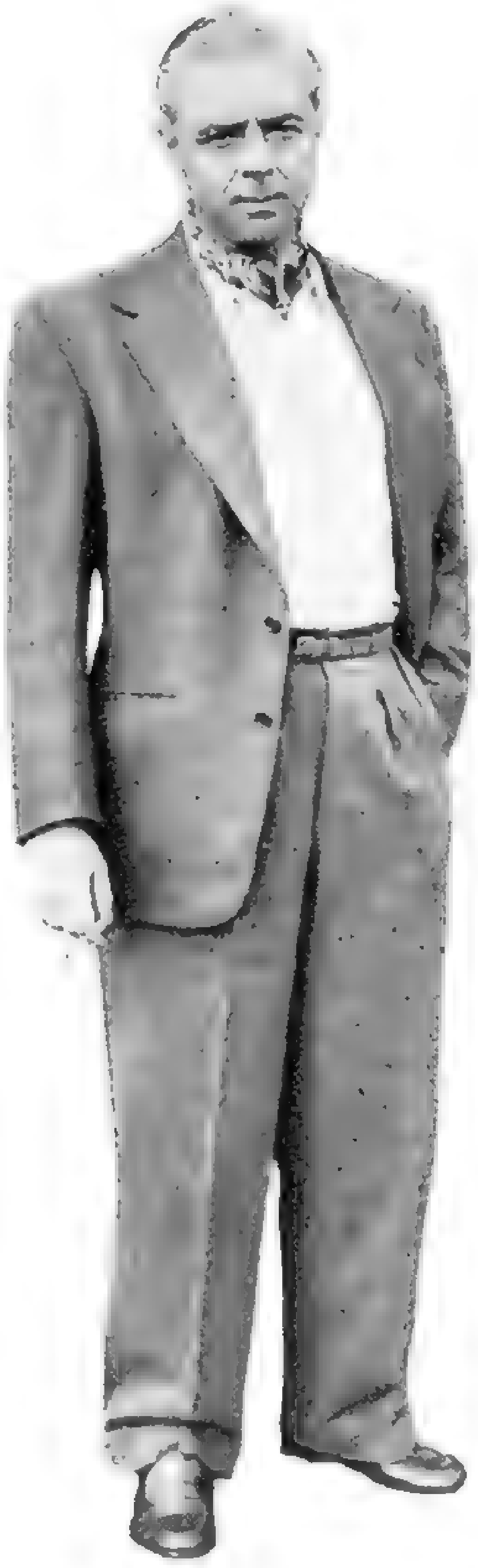
"Then if he was trying to conceal his illiteracy, how did you discover his secret?"

"It was my wife's telegram," said my father proudly. "I remember it word for word. It said, *You forgot Chistin's letter of recommendation shall I forward it?*"

"Then what was it you showed Kratchnikov?"

"It was the letter from the landlord."

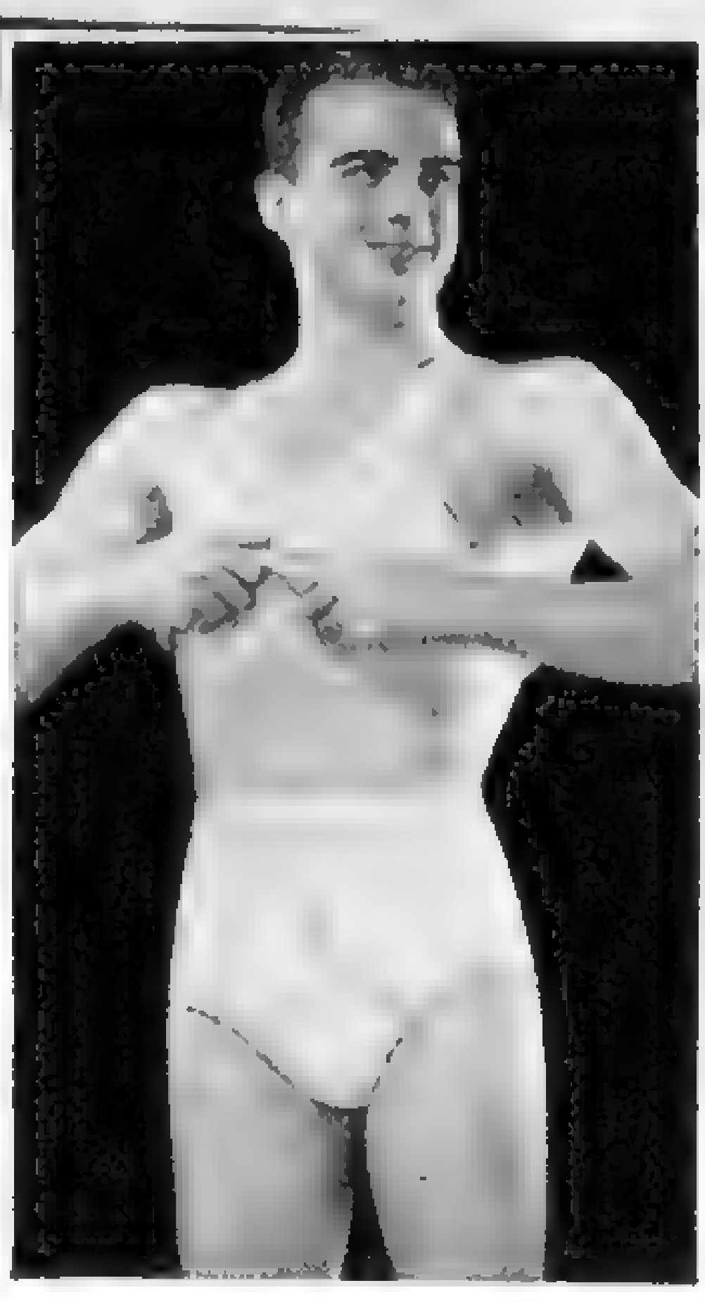
My wife thought for a moment, and then she said, "Even so, you had no business punishing a child like Anton. You might have marred his personality." ⧻



Mr. Julian St. C. Chaqueneau favors the ruddy brown Shetland jacket, white knitted sport shirt, a yellow ground foulard neckerchief, grey flannel slacks, moccasin slippers.

Keep Smiling
DON'T GET DOWN IN THE MOUTH
Jockey UNDERWEAR-"NO GAP OPENING"

NO. 2 IN A SERIES OF SYMBOLIC STATUETTES



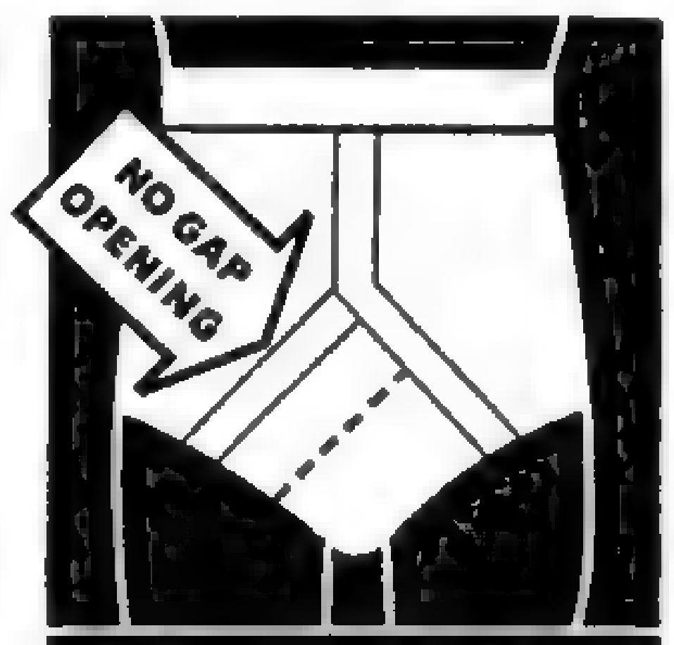
Jockey Short

Close in on Comfort!

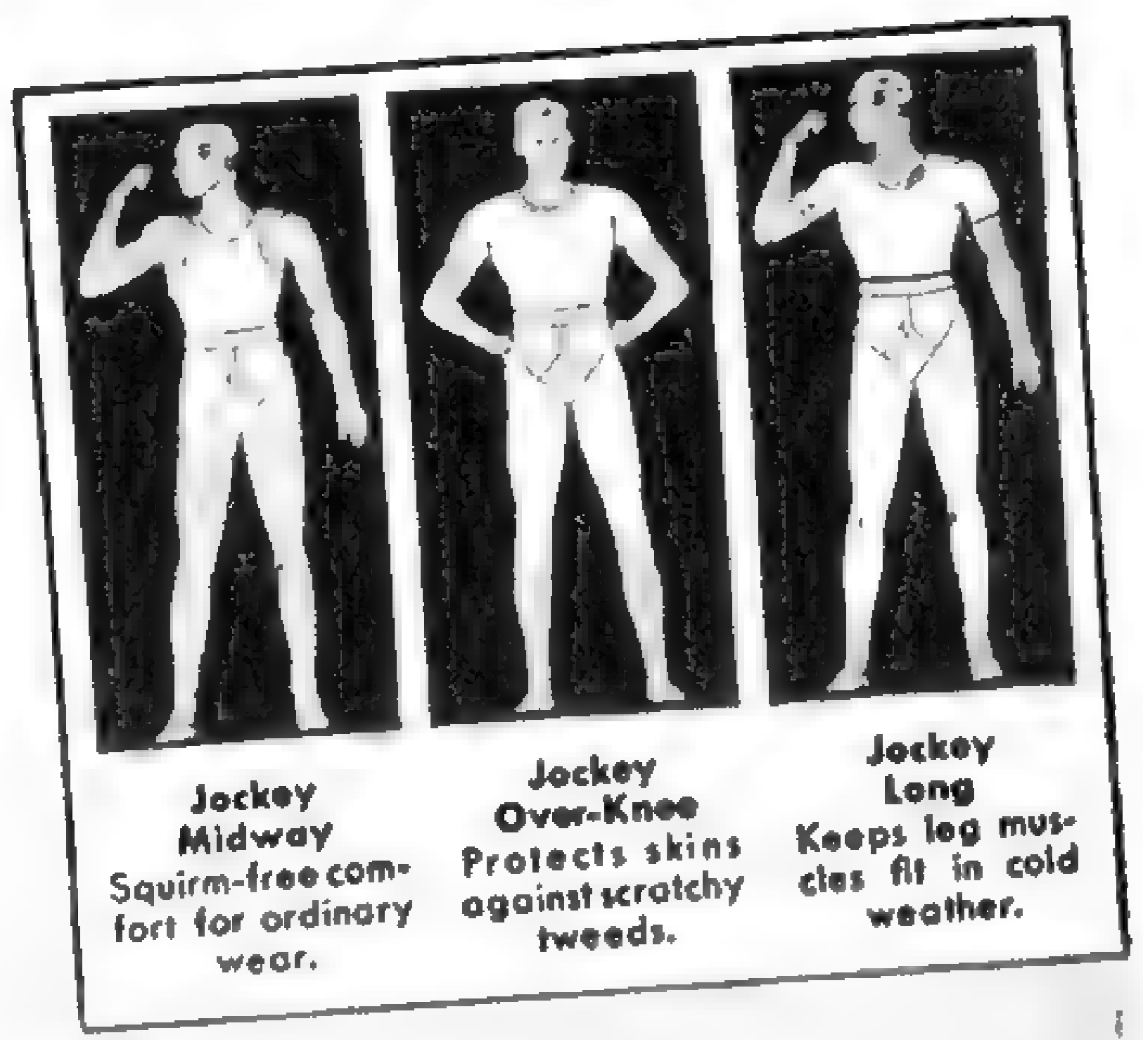
It's all right for our Jockey dog to yawn . . . but, if we caught a single pair of Jockey lowers gapping, we'd sentence it to hard labor for life—as a windshield cloth in a filling station!

There's little chance of that, however, for Jockey is masculinized to fit the male figure everywhere. Cooper's patented Y-front* construction, found only in buttonless Jockey Underwear, couples a conveniently-angled opening—that positively will not gap—with mild, restful support and complete freedom from bunch, bind and squirm. Jockey is cool, too, and easy to launder. Its knit fabric absorbs and evaporates perspiration, gives your skin a chance to breathe, rinses clean in a jiffy, and needs no ironing. Get a supply of Jockeys now—and see if they don't bring comfort closer to you than it's ever been.

Two-piece . . . varied leg lengths . . . contoured shirts to match. Children's sizes down to four years. For widest selection of fabrics, visit "Quality Corner" at your favorite store. And always look for the words "Jockey" and "Coopers" on the label. They're your assurance of satisfaction.



Patented Y-Front Construction. The Source of Support



Jockey Midway
Squirm-free comfort for ordinary wear.

Jockey Over-Knee
Protects skins against scratchy tweeds.

Jockey Long
Keeps leg muscles fit in cold weather.

*⅄—The source of support.

Jockey
THE FAMOUS BRAND OF SUPPORT UNDERWEAR

TRADE MARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA / WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; In Australia by MacRae Knitting Mills, Sydney; In British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; In New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1

Trill on the G-String

Continued from page 47

bouncer is a fellow named Mike Todd, producer of the vehicle Gypsy starred in at the World's Fair—*The Streets of Paris*. Todd is a verbal two-fister from Chicago, a kind of Quasimodo to Gypsy.

* * *

Gypsy has lived most of her life in a trunk, an auspicious beginning for a creator of murder mysteries. Gypsy—then Rose Louise Hovick—toured the vaudeville circuits with her mother, and her sister, June, in a mother-sister act. "I remember living in a house only once," she said. "We took a summer cottage—a cottage with closets. We couldn't figure out what to do with the closets; so we lived in the trunks."

Gypsy's trunk was usually filled with books. Wire would be wound around the slats for added and needed strength. Inside her books she would write: "This book belongs to Rose Louise Hovick. If lost, please return to the Christian Science Reading Room . . . in your city."

"I figured," Gypsy said, artfully, "you'd probably find an honest reader . . . there."

* * *

Burlesque came to Gypsy when vaudeville joined the underground movement. The details of this incident are hazy. Gypsy, who is now a moratorial scrivener, has little time for the traumatic details of erotogenesis. "It's a hard life," was all she would say, "you have nobody to talk to."

Time passed. And Gypsy wrote history—umbilically. She raised undressing from a boring chore to a dance of ecstasy. She brought distinction, grace, imagination, and Dwight Fiske to the footlights of Fourteenth Street.

Obscured by coiling smoke, hidden behind baldpates, Gypsy was like the lotus flower that the Chinese hold grows only in untoward places.

Her fine distinctions of movement and gesture said, "Behold . . . The Black Mass . . . *Succuba of Tours*."

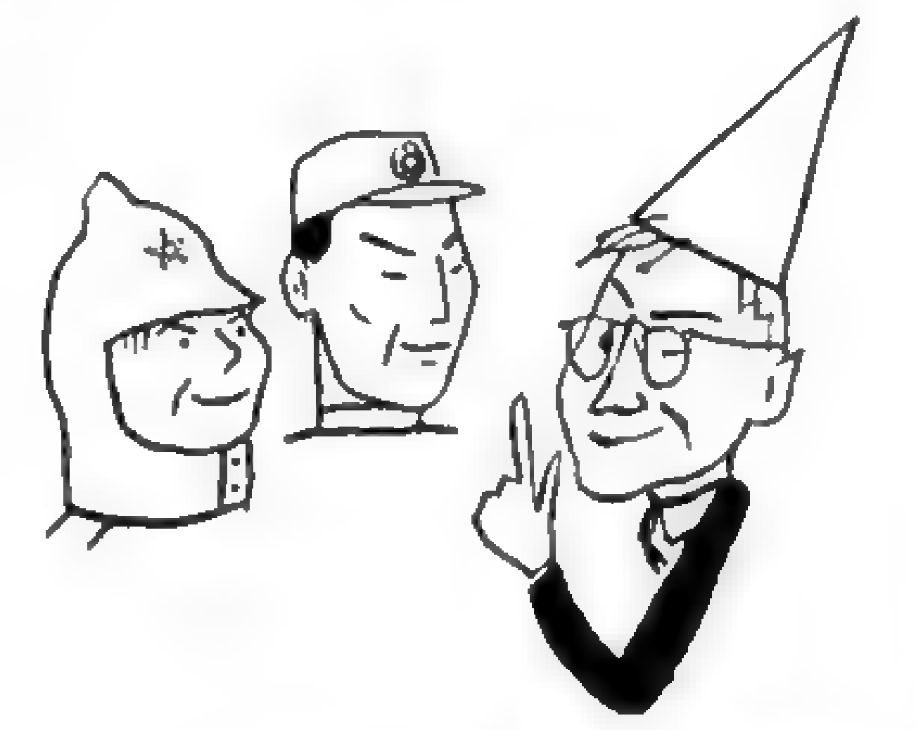
Now, it is one of the ironies of life that the humming bird is never conscious of its own flight; and it's reasonably certain that no skylark has ever read Shelley. By the same token, Gypsy disavows the nubile niceties of the tease.

"I was attacked by friend and foe," Gypsy said, "by most people because I stripped—by the strippers because I didn't."

It should be said here, parenthetically, that Gypsy always held out on the audience—a fact that her *confrères* never forgave. Her theory was that the sweetest music is the music yet unheard. Her technique and her gifts lay in suggesting, intriguing, implying—not giving. This, perhaps, is the *vrai verité* of art: a Cezanne apple, after all, only suggests an apple. McIntoshes, on the other hand, come a dime a dozen.

When Gypsy left "the poor man's night club" for the horizons of Hollywood . . . and the bastions of Broadway . . . a new fine art lost its creator and its première ballerina.

It is not correct to say that the world was the gainer, when Gypsy appeared in Todd's phantasmagoria—at the World's Fair. Nor when Gypsy turned up between the sheets of a neatly-typed murder mystery. Murder, despite Mr. De Quincey's eloquence on the subject, is not yet a fine art. But creative disrobing, stitch by stitch, pin by pin, with muscles rippling to the throbbing counterpoint of flutes and a bass drum . . . that, felaheen, is art for the living Buddha.



One thing this country doesn't have to fear is a lumber shortage. Military experts still have plenty of limbs left to climb out on.

* * *

For a long space, Gypsy and I fenced. I wanted clinical data, deep, dark, and purple. "You can get all that in Carl van Vechten's *Blind Bow Boy*," Gypsy said learnedly, "though that was written before the strip was invented."

"How about . . ." I began again, doggedly . . .

"What fascinates me, darling," Gypsy interrupted, with a completely impersonal word of endearment, "is the man who ran amuck last week on a Swedish coastal steamer. You know they practically never have a murder in Sweden. This man killed everybody on the boat—including the Captain. And where do you think they found him?"

"Getting back to this business of burlesque," I said hopelessly.

"In the flour barrel, of all places," she concluded triumphantly.

* * *

Gypsy has decided tastes in art. She likes the Impressionists, "the soft pastel boys—Renoir, Degas, Marc Chagall, Vertès, Tchelitchew," said she, lumping Alpha and Omega together with brave insouciance.

"Come, come," I said, "there's been some fine, clear-cut work—take the Renaissance painters. . . ." In my mind's eye, I saw Gypsy replacing the *Rokeby* Venus, and the *Maja desnuda*.

"But I'm no Renaissance girl, honey," she shot back, quick as a puff-adder. I still thought of her as the *Rokeby* Venus, and the *Maja desnuda*, as she carried her argument from Impressionism to automobile horns. "Next week," she said, "I'm getting a horn that plays the first bar of the Beethoven Fifth—I can't wait."

Gypsy began to stroke "Candy," her trembling, aspen-like Chihuahua.

Candy is a female; demure, sad, wistful, affectionate, microscopic. Candy was in a dog act, on the same bill with Gypsy—last year. But, overcome with temperament, this Lilliput thespian too often refused to go on. Gypsy would take it to her dressing room, and warm it up in an impromptu kennel made from a couple of volumes of *A la recherche du temps perdu*. One day, the impresarios of the dog act said, "Gypsy always looks so lonely. Let's lend her Candy."

The loan was made; and a year later, it blossomed into a full adoption.

Time was when Gypsy kept monkeys. Every year she got a new one. She went about with her current monkey the way that character of Thomas Beer's went around with a kinkajou. Winchell even carried an item about it, once, asking the rhetorical question: "Where did Gypsy Rose Lee's monkey bite her?"

* * *

Gypsy is a swell girl, a great girl, a kind of Isadora Duncan of our purblind times. That her quality and charms and distinctive overtones hang on a delicate balance, is a foregone conclusion. For all persuasive and desirable tidbits of the spirit are inevitably penalized by what Mr. Pater called "the stupidity which is dead to the substance, and the vulgarity which is dead to form."

Gypsy's art is an art of enchantment. But nobody but a moron would go through life enchanting anesthetic truck drivers.

That Gypsy has taken a swing to more demure and duller pastures is the outcome of natural law. You remember from your physics, of course, the theorem of Le Chatelier, which holds, roughly, that a system (or a person) tends to change in such a way as to minimize external disturbance.

Socrates gave the world something it wasn't yet ready to take; and got for his pains something he wasn't yet ready to take—hemlock. Aristotle, sensing this "external disturbance" in good time, beat it. "I won't give Athens a chance," he said, "to sin twice against philosophy."

Well, Gypsy, too, gave the Athenians something they weren't yet ready to take. And she, like Aristotle, has had to beat a strategic retreat. That's why we're getting *The G-String Murders* . . . instead of the undulant and anatomical incantations of Gypsy—in the same binding.

We, the unsung and inarticulate gallery, are the losers. The world is a mysterious fiction—made up of contradiction. ⌗

"NASSAU PALMS" isn't just another of those meaningless style names. All of these palms are hand-woven by Nassau natives...all four are made from the leaves of Bahama palms...Jungle, Coral, Beach, Silver. Naturally, Stetson stylists directed the designs, selected the weaves and bands. And each hat is an authentic specimen of Bahama swank.

NASSAU
PALMS
by
STETSON

1.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE...CORAL PALM

Cool, open-meshed weave...semi-telescoped crown, a new wrinkle...imported cotton Oxford puggree. $5.

2.

TREASURE ISLAND...JUNGLE FARM

Ever-becoming diamond-shaped crown...richly colored chevron weave...wide puggree band. $5.

3.

NASSAU CLIPPER...BEACH PALM

Beautifully patterned weave in two-tone braid...bright, club-striped band in lustrous grosgrain. $5.

4.

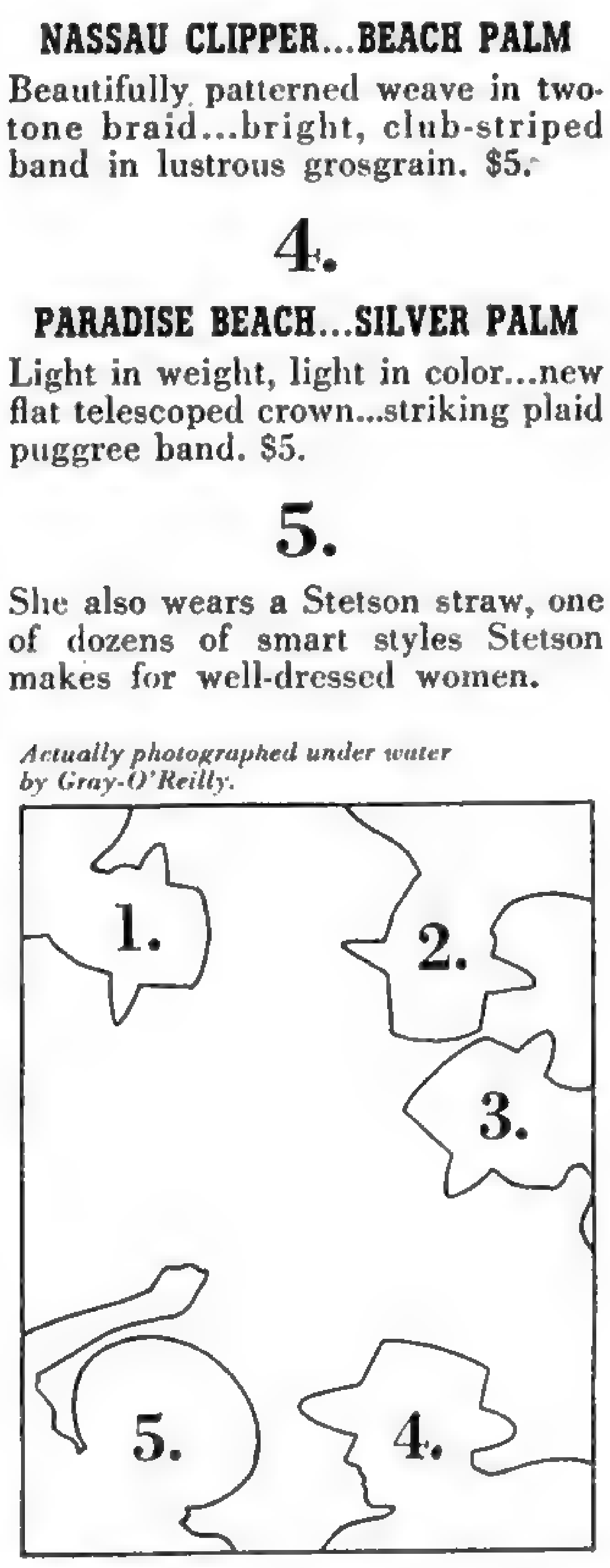
PARADISE BEACH...SILVER PALM

Light in weight, light in color...new flat telescoped crown...striking plaid puggree band. $5.

5.

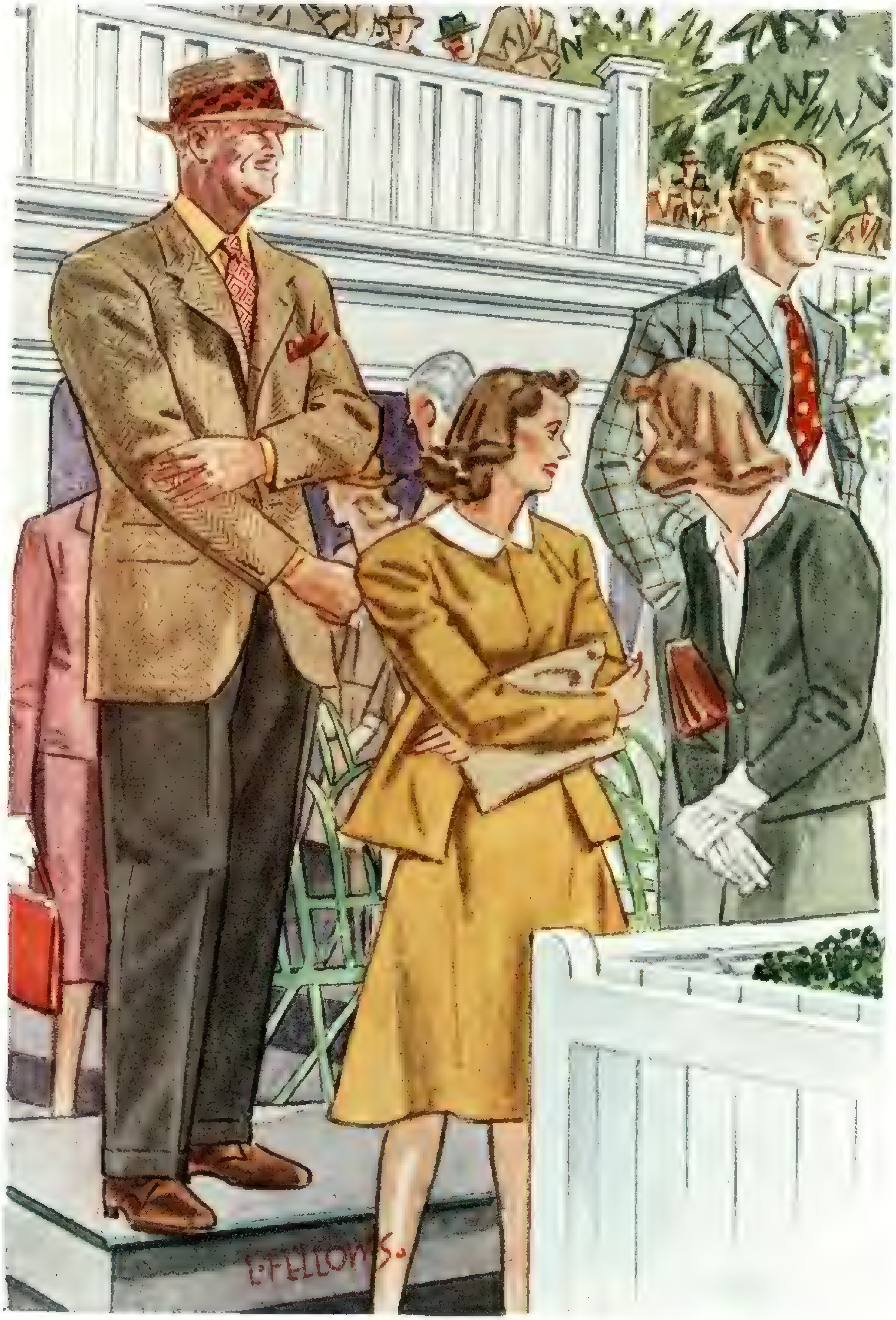
She also wears a Stetson straw, one of dozens of smart styles Stetson makes for well-dressed women.

Actually photographed under water by Gray-O'Reilly.



FOR VICTORY—Buy United States Savings Bonds and Stamps

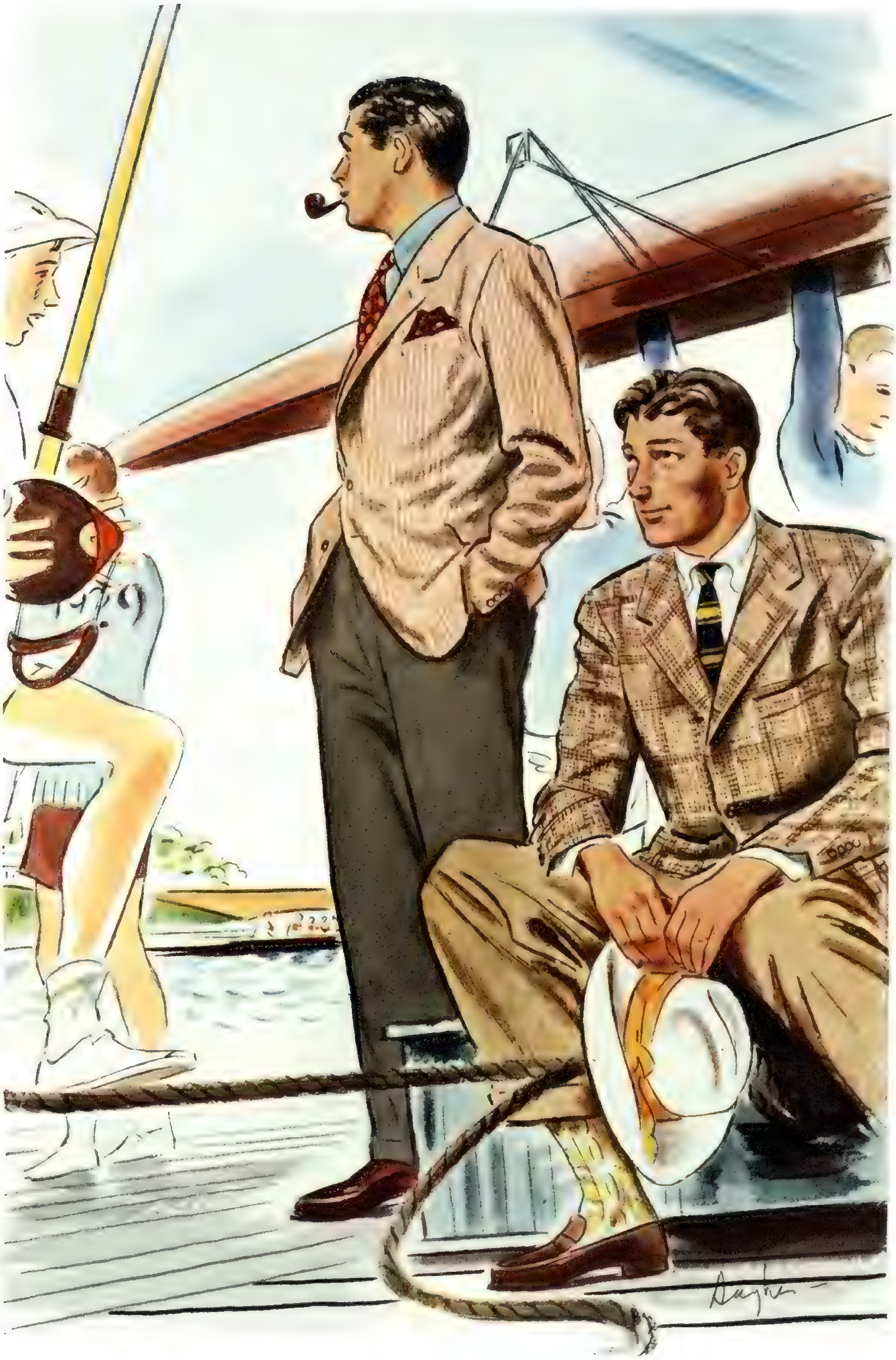
Divers views of the
NASSAU PALMS
by
STETSON



we cover the fashion front

What a pair of magpies! Those two janes haven't cut the gab fest since the first chukker!! . . . Well, I need one more shot before I blow and make my deadline . . . hmmmm . . . don't see anybody who rates a slug of type, but that old duck in the Pond Palm pork pie looks like the real sportin' life kind ought to look . . . if he'll stand there frozen like a bird dog for a minute I'll take a crack at the copy, too . . . natural camel hair jacket in a herringbone weave . . . brownstone flannel slacks . . . red and white homespun wool tie . . . red foulard handkerchief . . . brown reverse calf monk front shoes . . . that'll hold 'em, now for the angle . . . Well, shoot the profile to me John boy! . . . "Pardon me, sir, but would you be kind enough to hold that pose? . . . (Take a gander at those two little birds!) . . . Perfect! Thank you, sir. Now may I have the names from left to right?"

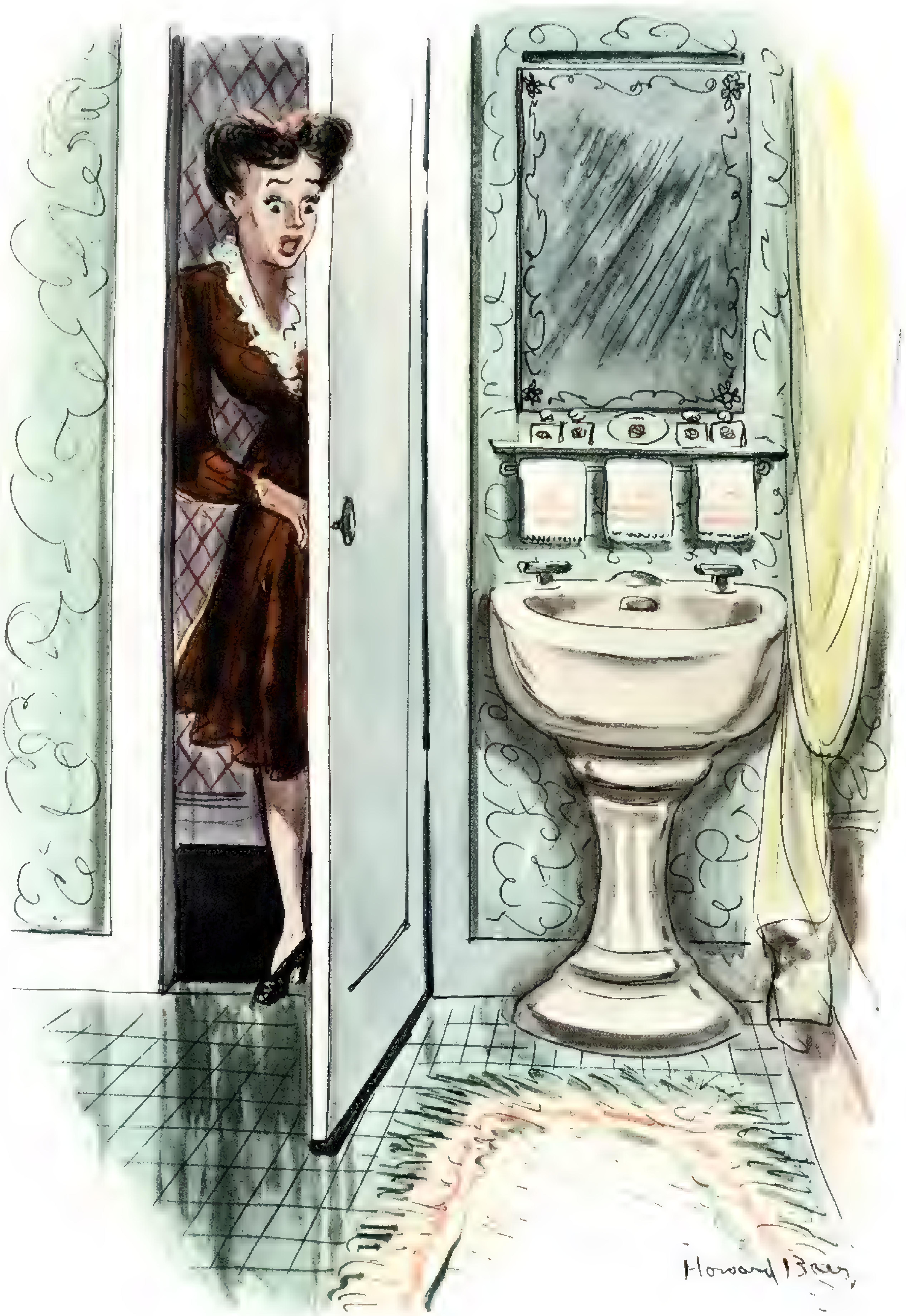
(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



cut from the crew

"... and aren't you two jerks burned because you were booted off the first string crew?" That came from the cocky coxswain, but the inside story is that a few measly letters in the alphabet (and also the dean's ultimatum) scronched these top oarsmen and put them in dry dock. Our grades are more lenient, so we'll give the pipe smoker straight A for his trim seersucker jacket that will stick by him through the summer term, and A+ for his grey flannel slacks which still rate top billing with all undergrads. And pipe the red foulard tie and red bordered handkerchief for a toney touch! The character with the sad eyes holds one of those broad-brimmed, casual straw "peanut vendor" hats which blew onto campus this spring. His Shetland jacket camouflages his R.O.T.C. cotton drill slacks, and those "high-yaller" cable stitch socks are a far cry from military life. Well, thanks for the fashion show, boys . . . but next year we'll see you in crew shirts and both of you in the same boat!

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)


Howard Baer

"I know it's important, dear, but you mustn't be late for school"

Golf for the Nation's Sake

Continued from page 26

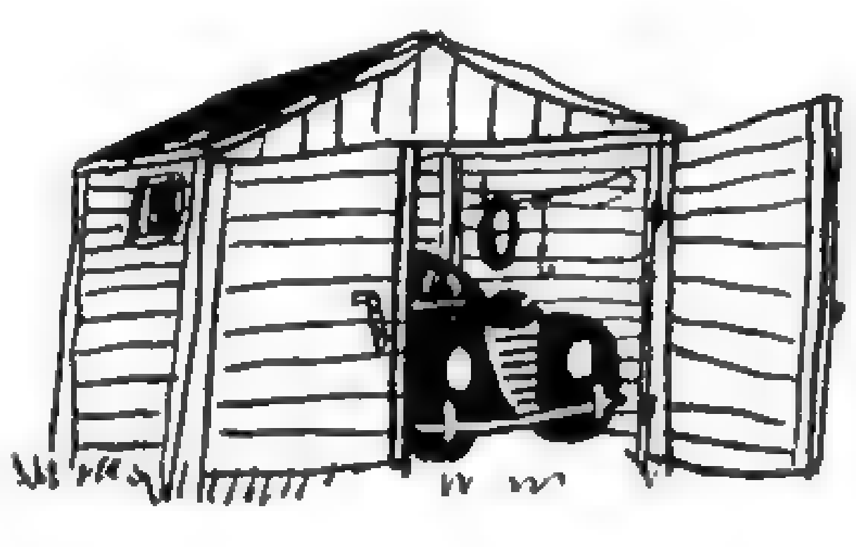
that time bumped into the same situation, but soon saw their mistake and went on to encourage sports and recreation. Then *this* one came along, and again the English made the same mistake, but this time they snapped out of it quicker. Our slump at Minneapolis in 1917 lasted several months. Then we sort of rallied, got the idea of what golf meant in war time, and went into something like a golfing boom. To give you an idea, prior to the war, Interlachen memberships, limited to 500, sold at 100 dollars—and by the end of the war the price was about ten times that much."

So it may be this time, too. It is significant perhaps that the Professional Golfers Association plans to continue its championship, and will help promote many matches and tournaments for the Red Cross, the U. S. O., and other aid groups. Ed Dudley, president of the P. G. A., reports that in 1941 about 50,000 dollars was turned over to the Red Cross as a result of exhibition play and other events, and the U. S. O. matches at Detroit between the Ryder Cup Team and the Bobby Jones players netted 18,200 dollars, the largest single exhibition return of the year.

Jones is continuing his help this year, and Bob Hope and Bing Crosby are joining in the good work. The Duke of Windsor, has assured the P. G. A. that he will lend every effort to help.

While active service will claim many of our leading stars (the last time I saw Bud Ward, U. S. Amateur champion for the second time in three years, he was labeled Private Ward and was not swinging a golf club but a mop, on Kitchen Police), I believe their departure will tend to throw open the competitive field and encourage many young and unknown stars to try their hand in the tournaments that are to be held for one purpose or another.

And as for the Four Million of Golf, the boys and girls who pay the freight and maintain the clubs and courses while trying to bust 100—the stalwart, faithful and conversational coterie that occupies so important a line along the Home Front—what is there in the game for them . . . now?



It certainly looks as though the automobile is here to stay—in our garage.

Of course, there is trouble about getting golf balls, with the priorities on rubber; but a golf ball can still go a long ways for them, if not too accurately down the line. The rationing plan, as gauged from reports by club professionals and dealers, is something like 30 per cent of the old order which encouraged considerable profligacy. Accuracy is replacing range, the idea being to keep that ball somewhere within the scope of vision—not a bad idea in scoring, incidentally.

In a word, golf balls are being husbanded as never before in this extravagant land; yet the future, while on the vague side—beyond midsummer anyway—shows traces of a silver lining, which is as yet unaffected by priorities, and there is a lot of conversation concerning something of the *ersatz* variety that will bounce. After all, it requires only about 600 tons of rubber for all the golf balls this nation knocks out of bounds, drowns, and otherwise disposes of per annum in the best of times. And in this era of astronomical figures, 600 tons is, or are, definitely on the microscopic side.

As to that—"Some way will be found to keep 'em playing," says Bobby Jones. "There may not be as many or as good golf balls, but everybody will have the same kind. It will still be a great game."

A statement issued by a leading manufacturer is to the effect that:

"We have a supply of balls on hand which under our rationing plan we believe will see us through the first six months of 1942."

But it is not alone of the material side of the game that I wish to speak—of priorities and money-raising. I believe there are spiritual values in this sport justifying material concessions. And these spiritual values apply not only to the Four Million, but equally to the Four Hundred, and on up above them to the three or four greatest men of our day who must bear this awful burden of responsibility—on whose abilities and performances the very lives of thousands of our prime young men at this moment are dangling. If golf can in any small way be of any value to these crucial men, aiding them however slightly to do their job better, it will be doing its bit in a great big way.

And in trying to emphasize that thought—the value of golf to *all* of us, *spiritually*, in such a horrid moment of the world's history, I feel that I can do no better than go back to all the equanimity and manly courage that was inherent in those spontaneous words of Walter Hagen at Sandwich.

That's where it is! . . . Whether from a bad shot, or a bad break . . . that's where we *all* are . . . today. That's where we have to play the next one . . . Game of Golf . . . Game of Life . . . or what My Lord Gamelbar called the "Great Game of War."

It's the breaks that count. The breaks . . . and how you take them!

That above all. Golf, and one of its masters, can teach us *that!* #

Trim AS THE NAVY'S "GREYHOUNDS"

WEYENBERG Shoes

Keep your feet on the smart course, ready for action, in Weyenberg shoes. Clean-cut, alertly styled — crafted to give you more value in smartness, comfort, and long wear. See your Weyenberg dealer, or write us for his name.

WEYENBERG SHOE MFG. CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

Men's Quality Shoes for More Than Forty Years

REX
Genuine white Buck and tan combination Model 6214
ZEPHYR
Two-tone tan, ventilated for cool comfort Model 6226
NEW YORKER
Genuine white Buck with tan Calf trim Model 6220

WEYENBERG *Shoes*

$5.50 to $8.50

PIONEER GIFTS for A Blue Ribbon Dad

FATHER'S DAY JUNE 21st

This year make Father's Day a truly Blue Ribbon occasion. Slip into your nearest men's wear store right now, while stocks are fresh, and make your gift selections from these man-favored Pioneer accessories. Dads of all ages will welcome a handsome new belt . . . smartly styled braces . . . or a trim custom-crafted wallet—of either Pliaglass, the new pliable plastic, fine leathers or fabrics. All are individually gift packaged or in attractive combination sets. At most good men's wear stores or write direct to Pioneer, 12th & Wood Sts., Phila., Pa.

Wallets from $1 to $7.50
Braces from $1 to $3.50
Belts from $1 to $5
PIONEER

PIONEER

Since 1877 makers of fine Accessories

FOR MEN WHO CARE WHAT THEY WEAR

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from page 85

recreation for both civilian and soldier during these hectic days. It provides both physical and mental relaxation. It is also a fine social activity, and soldiers, while they may have lost much, have certainly acquired a taste for society.

One of the difficulties of dancing was stressed by **Billy Evans** who commented:

Dancing is a valuable form of recreation if you are able to stay away from your partner's feet and thereby keep out of trouble. I never could!

QUESTION V

As a relative or a friend of boys in the military service, do you approve of their participating in boxing bouts?

The public	**Yes 86.85%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 91.83%**
Sports editors	**Yes 93.52%**
Fort Benning	**Yes 85.14%**
Williams Field	**Yes 93.18%**

Of the civilian groups, less than 15% disapproved of boxing as a soldier sport. Those against it seemingly were influenced by failure to read or hear anything about shortage of boxing gloves being accountable for any of the United Nations' earlier set-backs. The vast majority, including the kids in the service, were of the opinion that boxing provides an excellent opportunity to display a capacity to take it without the spirit wilting, as well as to dish it out deftly.

Ernie Harwell, WSB, Atlanta, Georgia, judged that:

Boxing is the one sport which develops self-reliance and confidence to the greatest degree. In the ring, a gladiator stands or falls alone. He cannot, as in football, lean on his team-mates. They can't make up for any of his mistakes. I believe it is great training for a person to get in the ring and realize that all eyes are on him and everything that he does is his responsibility and his alone.

Joseph E. Nolan, WOKO-WABY, Albany, New York, stated:

I only approve of boys who have had previous experience in boxing taking part in bouts. While some with no knowledge of the game may be developed, the majority of boys are at a disadvantage and risk being permanently disabled. Boxing is a tough game if you don't know what it's all about. I know from experience.

Defending the old Army game was **Abe Fennell**, Columbia, South Carolina, *State*, who commented:

Boxing, Army style, is anything but harmful. Competent coaching, adequate medical care, before, during and after fights, plus the best equipment money can buy assures a minimum of danger to the health; and Army boxing is the best morale builder we know of.

Pete Lightner, *Wichita Eagle*, reported:

Boxing is greatly exaggerated in importance as training for soldiers. Last winter Camp Robinson's team fought the Wichita civilians, and won only two of 13 bouts, although having thousands to pick from. However, friendly boxing bouts of this sort are not harmful. It is the year after year grind of so-called amateurs which leaves some kids a bit punch drunk.

QUESTION VI

Do you believe that athletes make better officers than non-athletes?

The public	**Yes 51.76%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 60.41%**
Sports editors	**Yes 66.82%**
Fort Benning	**Yes 68.69%**
Williams Field	**Yes 63.64%**

College conference statistics on the preliminary World War of 1914-18 showed notably high percentage of college men as Army and Navy officers. Experienced statisticians questioned the lesson generally taken from that statistical showing, pointing out that college attendance had been a requirement for entrance of the majority of men trained in officer schools. Inasmuch as most of the college men of that war also had been active in athletics, the superiority of athletes as officers became popularly accepted as a fact beyond question. However, this item on the poll eliminated the college factor, and submitted for rating all athletes.

Lieutenant A. C. Verner of Fort Benning wrote:

The first requisite of an officer is that he can think quickly and correctly under pressure. He must also be able to size up the opponent quickly, and hold on when the odds are against him. Modern warfare calls for fine physical condition, long and hard hours on duty without relief. These factors, among others, convince one that a former athlete is more qualified as officer material than one who has not had such experience.

Henry Decker, Frederick, Maryland, *News*, cited:

Captain Arthur W. Wermuth, who knocked off 116 Japs under MacArthur on Bataan Peninsula to become America's One-Man Army, played football at Northwestern Military Academy, which is good enough for me.

Canada has had an opportunity to observe results of the problem, and **Vincent D. Lunny**, *Montreal Standard*, insisted that:

Athletes do make better officers than non-athletes. In the Royal Canadian Air Force athletic ability is recognized as one of the most important traits in selecting men for commissions.

Colonel L. D. Williams of Grants Pass, Oregon, brought out an interesting point as a result of his thirty years experience in the American Army. He wrote:

Athletes make very good junior infantry officers, but are too inclined to want to make the war something personal, and so lack that essential sang-froid that lets artillery men and field officers continue computations when the fighting gets tough.

On the other hand, **Ty Cobb**, Reno, Nevada, *Nevada State Journal*, thought:

In training camps or peacetime, non-athletes would be just as good officers as athletes. But I think the men who have been trained to hair-trigger thinking strategy and decision in the heat of football, baseball, basketball and other sports would be the ones to rely on in the thick of battle.

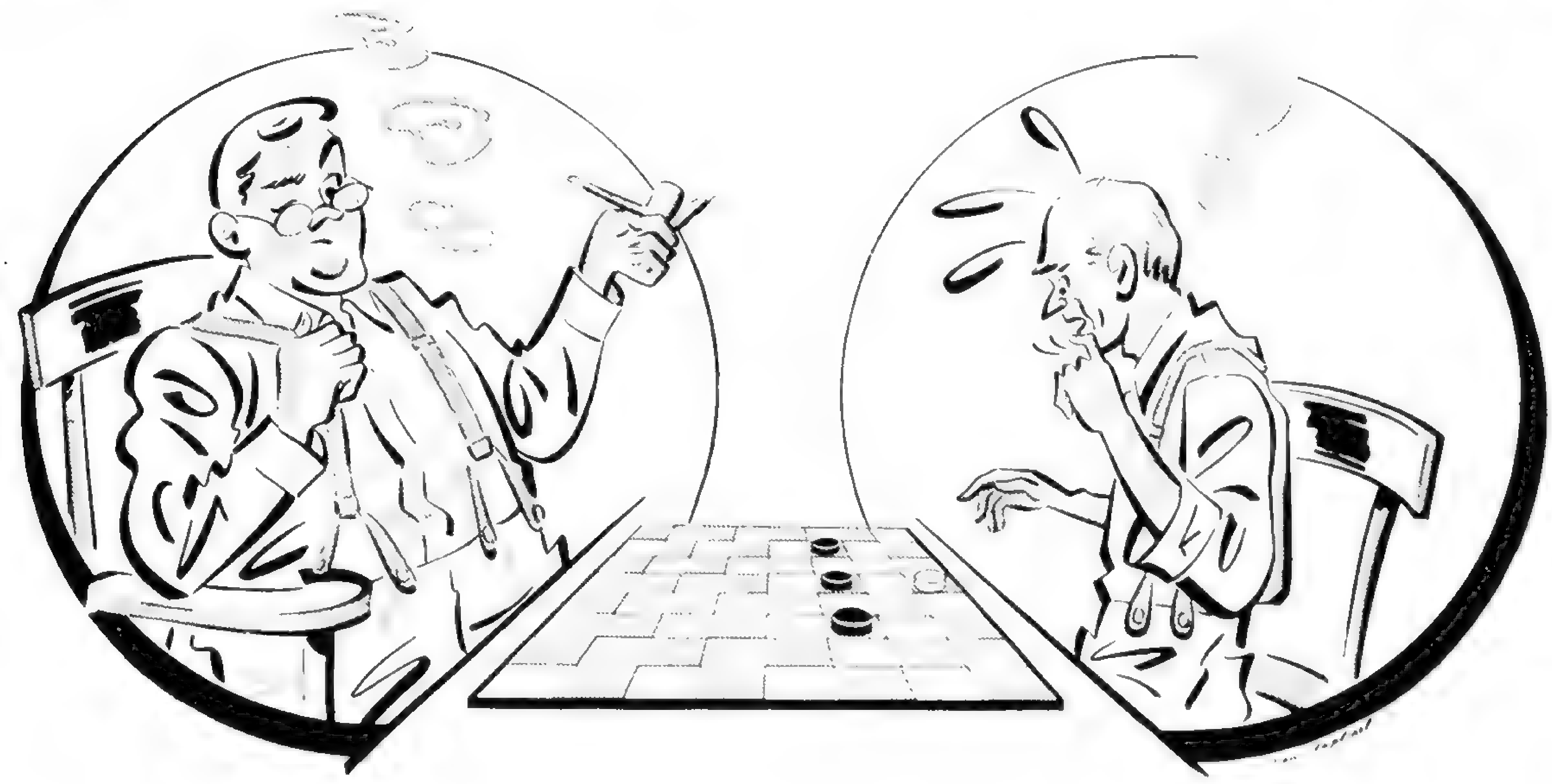
QUESTION VII

Do you believe that for the benefit of national economy, betting on horse races should be banned during the war?

The public	**No 60.34%**
Sportscasters	**No 73.03%**
Sports editors	**No 67.77%**
Fort Benning	**No 63.26%**
Williams Field	**No 67.41%**

Continued on page 142

Three *are better than* One



IT'S A LAW - - -

And No Advertiser Can Get Around It

THERE is a law regarding newspaper circulation and its relation to *productive* advertising. It is a law of human behavior, of human habit.

If the advertiser conforms to the law it will *protect* him and help him. If he does not he pays a *penalty*—in cash losses.

* * *

We refer to the law of Audience-Per-Copy.

Audience-Per-Copy means exactly what it says: the *number* of people who read a single copy of a newspaper. Is it one reader per copy—or two—or three—or more? That is the *fundamental* question. It has always been the fundamental question, whether recognized or not.

The Chicago Daily News is a *maximum audience* medium for the advertiser. As a home publication The Daily News averages *three* readers for each copy. It reaches the *family* as a reading unit as contrasted with the one-reader-per-copy type of medium.

Moreover, The Daily News readers are *home readers*—1,250,000 eager, intelligent readers—with the means to sustain an ambitious standard of living. Home readers who scan the pages leisurely and thoughtfully in the *best reading environment.*

* * *

In 1941 The Chicago Daily News published MORE General Display Advertising than any other paper in the United States, morning, evening or Sunday.* The advertisers who made this commanding total received a commanding media value, giving them quick and concentrated sales action. *They did not pay for wasteful duplication. They got maximum return for minimum cost—because three readers per copy are better than one!*

**Reported by Media Records. Liquor linage omitted.*

AUDIENCE-PER-COPY—*that's what counts!*

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

The Newspaper of First Importance
In the Important Chicago Market

DAILY NEWS PLAZA: *400 West Madison Street,* CHICAGO • NEW YORK OFFICE: *9 Rockefeller Plaza*
DETROIT OFFICE: *7-218 General Motors Building* • SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE: *Hobart Building*

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 85-140

There will be no blooded steeds boiled down for war work glue regardless of the shameful way in which these nags violate the confidence of those who make investments in them. That is, there won't be, if the government abides by the result of this question in the Esquire Sports Poll. Maybe we should have another question: "Should the government give a damn about the Esquire Sports Poll? Yes or No?"

Personally, the conductors of this poll are willing to abide by the result because it inferentially approves continuance of Frank Menke's Kentucky Derby advance publicity which is gorgeous reading of winter nights when window panes are rattling, wolves are baying on the steppes, and erring daughters are wandering in storms clasping to their bosoms Bundles From Drummers.

But now 'tis the dawn of summer and that lovely wildflower, the bookie, blooms again in the sunshine on the sidewalk before the Smoke Shoppe window, and blossoms from this question of the poll are scattered as follows:

Herbert Bayard Swope, chairman of the New York State Racing Commission, who believes that "betting seems to supply a special escape for those under stress," voted no with the majority.

Rogers Hornsby also voted against closing up the tracks. **Lionel Atwill** suggested:

> On the question whether or not the government should ban betting on horse races, I think they should have government controlled national lotteries, such as the Grand National and the Irish Sweepstakes. Of course, all profits should go to the government and the taxes on all winnings would reclaim 40% for the government.

Cy Peterman, *Philadelphia Enquirer*, was for cutting out the gambling. He wrote:

> Limited horse racing as an outlet will go on, I think. However, with tracks and state governments gouging into the mutuel pools, the public takes such a beating already it might be receiving a favor if prevented from going at all. Don't forget—sports in war should act as a recreational, morale-building force. Losing money on the races, whether to bookies or mutuel tracks, isn't helping win the war.

Agreeing was **L. F. Roberts,** Grand Island, Nebraska, *Daily Independent*, who said:

> I don't believe anyone now can afford to waste money betting on anything but the United States. A bet in the form of defense bonds will pay returns.

Commented **Harry Keck,** Pittsburgh *Sun-Telegraph*:

> To ban betting would halt racing, which is laughingly supposed to "improve the breed." The betting is vicious and costly to the nation at all times.

On the other hand, **Bernard Kahn,** Daytona Beach, Florida, *News-Journal*, believed that:

> A ban on track wagering would boomerang and fail to accomplish its purpose of stabilizing national economy. On the contrary, it would stimulate lotteries, slot machines, the numbers business, and many other gambling rackets in which the player is not given even a sporting chance. Horse race betting is a necessary evil.

QUESTION VIII

If you could have your preference, which type of fishing would you choose?

The public	**Fly Casting**	**31.94%**
Sportscasters	**Deep Sea**	**39.58%**
Sports editors	**Deep Sea**	**33.81%**
Fort Benning	**Deep Sea**	**46.60%**
Williams Field	**Deep Sea**	**40.42%**

Deep sea fishing is out in front. Fish or no fish, you can't lose sitting comfortably in a smart boat, a bucket of cool beer off the starboard bow of your chair, sandwiches off port, and fish of assorted types and dispositions possibly astern.

The general public, though, constituting the largest section polled, are for fly-fishing with its greater action. There is no sport like that of trying to untangle a line from an overhanging bough when you have ten billion mosquitoes to help you.

By the way, we saw in a British fishing magazine the other day an ad suggesting sending fly-making outfits to pals who are prisoners of war. That's the kind of stout-hearted men fly-fishermen are.

Charles S. Lacey, Jr. of St. Louis, president of the National Association of Angling and Casting Clubs, cast a vote for bait-casting, which ran third in the poll, while **Dick Miller,** vice-president of the same amiable organization, reported:

> I feel that a great many sport scribes would be vitally interested in the fly and bait casting game in the United States if they would take time out to see our highly specialized tournament. It has all of the elements of the discus, javelin, shot put and baseball put into one game. Imagine throwing a trout fly 200 feet, a 5/8 of an ounce plug 400 feet, and a 3/8 of an ounce plug 350 feet? All done in National Tournament competition. Interesting highlights include the accuracy of placing trout flies and plugs in 30-inch rings from distances of 30 to 80 feet.

Jack Dempsey favored "mountain stream fishing." **George Ade, Ernest Thompson Seton, Herbert Asbury,** and **Arthur Fiedler,** conductor of the Boston Symphony, all went for still-fishing, while **Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.,** preferred surf fishing. From **Pete Sallaway,** Victoria, British Columbia, *Times*, came the report that:

> On this island fisherman's paradise, Vancouver Island, we have a three weeks season of cohoe salmon fishing which has everything else beat a mile. You use bucktail fly, 60 feet of about

Continued on page 144

SURE YOU INHALE _SO PLAY SAFE with your throat!

You can't avoid some inhaling—but you *can avoid worry about throat irritation, even when you do inhale.* Doctors who compared the leading favorite cigarettes report that:

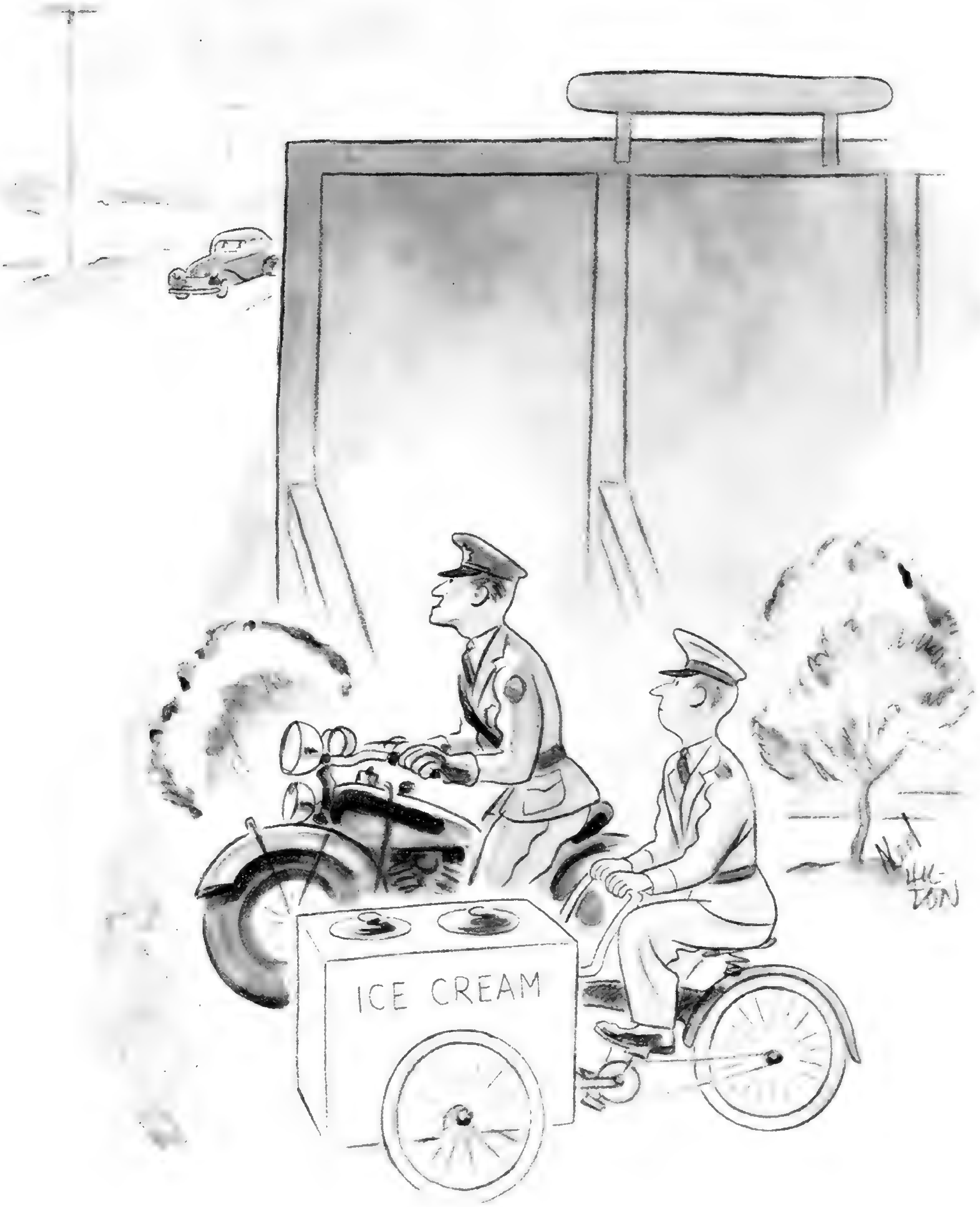
SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING POPULAR BRANDS AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING—AND THEIR IRRITATION LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG—AS THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS!

When you smoke PHILIP MORRIS, you enjoy finer tobaccos — *plus this exclusive proved* protection!

FINER PLEASURE PLUS REAL PROTECTION!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE



ICE CREAM

COOL
COLORFUL
COMFORTABLE

RIVERCOOL TROPICALS

are something new
in summer comfort

Did you ever wear a summer suit so light that you were hardly conscious of any weight? You will experience this when you wear a Rivercool Tropical.

Why is a Rivercool Tropical so cool? Because everything about it is designed for coolness—the spun rayon yarn itself—the porous weave—even the tailoring and workmanship. It's more than a new summer suit. It's a new KIND of summer suit.

Appearance? You can't beat a Rivercool Tropical. The colors and patterns are comparable to the finest worsteds. Darks and plains for business. Lighter shades in blue, green, tan for sports.

Modestly priced at your local clothing store.

RIVERSIDE & DAN RIVER MILLS, Inc.
DANVILLE, VIRGINIA

RIVERCOOL *REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 85-140-142

25-pound test cuddyhunk line and no weight, trolling behind a fairly fast boat. Fish run as high as 18 and 19 pounds and really give you some wonderful sport. Noted United States sportsmen come here for the season, including W. E. Boeing, the airplane man, and W. E. Lowe, Los Angeles sportsman and owner of what was formerly John Barrymore's yacht.

Ray Hill, Public Relations Director of the OCD Physical Fitness Division, picked the winner when he said:

Deep-sea fishing always is the most alluring. You never know what you are going to get on the end of a hook, or what kind of a fish is going to try to pull you overboard.

From **Raoul Carlisle,** Forrest City, Arkansas, *Times-Herald*, came a plug for other types of fishing. His comment was:

I have found that still fishing requires more art and practice to catch game fish than flies and artificial bait lures, speaking on an average year round basis. Gigging is a real art, and if you have not tried spearing a fish at some distance you have not fished at all.

QUESTION IX

Should the sand traps, water-holes and bunkers be eliminated from the golf courses for the duration, as a measure to save lost balls?

The public	**No 65.66%**
Sportscasters	**No 63.15%**
Sports editors	**No 67.77%**
Fort Benning	**No 73.26%**
Williams Field	**No 86.04%**

The concensus apparently indicates that if sand traps, water holes and bunkers were eliminated from golf courses most golfers wouldn't know where to find the ball. A sand trap is the healthiest part of a golf course. The average player is in it so often he completes his round in such condition that he has to take a shower, willy-nilly. And baths are salubrious.

As for the water-holes, all the golfer has to do is to drag out the big old bag he had before the 14-club limitation went into effect, and carry along a diving suit.

Some authoritative comment: **Wallace Irwin** voted in favor of ironing out the courses, and added: "If the rubber shortage continues, golf-balls should also be eliminated, except for second-hand material." **Aud Archer,** WPAR, Parkersburg, West Virginia, suggested erecting "screens around water holes to prevent loss of balls." **Sec Taylor,** *Des Moines Register*, recommended keeping "the rough, where most of the balls are lost, cut short." **Edward E. Eicher,** Clearwater, Florida, *Sun*, maintained: "The only way to assure that balls won't be lost is to have them hit the ball into one end of a pipe and put the hole at the other end."

Bill Sutherland, KDKA, Pittsburgh, observed:

The wolves always holler about the Oakmont course at Pittsburgh, with all kinds of traps and water hazards; but even the experts have lost very few balls on the course during tournament play, and the duffers like most of us have longer to look if we lose one, or can buy it back for less than is usually spent at the 19th hole.

Private Thayer W. Lanford of Williams Field observed that "the caddies find most of the lost balls and sell them. By so doing some people make a living."

QUESTION X

How do you think the teams will finish in the 1942 major league pennant races?

	Flag Choice	
	American	**National**
The public	**New York**	**Brooklyn**
Sportscasters	**New York**	**St. Louis**
Sports editors	**New York**	**St. Louis**
Fort Benning	**New York**	**Brooklyn**
Williams Field	**New York**	**Brooklyn**

The habit-forming Yanks again, and a toss-up between Them Bums and the Cards, give you the finishes in the American and National leagues as forecast by the voters.

Private Milton E. Castleman of Williams Field summed up the situation as follows:

I think the major leagues will have the closest races that they have had in many years this season. In the National League, Brooklyn and St. Louis seem to be the best clubs; however, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and New York have "if" clubs. The American League race will be closer than in many years. The draft has hurt the Yankees considerably. The Red Sox will be tough.

France Laux, KMOX, St. Louis, had a hunch that:

It looks like a New York-St. Louis World Series next October. I put Cleveland in sixth place in the American League. The reason—Bob Feller. I think the White Sox have the best chance of beating out the Yanks, due to their pitchers. The New York Giants with Mize and Werber on their infield will be plenty tough.

Another prominent radio announcer, **John Kolbmann,** WHAT, Philadelphia, liked the White Sox, saying:

I think Jimmy Dykes' "Misfits and Castoffs" are just about ready to give Chicago an American League Championship.

T. Edwin Miller of Barre, Vermont, regretted having to

Place Washington seventh. As a youngster back in the glorious days of "Goose" Goslin and the boy manager, Bucky Harris, I spent a great deal of my weekend shagging flies in batting practice in the Washington ball yard.

Less sympathy was shown for another low-ranker by **R. W. Warner,** Sanford, Florida, *Herald*, who picked Los Angeles for eighth in the National League, explaining: "I don't believe the Phillies will finish at all."

Joe Val, *New York World-Telegram*, rated the A. L.: Yanks, White Sox, Red Sox, Indians, Tigers, Senators, Browns and A's; and the N. L.: Cards, Reds, Dodgers, Giants, Cubs, Pirates, Braves and Phillies.

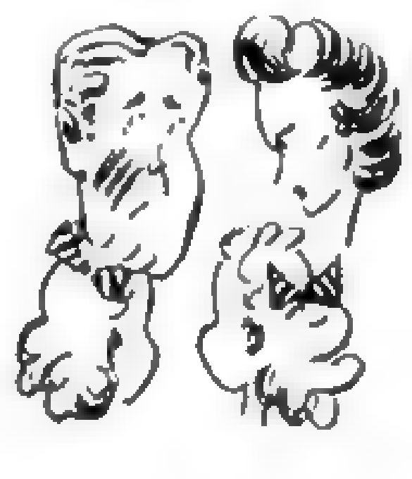
From a fine vantage point of authority, **Taylor Spink,** editor of *The Sporting News* selected a couple of good-looking lineups on the following order: American League—Yankees, White Sox, Red Sox, Tigers, Browns, Indians, Athletics, Senators; National League: Reds, Dodgers, Cardinals, Pirates, Giants, Cubs, Braves, Phillies. ⵌ

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

RISE AND FALL OF AN ACTION AT LAW

Page 166, of your March 1942 issue of Esquire, contains a full page cartoon showing some very beautiful girls and the title beneath this picture reads "Mr. Marson has absolutely no originality. All he ever gives me is diamonds!"



I am a respectable married man with two growing daughters and this cartoon, published in your magazine, has caused me no end of embarrassment and difficulty. To begin with, I am already in trouble with my wife, my children, my relatives and my friends. My office has given me considerable difficulty; my employer is more than ever suspicious of me; and I do not know but what this has ruined me socially—if not financially—for the rest of my days!

I do not know whether it is going to be easier for me to change my name or move out of the country!

I have not yet consulted legal authority in this matter because I felt that, before doing so, I ought to write and ask your advice as to what to do. I would also like to know whether a suit for damages, in the amount of $50,000, would be acceptable to you or whether it is necessary to make service on you—not only in Boston and New York, but also in your other various offices.

I would appreciate hearing from you immediately in this matter and, before taking action, I expect that you will reply not later than March 20, 1942.

Yours truly,

Brookline, Mass. JONAS MARSON

P.S. There is some possibility that, instead of your paying me the $50,000, I might settle for a life-time subscription to Esquire!

P.P.S. Of course, if you also published this in *Sound and Fury*, along with the subscription, we'll consider this letter a release of all demands for the $50,000!

WHAT SO FAIR AS AN HONEST PLUG?

First allow me to assert that I am an ardent and consistent reader (Newsstand Variety) of Esquire. On occasion I find articles that are down my alley but however (on occasion) inconsistent with my train of thought. Such is your article in the April issue entitled *Keep 'Em Perking*.

An excellent article and of the most part true but most is not all. And I believe this is probably due to your source of information, who for selfish reasons just failed to mention certain facts that to my belief (also probably selfish but nevertheless based on fact) are essential to National Defense and National Economy.

Re—Oil Changes: Bureau of Standards "We believe that Oil does not wear out but becomes contaminated with various impurities, and if these impurities are removed the oil may be used for a longer period of time." That is absolutely true. There are oil filters on the market that will remove the acids or keep them from forming, as well as other injurious materials. You have probably guessed by this time that I sell Oil Filters. For obvious reason, I won't mention by name my product, however, we have proven by laboratory tests that our product will keep the oil fit for continued use at any mileage as long as it is visibly clean. Its acceptance by the general public and by the manufacturers for standard equipment should stand as proof.

This being true would of course cut down on the number of oil changes and sales. It is a well known fact that dirty oil will burn quicker than clean oil. Also that dirty oil will exaggerate wear. In the face of this drastic story, is or rather has been thrown, opposition whose interest and profit lie in the reverse direction.

In spite of this well financed opposition the Oil Filter Business has and is on the increase, and today is one of the leading Automotive Industries. Opposition has grown less as both the Filter Manufacturer and the Oil Companies realized that both were in the picture and very closely allied. And by working together one could help the other.

The Government has helped to bring about this alliance by adopting a Government Military Filter and issuing orders that the same be installed on all vehicles.

So as a Post Script to your article may I suggest you add how we can all help to Save Money, Save Motors and Save Oil. And increase engine life on any engine thousands of miles and hours.

1. Buy an oil filter, Clean Oil type with a replaceable cartridge. (Even if you have a filter as standard equipment make sure it is doing the right job of keeping the oil clean and free from harmful acids.) If not, buy one that will. There are many makes that will.
2. Change the oil and change the element when the oil begins to get dirty.
3. Keep your oil at the proper level.

In conclusion allow me to say in regards to water in oil. This is not a general problem. In fact, with closer tolerances, higher heat ranges, and good crankcase ventilation this has practically been eliminated. With the exception in certain types of operation. When the crankcase ventilation is not sufficient to carry off the water in vapor form. This condition may also be relieved by another invention. A valve that utilizes the vacuum in the intake manifold to suck out the water vapor at an even rate. This is being used by a number of Truck manufacturers as standard equipment.

Sincerely,

Wichita, Kans. R. W. TICHENOR, JR.

LEADING QUESTION

In answer to Mr. Upton Close of San Francisco, I should like to ask him what the hell he thinks of one Gen. Douglas MacArthur?

No doubt Winston Churchill is a great Englishman and a great man to the Allies but he is no greater to an Englishman than MacArthur and his hard fighting forces are to a red-blooded American.

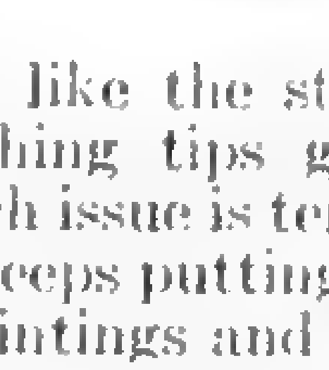
And now Mr. Close, if I had your overcountry pants where I could place my overbooted foot against them, I should take great pleasure in making contact.

Sincerely yours,

Johnston, S. C. BEN BOATWRIGHT

BUT THE BEEFS MAKE BETTER READING

I have just finished reading the *Sound and Fury* columns in some back issues of Esquire for the second time and am wondering why some of the readers keep knocking Esquire for a loop by saying it isn't the magazine that it used to be.



As for myself I admit that I haven't been reading Esquire for more than a couple of years but during that time I've been well satisfied with what I got for my fifty cents.

I like the articles and fiction. I like the humorous cartoons. I like the styled up-to-the-minute clothing tips given by Esquire. In fact each issue is terrific and as long as Varga keeps putting the magic touch to his paintings and Phil Stack keeps backing those paintings up with his verse, I think it's time for all readers to admit that Esquire has what it takes.

Mt. Pleasant, Tenn. R. C. BAILEY

Well, one thing I can't lose in this game of strip poker is the Arrid I've put under my armpits.

Yes, it's good to know that Arrid is one thing you don't have to give up

Men who take pride in good grooming know that it is just plain common sense to use a deodorant that prevents under-arm odor *and* shirt stains.

No wonder thousands of men all over the country have made Arrid a regular habit.

More Arrid is used than any other under-arm deodorant. It is the *preferred* masculine deodorant for these 5 important reasons:

1. It prevents odor caused by under-arm perspiration.

2. *Arrid checks excessive under-arm perspiration and* prevents staining and rotting of shirts and coat linings.

3. *It takes only half a minute to use Arrid—it vanishes at once.*

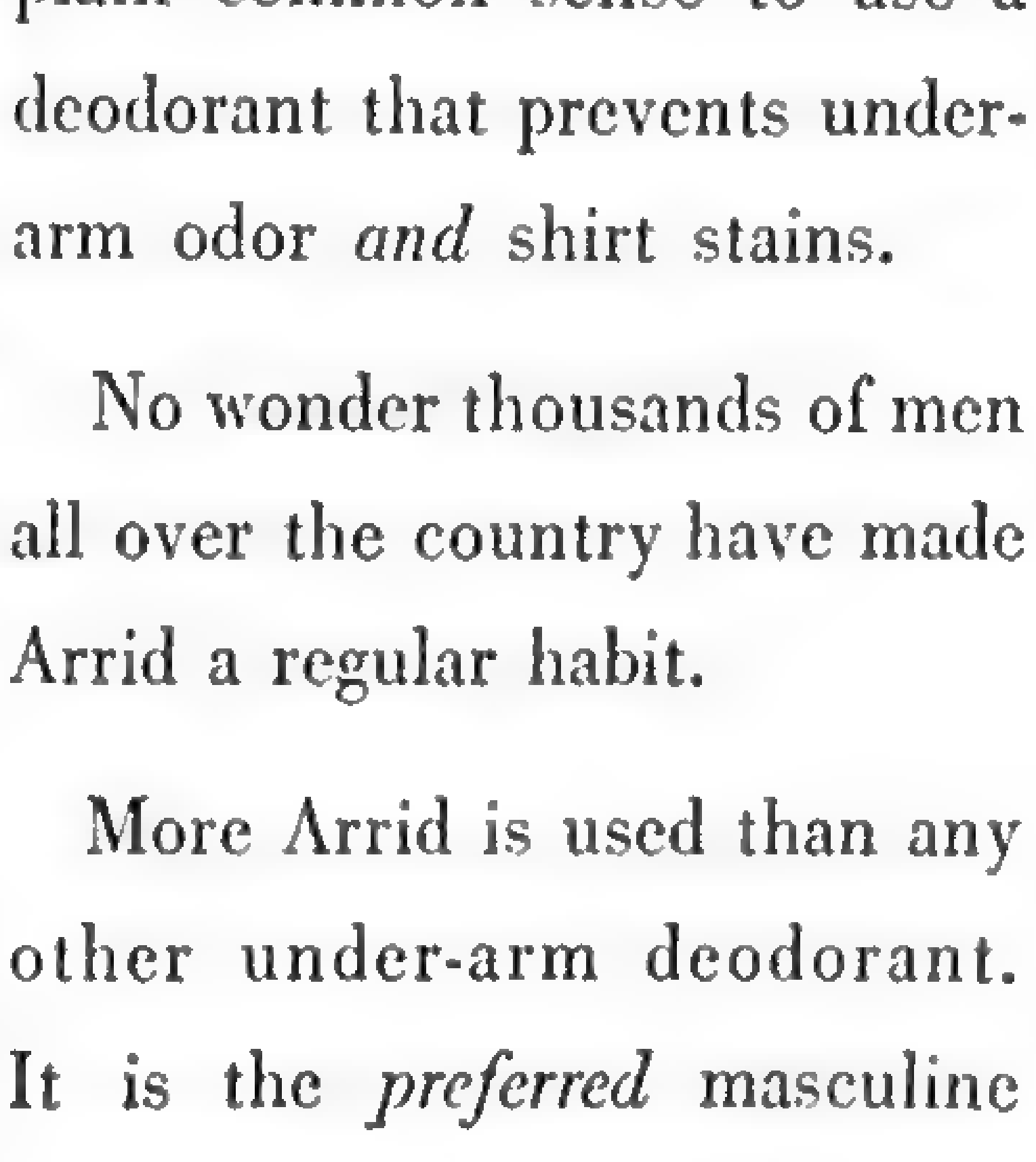
4. *Arrid is a pure, white, greaseless cream, especially pleasing to men.*

5. *Arrid gives complete protection for 1 to 3 days.*

Start using Arrid today. Get a jar at any drug store, 10¢ store or department store. 10¢, 39¢, 59¢ a jar.

THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

ARRID



Un-Ordinary!
Made of superb tobaccos (that cheaper cigarettes simply *cannot* afford).
Marlboro
America's Luxury Cigarette
MARLBORO CIGARETTES
PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD. INC
MADE IN U.S.A.
THE MILDNESS OF AMERICA'S BEST
MARLBORO CIGARETTES
Bolgar
IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS—BEAUTY TIPS (red).

Mr. Beasley's Caller

Continued from page 61

night climb in the window where I got these clothes and—But the chauffeur turned red and bolted.

Well if she wasn't one of Pinckney's maids who was she? and Mrs. Beasley said between her teeth I think this joke has gone far enough and Fred you had better explain. So Mr. Beasley just said hopelessly I can't. Then *you* will said Mrs. Beasley turning on the girl. Why are you so cross and unpleasant? said Silvia I said I would go if he did not want me. So Mrs. Beasley said Well and why should you think he wants you?

So Silvia laughed and said Why I have been watching what you do in this house for a long long time and I have seen him living here with his two women and the other one is fat and old and you are pretty but bad-tempered and I thought if he liked me I would come and live with him too.

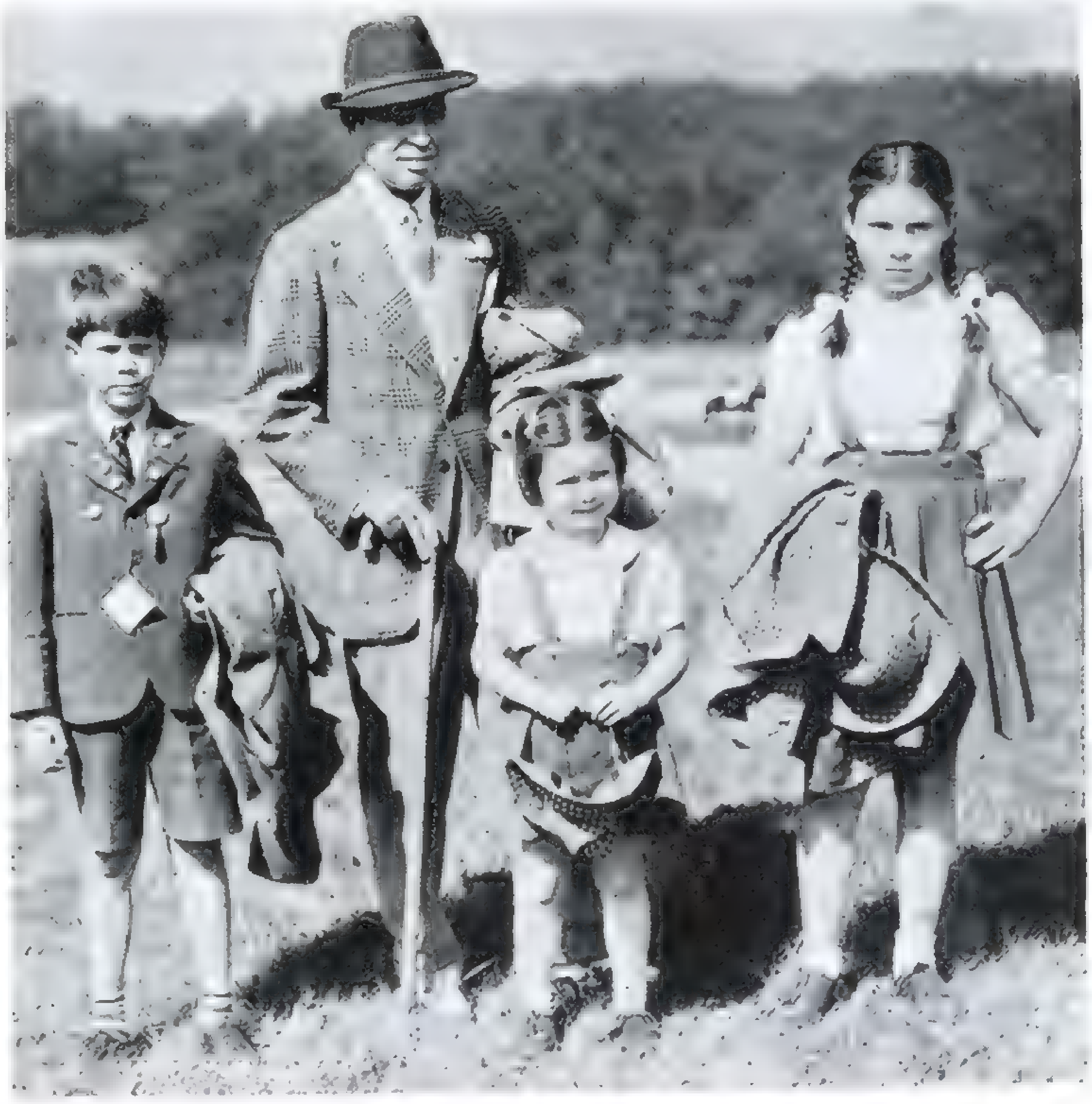
Well that's telling her! said Mr. Benson and Mrs. Jones said I hope any resemblance to existing persons is purely accidental. But Mrs. Beasley went straight into a tantrum. She said Well! three times in a sort of crescendo and then she screamed Fred Beasley you get that woman out of here so I am bad-tempered am I? well I'll have you know—

Oh do stop! said Silvia in a sort of amused voice and to everybody's surprise including Mrs. Beasley's she stopped. And Silvia took her and pulled her around so she faced a mirror and said Look!

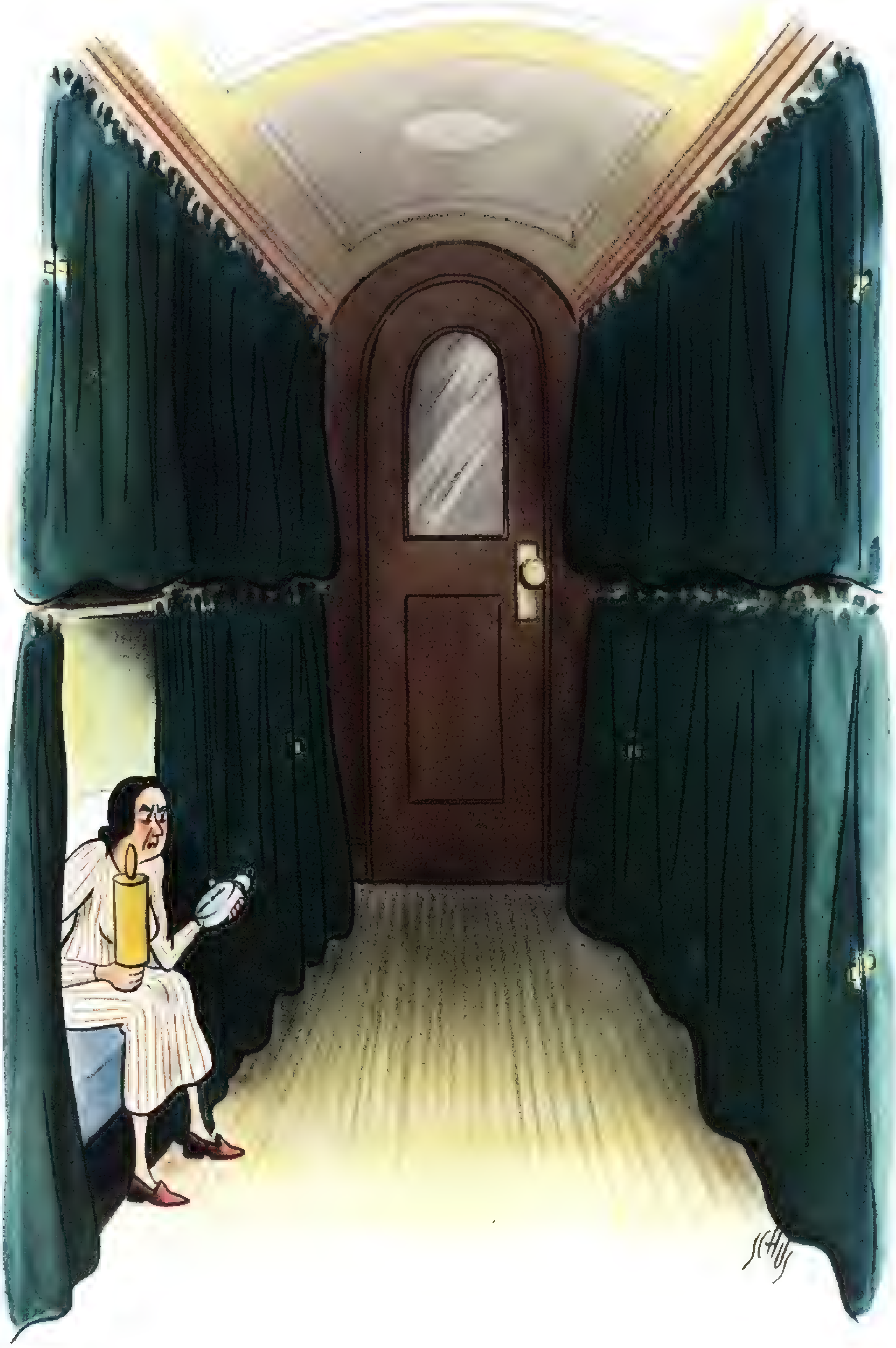
Well I don't suppose Mrs. Beasley had ever seen herself having a tantrum before and she just looked for a minute and then she began to cry. Mr. Barringer said See here Fred this thing is going too far. You hope it is don't you? said Silvia and when Mr. Barringer said Why what do you mean? she said Why you want her to come live with you don't you? Why I—I— sputtered Mr. Barringer but Mr. Beasley said O go pour yourself a drink Henry.

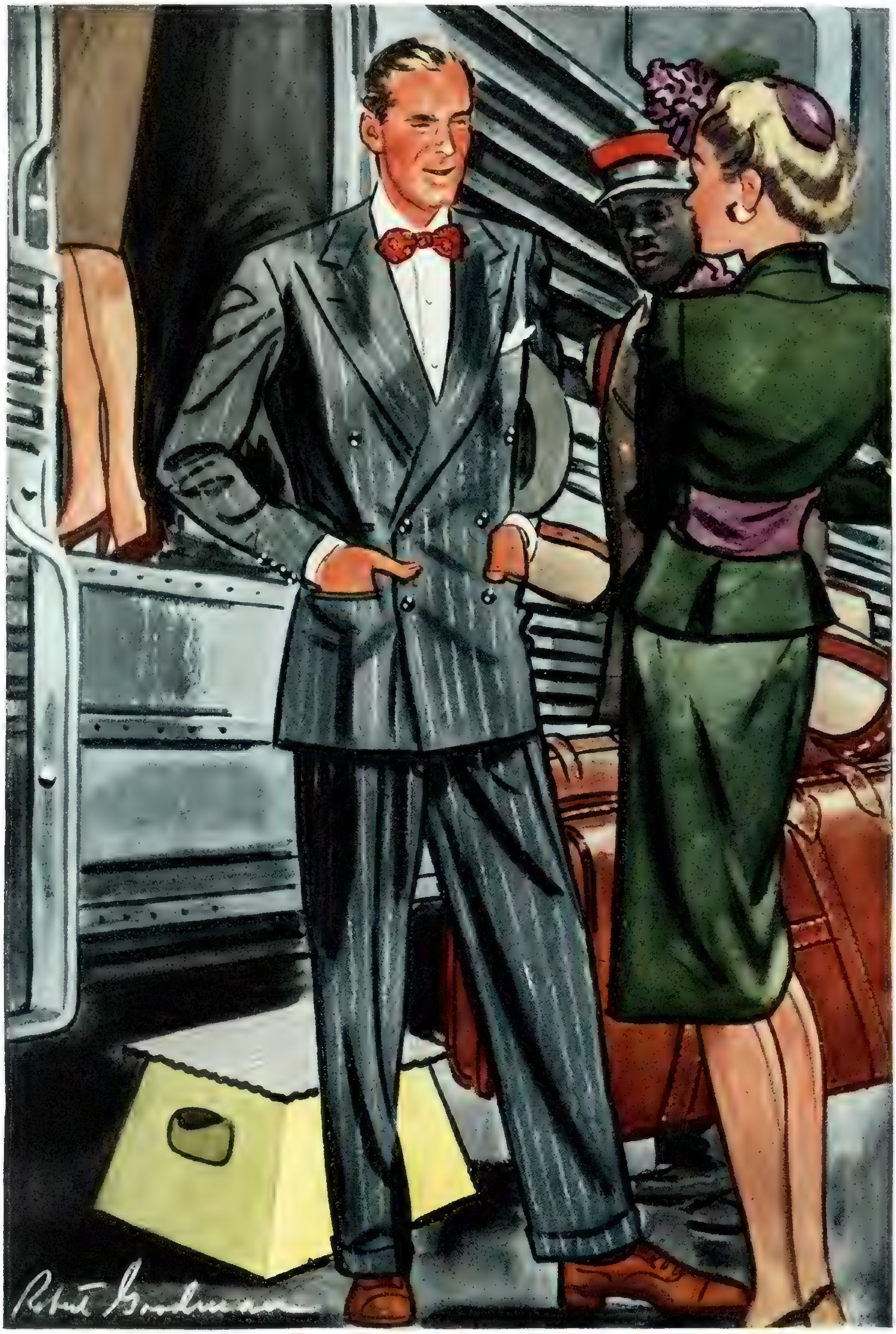
Well said Silvia goodbye. Then she said I think I had better get rid of these clothes before they make trouble for anyone else. And she kicked off her slippers and with a quick movement dropped off the cap and apron and pulled the zipper down the side of her dress. The Joneses were pretending to look at the sunset so they didn't see but Mrs. Benson gave a yelp and grabbed Mr. Benson and whirled him around but he could still see in the mirror. He saw Silvia step out of the maid's uniform and flash a smile at Mr. Beasley as she ran to the door. And then she was gone.

So then the Joneses and the Bensons and Mr. Barringer filed out past Mr. Beasley without saying anything and being careful not to step on the little heap of clothing. And after a while Mrs. Beasley looked up and said Fred! appealingly. You do not look so bad to me even when your eyes are red said Mr. Beasley. Fred she said Who *was* that girl? So Mr. Beasley hesitated and then he said Well—you remember that little red hat? The little red what? said Mrs. Beasley and then she said O! O not—? Yes said Mr. Beasley it was something like that. O! How terrible! whispered Mrs. Beasley. Well I don't know said Mr. Beasley cheerfully. And then he said Go wash your face. And when she had gone upstairs he picked up the garments and mailed them to Mr. Pinckney. ⌗



Sports accessories, the corded felt hat, cashmere pullover, wool tie and brown and white shoes, are combined with the plaid jacket and plain slacks. The boy wears a grey flannel suit. Photographed at Westbury, L. I.



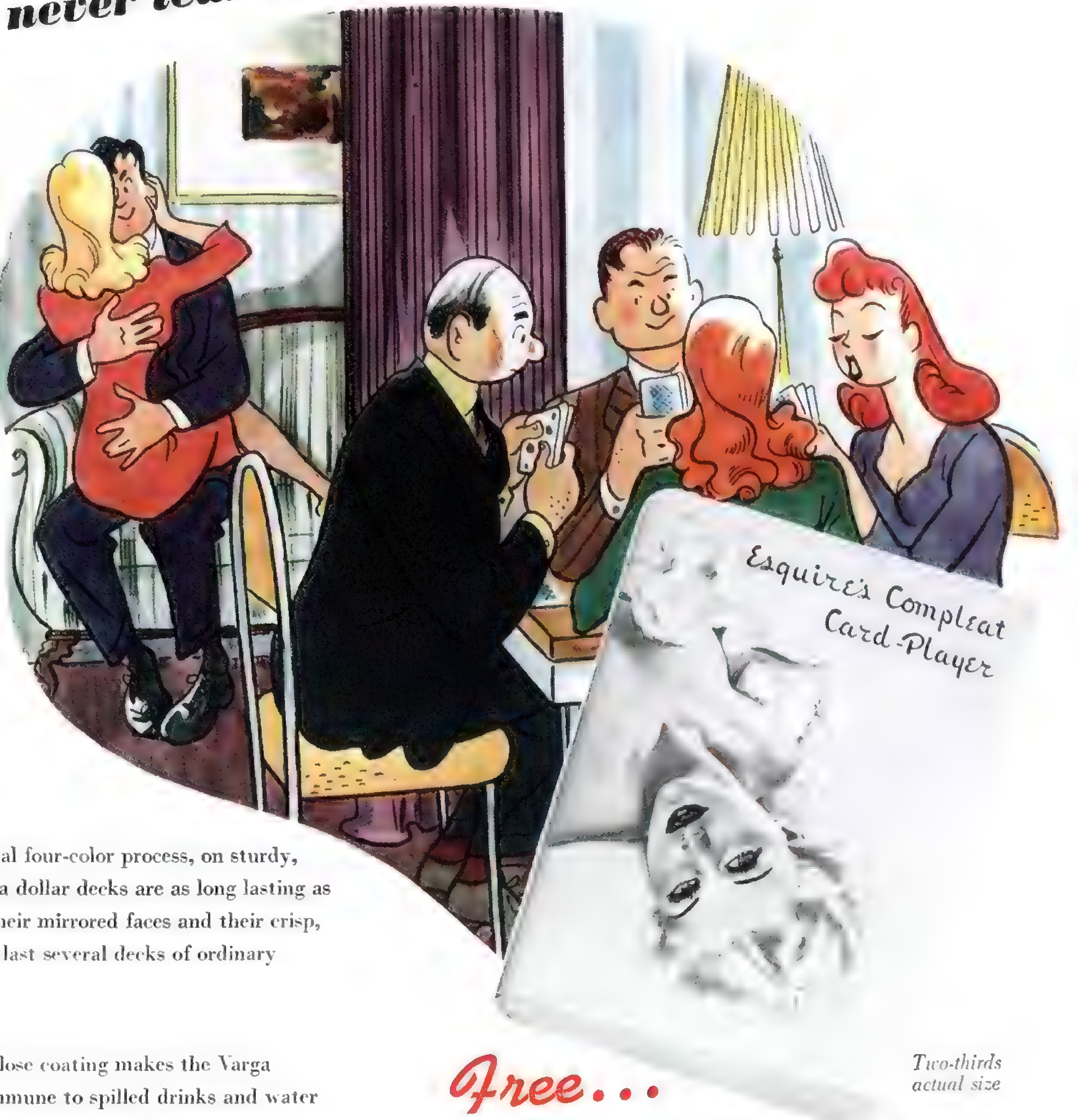


station-to-station conversation

This gentleman might well bid his streamlined "adieu" from either the Union Station in Los Angeles or the old G.C.T. in New York, for his neat chalk striped Star Grey flannel suit is scheduled for training or planing trips from coast to coast. When the fashion prestidigitators were stopped cold with the $64 question, "What is Star Grey?" the best and most befuddling answer was, "A shade that appears to be grey when it's next to pure blue, and appears to be blue when it's next to pure grey," but seeing the actual color will squelch all fear of changing color like a chameleon. This double breasted numbah carries handy welt pockets and the extra tip-and-ticket pocket, a boon to the traveling man. The red foulard bow tie repeats a youthful glint in his eye, which is aimed at the . . . Well, you've got eyes, too, haven't you, brother? So let's talk about the luggage now. Isn't she lovely?

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

"I wonder why Joe never learned to play bridge"



Two-thirds actual size

Elementary, my dear—he hasn't heard about the new Varga playing cards—those brightly beautiful decks which bring romance to the bridge table, and obviate the old one about lucky at cards unlucky in love.

Someone ought to take Joe to one side (someone has!) and tell him these simple facts. Even Joe would understand, then, that at a dollar a deck these terrific new cards are a give-away:

1 Indelibly printed, by a special four-color process, on sturdy, two-ply stock, the new Varga dollar decks are as long lasting as they are luscious looking. Their mirrored faces and their crisp, gilt edges will absolutely outlast several decks of ordinary playing cards.

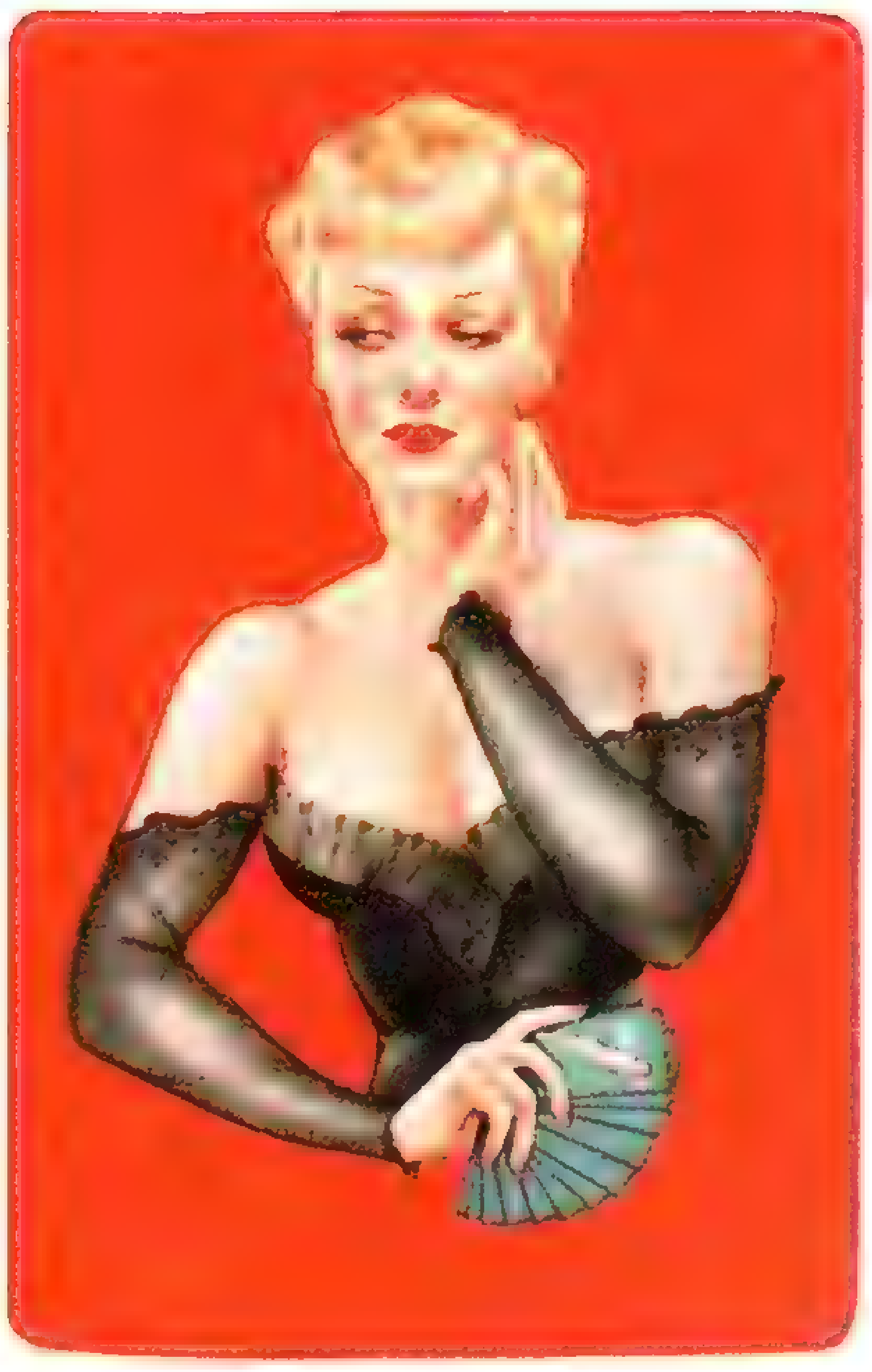
2 A permanent glass-like cellulose coating makes the Varga cards moisture-resistant—immune to spilled drinks and water splashing. For while not actually washable, these playing cards can be easily cleaned by wiping them off with a damp cloth.

3 Yet these expensively processed, brightly beautiful cards are yours for just a dollar a deck. And with each pair of decks, as explained to the right, you receive, absolutely free, an extra dividend—a free copy of the new, specially compiled ESQUIRE'S COMPLEAT CARD PLAYER. So check the convenient coupon and send for your supply of Varga cards . . . now!

Free . . .

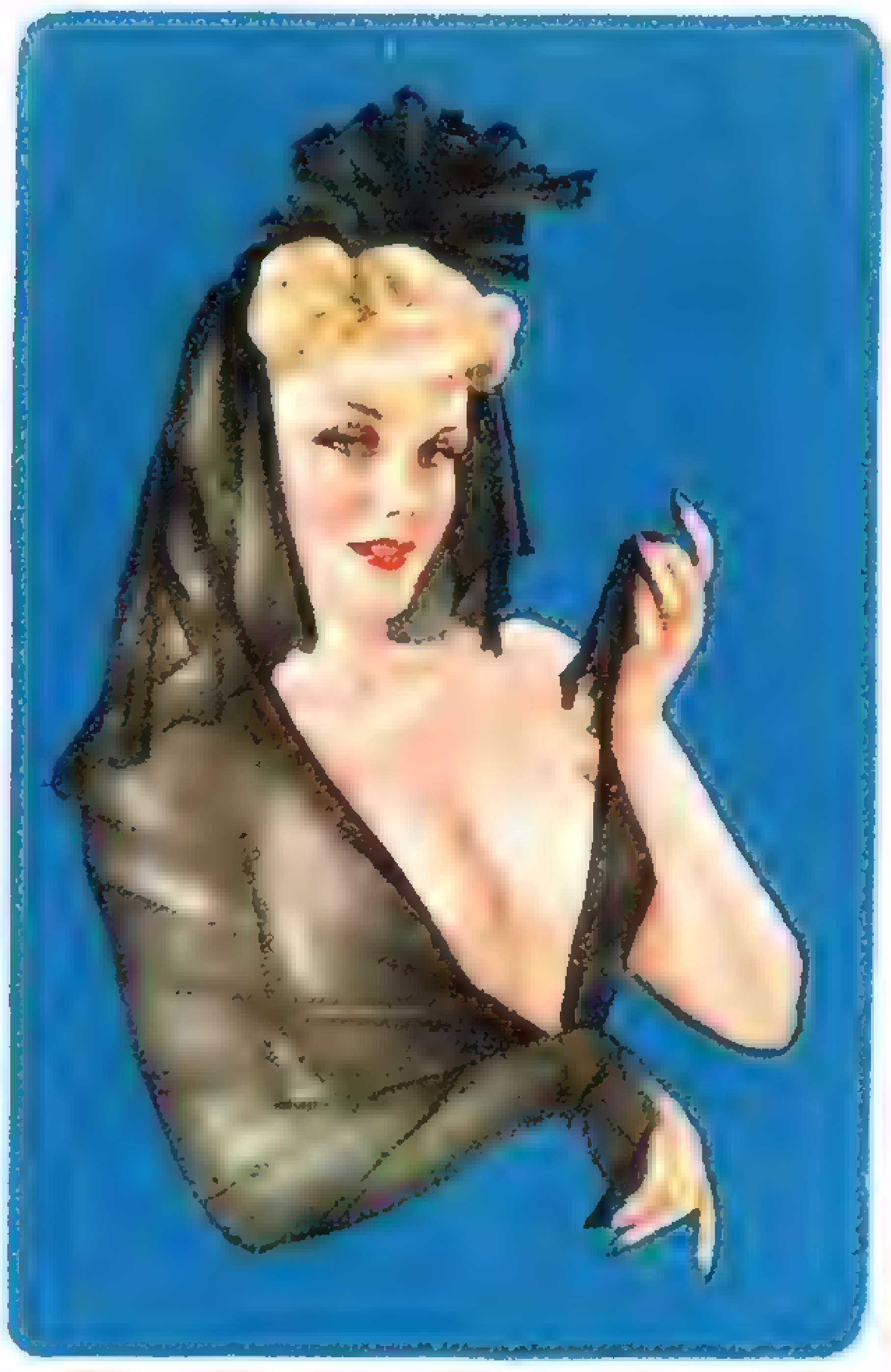
with every pair of the new guaranteed Varga dollar decks

Here's a fitting foil for those previous Esquire guide books which were sell-outs at 50c each—Esquire's Liquor Intelligencer and the Culinary Counsel for Men—yet it's absolutely free to you. 62 illustrated pages of clear and simple rules for playing the nation's most popular card games—from gin rummy to French Belote, the continental game now a society pet . . . from Esquire's new three-handed bridge to 7 forms of solitaire and 20 kinds of poker . . . with tips for winning play for each game. *Esquire's Compleat Card Player* will put new zip into your evenings around the card table. Now, while a limited edition lasts, you'll receive a complimentary copy with every pair of Varga dollar decks. Order yours today!



actual size

"A" DECK



"B" DECK

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY TO ESQUIRE, P. O. BOX 1719, CHICAGO, ILL.

Here is my order for the new Varga Dollar Decks of playing cards (moisture-resistant and cleanable). I understand that if I am not completely satisfied I may return them and that my original purchase price will be refunded.

I enclose $________ Please send me:

____ pairs of both decks (in double box) @ $2 per pair

NOTE: With the above order only, with each pair of Dollar Decks, you will also receive, absolutely free, a copy of the limited edition of Esquire's Compleat Card Player

____ "A" decks @ $1 per deck
____ "B" decks @ $1 per deck

My Name

please print

Address

City-State

(U. S. orders only; no stamps, please)

ATTENTION CARD CLUB MEMBERS: Special rates are available for Varga Dollar Decks purchased in bulk for club play. Rates promptly on request.

BUY SAVINGS BONDS

Coronado LAST
Style 376
VENTILATED
Tandem-Tan

Most Regular Styles $10

Nunn-Bush

Ankle Fashioned Oxfords For the Well Dressed Man

What a difference a few holes make! Even hot breezes are turned into pumped puffs of coolness when shoes are ventilated. Most men wonder where they've been all their lives when they first experience the comfort of shoe ventilation. And what a difference *Ankle-Fashioning* makes! This Nunn-Bush shape retaining feature adds many extra miles of smartness.

Nunn-Bush
Ankle fashioned Oxfords

Coronado LAST
Style 421
VENTILATED
Genuine White
Buck and Tan

See Your Local Nunn-Bush Dealer

NUNN-BUSH · *Manufacturers* · MILWAUKEE · New York · San Francisco

Cut Yourself a Piece of Muskie

Continued from page 49

town, protected with an electric eye arrangement which rings a bell when trespassers scale a fence. Watching fish behaviour there one day, he noted a distressed trout near the surface. It seemed to have no control over its vertical position in the water, and kept floating to the top in a kind of dead man's float. Then it would partially recover control and strive to regain the deeper level where its mates were. When it made that sickly dive the other trout would rush it, intent on cannibalism.

Suick noticed, among other things, that when that sick trout rushed for deeper water it made long, shallow accelerated dives. That is, the sick trout did not start with a burst of speed. It started slowly, gained speed, then stopped abruptly when its strength was spent.

You can't beat Americans. Our boys can fight better than Axis soldiers and our fishermen can lie faster than Domei or DNB.

Reasoning that muskies on the prowl would react similarly to distressed suckers and that suckers on the sick list were like sick trout, Suick fashioned his wooden bait, not much to look at, but capable of that accelerated dive.

The knack of making such a bait start slowly, pick up speed, then stop suddenly, is not easy. The normal jerk and crank retrieve of the bait caster produces a bait movement with a swift start and a tapering speed. This game requires a special rod, at least six feet long, with leverage and stiffness. It is specialty angling, requiring specialty tools.

Suick has bamboo rods, not as heavy as sucker heaving rods, for his bait is lighter than a sucker. He fits them with surf rod guides and tip and a rubber butt piece.

He lays his bait out about a hundred feet, and by rod and reel manipulation causes it to take that long, shallow accelerating dive. The bait is stopped, allowed to waggle sickishly to the surface and then sent again into its peculiar imitation of a fish trying for deeper, safer water. Suick prefers to fish lakes in which aquatic growths are about a foot or two from the surface. He contends this sends muskies into top water for food. From this position the hunting muskie can seize hapless forage fish which venture out from the protecting growths below.

We are convinced that the muskie aspirant clinging to bass weight tackle is all wrong. They can be taken on such tackle—plenty of them, but that light weight tackle on 30-pound fish has broken the heart of many a vacationer. Whether you offer muskies suckers, or some of the big artificials, muskie fishing is no place for the supple bass-weight rod that handles quarter and five-eighth ounce baits. Rods for muskies have got to have gimp. They have got to bend some but they have got to assert authority, quickly, and plenty of it.

Up in Park Falls, Wisconsin, in the heart of good muskie country, lives Scully Gustafson, an excellent muskie fisherman. He and Leo Langlois of that city have gone at this muskie campaigning as hard as any pair we know.

If you ever scoot through Park Falls, drop in and have a chat with Scully. Let him take you into the back of his clothing store and show you what a battery of muskie rods looks like. He has them of bamboo, of hickory and of ironwood, and one authoritative tubular, drawn steel proposition.

There is a fever in the muskie game. If any game fish of inland waters is endowed with courage and personality it is the muskellunge. He is arrogant, a creature too indifferent to any predator to be merely impudent. If he wants something to eat he goes out and gets it, brazenly and arrogantly. Few muskies are taken at night. It is not in the cards that a fish so capable of hunting its food by day would do so by night.

The muskie is insolent, too. He will follow baits time after time, seemingly in play, his nose right on them like the tender onto a locomotive, and often, the bait eschewed, he will lie a short piece from the boat and inspect his would-be captors with cold, critical eye.

But when they are "on," when they are coming at suckers, spoons or hardware—ah then come the mad moments of weighty struggling out there at the line's end.

The autumn is the time for them. We will take a week of it, after the first two good frosts, as they say in North Wisconsin, rather than a month of muskie hunting in the warmer months. The fish seem to be laying up food to put them in shape for winter. Maybe. We don't know. But we do know that in autumn they are more eager, more ready for argument, and perhaps even a bit stronger than in summer.

No fish in the northern states has prodded fishermen to inventiveness more than the muskellunge, and incidentally, that same muskie, cornerstone of the sports fishing industry in Wisconsin, is a prodigious economic asset. He has paved roads, paid school teachers, built public buildings.

Best of all he is a worthy foe and a glorious trophy—and, gentlemen, he does love a nice fat, juicy sucker. #

World's Greatest Athlete

Continued from page 95

left-field foul line," he relates. "The umpire ran over to third base to look out to left field to see whether it was fair or foul. I dropped my bat, and instead of going to first base, I ran from home plate in a straight line through the pitcher's box. When the umpire turned around, there I was standing on second, with the tying run across the plate. I got away with it, but police escorted him from the park."

In the following season, while Murphy was still an active player, occurred the episode of the disappearing fence. That was up at Charlottestown on Prince Edward Island, where his club appeared for an exhibition game. A men's clothing store had a sign on the right-field fence offering a free suit of clothes to any player who either hit the sign or slammed a ball over it.

On his first trip to the plate, Murphy banged one over the sign. In the sixth inning he came to bat again with the score tied. This time he miscued a little and the ball sailed over the center-field fence for the longest home run ever hit in the park.

The next day when his club appeared for the second game, the portion of the fence with the sign on was gone. A ground-keeper explained:

"The merchant told me to take it down and not put it back until Murphy's team left town!"

One of the most famous of baseball anecdotes also dates back to "Fido's" playing days. He was at bat, with a runner on first base. The pitcher threw a ball which he let go past him.

"Strike one!" called the umpire.

"Fido" gave him a look of scorn.

Again the pitcher wound up; again the batter failed to swing.

"Strike two!" yelled the umpire.

Once more Murphy registered disgust.

The pitcher again started his windup, then noticed the runner was taking a lead off first and snapped a throw to that base.

Murphy threw down his bat and started back to the bench.

"Hey, where are you going?" called the astounded umpire.

"Well, if those first two were strikes, so was that last one," retorted our hero.

Good as "Fido" was in baseball, it was in football where he reached real heights. The late Major Frank Cavanaugh, who coached Murphy for a while at Fordham, declared that he was the best halfback for his size—170 pounds—he had ever seen. "Hunk" Anderson, former Notre Dame coach, who handled the line last Fall for the Chicago Bears, will tell you that Murphy was the fastest man to get away with a football that he has ever encountered. "Fido" played for him at St. Louis University when he coached there.

"If Murphy could have run for the Bears last year on these quick opening T-formation plays," declared Anderson, "he would never have stopped running."

Hunk knows from experience that "Fido" can run. He carried the ball half a mile for him one afternoon during a practice session at St. Louis.

It seems that Coach Anderson was trying out some new scoring plays. The team had been scrimmaging for several hours from the twenty-yard line and hadn't been able to cross the goal.

"Naturally, Hunk was getting frantic," Murphy relates. "He tried every man on the squad, trying to get a punch. He was mad at me because I had shown up at practice an hour late, so he told me they could get along without me. But as it grew late he finally shouted: 'Get in there, Murphy, and run this ball.' As we came out of the huddle, Christy Flanagan, who was our backfield coach, whispered in my ear: 'Run, you crazy devil, because it's getting late and I want to eat!'

"I took the ball from Cecil Mulerleile—later coach at St. Louis—who was then our center. I went off tackle for twenty yards, but I never slackened my speed when I crossed the goal. There was a gate in the left corner of the practice field. With the ball under my arm, I sprinted through the defense, ran through the gate and down West Pine Boulevard

Continued on page 152

Add to Life's Mysteries

Why movie ushers usher you down the aisle that is farthest away from the seat they intend you to occupy . . . Why they picked some of those tramps that Louis fought . . . Who thinks up the lyrics to those transcribed singing radio commercials . . . Why a brand new tennis ball, hit over the backstop into underbrush, is so much harder to find than an old one . . . A valid raison d'être for rice pudding (with or without raisins d'être) . . . When they'll stop discovering new vitamins to pack into breakfast foods . . . How people know when to applaud gymnastic dancing and when to remain silent.

"Dear son . . . I miss you but I'm sure enjoying your pants with Gripper Fasteners!"

"Gad, Junior, what comfort . . . what neatness! I'll never know how I put up with hooks and buttons as long as I did!

"These Gripper fasteners are so quick . . . so secure. They keep the old waistband flatter than you used to keep my wallet.

"Your Mom likes 'em too . . . 'cause now she has no buttons to sew on, no buttonholes to mend!"

You'll rave about trousers with Gripper fasteners . . . everyone does. Ask for them at your favorite store!

You can also get shorts with Gripper fasteners. Buy them at your favorite clothing store . . . today.

P.S. But be sure you get GRIPPER fasteners . . . not just any snap fasteners. Gripper fasteners have been rigidly laboratory tested . . . proved in use for more than six years.

GRIPPER* FASTENERS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MADE BY SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WATERBURY, CONNECTICUT
AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF SNAP FASTENERS

**The snap fastener that ends "button-bother"*

World's Greatest Athlete

Continued from pages 95-151

for a half-mile to our gym."

That exceeded, by some yards, one of Murphy's other long runs which occurred when he was playing pro football with Bridgeport, Connecticut, in 1933. His team was engaged in a contest against Brooklyn, with Benny Friedman, "Red" Cagle and others in the Dodgers' lineup. Again we'll let Murphy tell what happened.

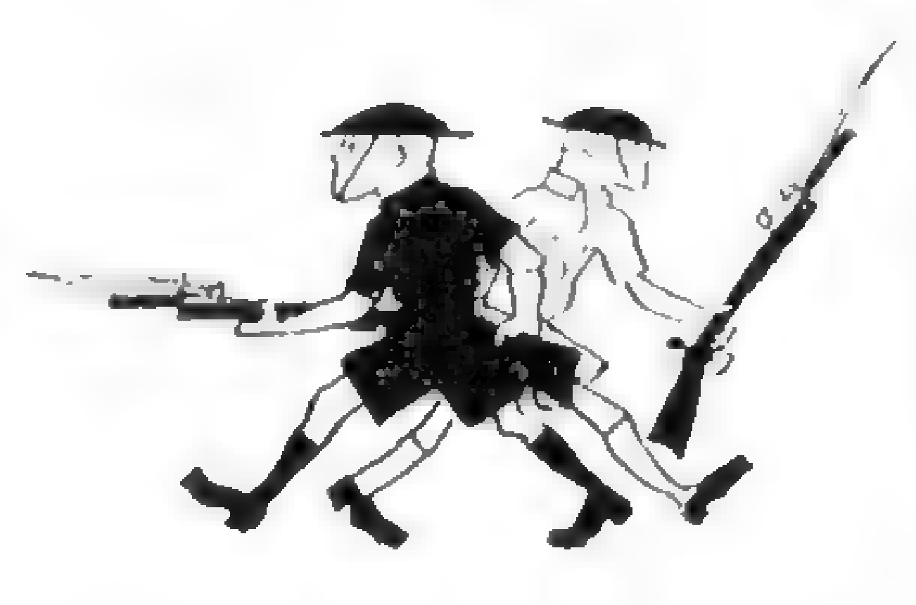
"Brooklyn had a man hitting me all the time, even when I didn't have the ball," he relates. "I was very tired and exhausted. I got the ball late in the game and ran sixty yards the wrong way. Then I realized what I had done and determined to get my club out of the hole. I had to run all over the lot, but I finally came back the sixty yards the right way and had gone twenty more before they caught me."

A total of 140 yards—and no touchdown!

"The people were passing out in the stands when they finally nailed me," he recalls.

Cagle offered him a job with Brooklyn, "Fido" adds, but he turned it down because he was coaching a prep school in Connecticut at the time.

In passing, it might be remarked that his coaching record is as remarkable as his other performances. With Johnson Academy in Connecticut, he won the New England prep championship. At St. Viator's College in Kankakee, Illinois, he turned out one of the finest minor college elevens in the state. From there he went to Hutchinson high school in Buffalo, New York, where his team won the city major football title for the first time in its history.



Movie audiences watching those newsreels of victories and reverses by both sides in Libya invariably remark: "This is where we came in."

Hunk Anderson never tires telling stories about Murphy.

"When he transferred from Fordham to St. Louis U., he was ineligible for a year, but he used to practice every day," he relates. "We used to make him the star of the other team and the varsity tried to stop him. It was pretty tough, too. At any rate, we were scheduled to play Oglethorpe University one week. They had a great halfback named Luke Appling, who has been a baseball star with the White Sox for some years now.

"Well, all week Murphy was Luke Appling in disguise and he ran the varsity ragged.

"Christy Flanagan and I were rather discouraged, but into the athletic office one afternoon before the game walks 'Fido.' He comes up to me and says: 'Coach, don't worry so much. Your boys will stop Appling and win. You know he isn't half the football player that I am, so don't be discouraged because the varsity didn't stop me.' "

When Anderson was assistant coach of the Detroit Lions a couple of years ago, Murphy was one of his scouts.

"And a good one, too," Hunk asserts. "He used to bring me back everything the other team had except its uniforms."

Amazing as these experiences may seem—including the forward-lateral self-catching play—they pale into insignificance when confronted with possibly Murphy's greatest grid performance. That was the place-kick which won a game while the players were dressing in the locker rooms.

That was in 1927, when he was just out of prep school. He was performing for the Pere Marquette club of Boston, which is now the Boston entry in the American Professional Football League.

"We were playing Fort Williams, an Army team located ten miles outside of Portland, Maine, and the only spot in Maine at the time where football could be played on Sundays because of the Blue Laws.

"It was a bruising scoreless tie. With thirty seconds remaining, I attempted a field goal from the 33-yard line. The gun went off, ending the game, as I booted the ball. It went straight for the middle of the cross-bar, where it hit a nail and was punctured. There it hung, teetering back and forth.

"Well, the game was over, so there was nothing for the players to do but go in and get dressed. In the meantime, though, the officials and sports writers came over and sat down under the cross-bar to see which way the ball would drop. The side it fell on would determine whether the game ended in a tie or whether we won. Finally it dropped—on the far side to give us a 3 to 0 victory!"

This wasn't the only time "Fido" won a game after it actually had ended. There was the occasion when he played basketball with the Boston Whirlwinds,

WELL BUILT FOR ANY WEATHER!
*ZELAN PROCESSED
AIRMAN
Sport Jackets
PETTY
©

RAIN OR SHINE, the weather's always fine when you wear one of the new all-purpose AIRMAN Sports Jackets. They offer dependable protection against sudden showers and chilly winds. AIRMAN Sports Jackets are beautifully tailored, comfortable, durable and practical. They fit snugly, yet provide complete arm and shoulder freedom for active sports. And they're very smart for lounging! At better stores everywhere. The Shirtcraft Company, Inc., New York.

Airman "Speed-Master" Combines smartness with dependable weather protection. Zipper front. Raglan shoulders. Two large slash pockets with flaps. Ventilated armpits. Storm vents at cuffs and elastic at sides of waist for windproof fit. Natural tan. **$3.95**

•

**DuPont Zelan processed—water repellent, windproof, spot resistant. Wash or dry clean beautifully.*

•

Airman "Double-Guard" Newest Trench style sport jacket. Double layers of fabric over front and shoulders for extra weather protection. Zipper front. Four roomy flap pockets. Ventilated armpits. Storm vents at cuffs and elastic at sides of waist for snug, windproof fit. Natural tan. **$5.00**

an independent quintet. It was a rough, tough contest at Augusta, Maine. Murphy, as the star of the visiting team, was being pushed and shoved all over the place. With the score tied, he tried to dribble out from under the Augusta basket, but he was not only fouled by an opponent, but was also tripped by a spectator.

"The referee called a foul and gave me a shot, so we started to walk to the other end of the floor to our basket," says "Fido." "In the middle of the court I said, 'Give me the ball and let me shoot it from here. Why waste time?' He thought I was kidding and handed me the ball. I got set and let go. It swished through the hoop. He wouldn't allow it, although the crowd yelled for him to do so. So I had to go to the foul-line and try it over—and I missed.

"Finally Augusta sank a free-throw to go a point ahead. Just as the gun went off I was fouled trying to shoot. I had two free throws. With the crowd swarming around me, I made the first to tie the game and then the second to win."

Crowds mean nothing to Murphy. In a game during 1932 between his Boston club and Richmond, Maine, spectators were riding him unmercifully. It was a close contest, but "Fido" finally broke the opposition's hearts.

Obtaining the ball at the far end of the court, he hurled it high in the air. It went out of sight of the crowd, cleared three rafters, and dropped neatly through the hoop for two points without even touching the edge of the rim!

Some day the major leagues are going to draft Murphy as an umpire, and when they do, they're going to have the most colorful addition to their ranks since the days of Tim Hurst.

George Uhle, former major league pitching star and last season a Cub coach, tells of the time he was in Ottawa, Ontario, and Murphy was umpiring behind the plate. The crowd had been pretty tough on him all afternoon and had threatened all sorts of dire things. The final out came on a third strike which Murphy called on Maurice Van Robays, now with the Pirates. Then he turned around and shouted to the 2,500 in the stands:

"Come on down one at a time and I'll lick all of you!"

A couple of Northwest Mounted Police walked over and asked him not to start a riot.

"What are you afraid of?" he asked them. "Both of you have guns. All I have is a mask and chest protector."

No one took the challenge, but a couple of days later when he worked in the same park, there were more than 5,000 in the stands. The fans enthusiastically greeted him:

"Hey, fearless, you can't lick the crowd today. There are too many of us."

Last Summer, in the Three-I League, where he worked before being transferred to the Western Association, Murphy called a runner out in a close play at third base.

"He's safe!" yelled Bob Coleman, manager of the Evansville, Indiana, club, which was playing at Madison, Wisconsin, that afternoon.

"If you think so, just read the morning papers and you'll get a big surprise," Murphy quickly retorted.

As he walked away, Bud Connolly, Madison manager and third baseman, commented:

"Murphy is just like Bill Klem. He calls 'em as he sees 'em."

"Fido's" reply expresses perfectly the whole Murphy philosophy.

"That's what you think," he called back over his shoulder. "Klem calls 'em the way he sees 'em, but 'Fido' Murphy calls 'em the way they ARE!"

How can you stop anyone like that? ⧺

Checked Shetland jacket, rough felt hat, cavalry twill slacks, checked tweed cap, fringed tongue shoes are important sports wear fashions at Camden, S. C.

longer on the last—for
GREATER
COMFORT
THE ROAMER

FEATHERLIGHT AND PLIABLE as a moccasin, Stetson summer whites make every step of your way smarter, cooler, more carefree. You'll find, as most men do, that one pair of Stetsons leads to another because they're seasoned on the last — for quick comfort, better fit, longer service. The Stetson Shoe Co., Inc., So. Weymouth, Mass.

THE STETSON SHOE

STETSON

MAKERS OF FINE MEN'S SHOES FOR OVER 50 YEARS

For a cross-section glimpse of life in the world's most important city: SISS, BOOM, WASHINGTON, the story of our wartime capital today. It's in the May issue of Coronet . . . 25c at all newsstands.

R FURNITURE

The interested public is invited to visit our displays of Period and Modern Bedroom and Dining room Furniture in the following listed cities.

EXPERIENCED CONSULTANTS WILL GLADLY GUIDE YOU THROUGH THE EXHIBIT BUT PURCHASES MAY ONLY BE MADE THROUGH AUTHORIZED MERCHANTS.

NORTHERN FURNITURE CO.

BOSTON • CLEVELAND • CHICAGO • CINCINNATI • DETROIT • KANSAS CITY • MILWAUKEE
MINNEAPOLIS • NEW YORK • PHILADELPHIA • PITTSBURGH • SHEBOYGAN • ST. LOUIS

From England comes an unusual Summer Fabric

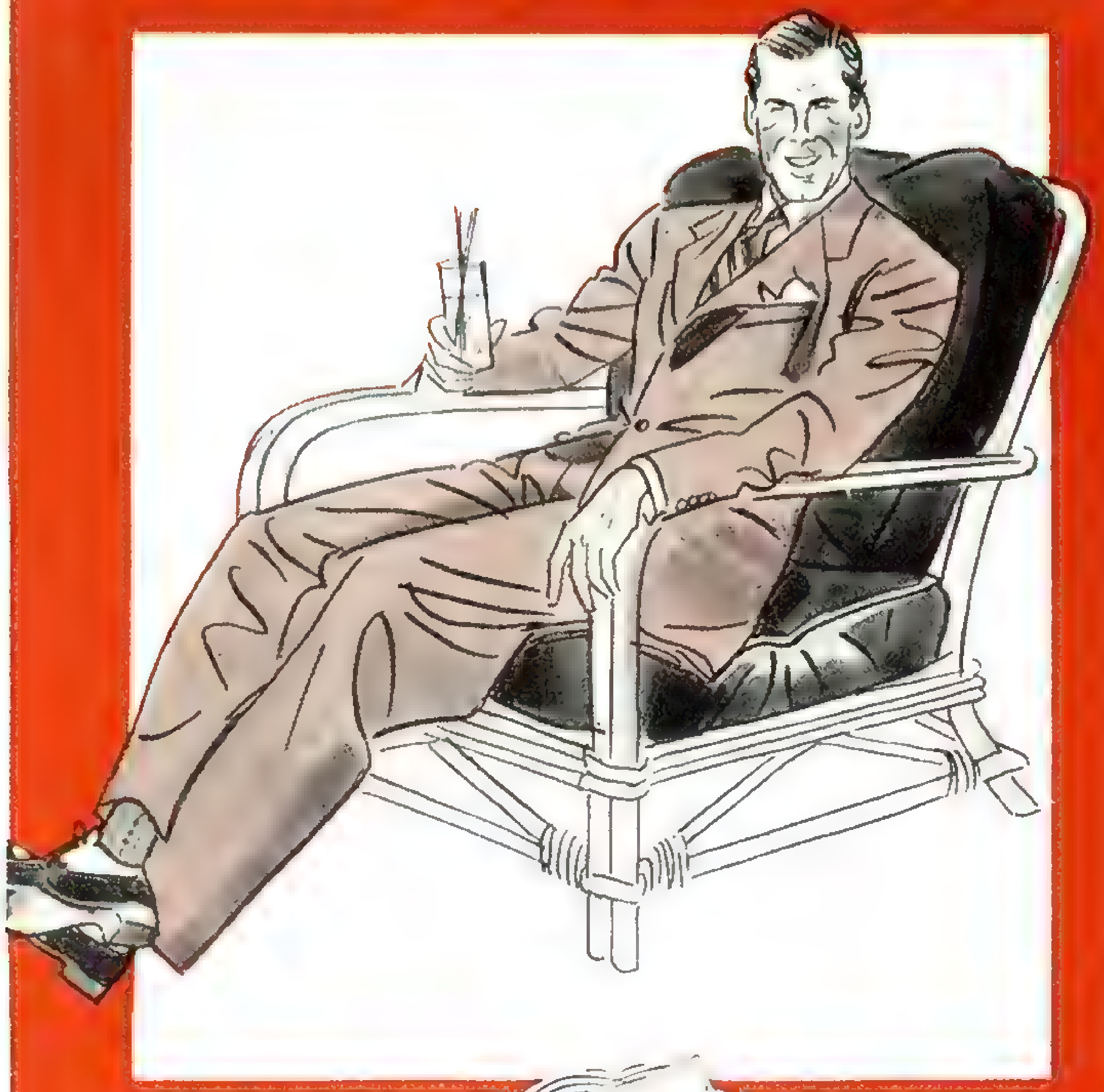
blending heat-repelling Angora Mohair

with wear-resisting Australian Wool

—as cool to the touch as a frosted drink

This amazing summer suit is

REFRIGERATED by NATURE



The Aristocrat Priestley's "NOR-EAST" IMPORTED *of Summer Suits*

Heat-repelling; feather-light; wear-resisting

- - all this and smartness, too!

You'll find amazing comfort in a Nor-East suit—and you'll find it without compromising your style standards. For a Nor-East suit lends itself to fine tailoring, it has the same smart style, the same precise fitting qualities as the finest suit in your wardrobe. It resists wear and repels heat; you keep cool and stay in style all summer long! In light, dark and pastel shades.

At Fine Clothiers Everywhere

$37.50

PRIESTLEY'S NOR-EAST

Created by Britain's most famous weavers. Tailored by America's foremost maker of summer clothes

TAILORED FOR READY-TO-WEAR EXCLUSIVELY BY

L. GREIF & BRO., Baltimore

A Coach and His Code

That "Teachers" football game will go down in history through the words of Red Blair

by **LEE GEORGE**

• SPORTS •

In the foothills of the Ozarks, where clear streams flow like blue-green ribbons between limestone bluffs, stands the Southwest Missouri State Teachers College of Springfield, Missouri. The football coach of this school is Howard Holt "Red" Blair, forty-one-year-old former Ohio State University football and basketball star and later assistant football coach of his Alma Mater. Enrollment of this Ozarks school is in the neighborhood of 1,100 students a term. Starting in the Fall of 1939, their second year under Blair, the STC Bears galloped through eighteen straight football games without tasting defeat. Beating the best small college teams in the Middle West during this spree of game winning, they began to receive national acclaim. Then came the crashing climactical end.

Tallequah, Oklahoma, teachers invaded Springfield for a mid-season game. In the first half the Oklahomans took a surprising 14 to 0 lead. The Springfield, Missouri, team came storming back in the second half, scored once in the third quarter and again in the fourth, completing the conversion each time, to tie it up at 14 to 14 with just five minutes left to play . . . just about time enough for one touchdown. With Tallequah naturally electing to receive the kick-off following the touchdown, the Bears of the Missouri school went into a huddle to figure out some type of strategy. They elected to try the short kickoff, in which the ball must travel ten yards toward the opponents and then can be recovered by any of the twenty-two players on the field . . . a desperate last-ditch try.

The ball was kicked short and toward the sidelines. Russ Kaminsky, selected as end on the Little All-American second team in 1940 and '41, snagged the ball, leaped in the air and fell to the ground cuddling the pigskin to his chest. Both teams crowded around. The officials went into a huddle of their own, then ruled that the ball had progressed ten yards and had been legally recovered by the Springfield team. A mighty roar went up from the stands . . . here was that slim chance of keeping the eighteen-game victory string alive and adding number nineteen. But the captain of the Tallequah team was joined by his coach, "Doc" Wadley, in loudly protesting the decision. Meanwhile walking nervously around the arguing group was Russ Kaminsky the end who had caught the kickoff that started the argument. His coach, Howard "Red" Blair, came over from the bench. Blair stepped into the center of the group of players and addressed the referee, Claude Cochrane, simply: "I don't believe the kick went the necessary distance, we'll kick it again."

The officials were amazed. Coach "Doc" Wadley of Tallequah just stared at Blair with his mouth open in surprise. The Tallequah captain reached out his hand. Kaminsky put his arm around his coach's shoulders.

A team with eighteen straight victories getting a chance, a last desperate chance to run that string to nineteen straight. At that time the longest in the Midwest if not the nation. Yet their coach voluntarily overruled the officials with those even words "We'll kick it again, I don't believe it went the necessary distance."

The Springfield team kicked again. Tallequah took it and smashed rapidly back up the field and scored again to make it 20 to 14. There was a minute left to play. In that final minute the Springfield eleven flashed down the field and the final gun found them just inches away from a touchdown . . .

A victory string had ended at eighteen games!

A tired, defeated, downhearted team stalked from the field, but not alone. Mingling with those downhearted football players were the victors from Tallequah. Some arm in arm, some with arms around shoulders of their opponents of moments ago. The two coaches walked to the dressing rooms together and the officials one after another clasped the hand of Coach Howard "Red" Blair. Spectators and school officials alike rushed onto the field to shake his hand.

One Tallequah player asked, "Where did you ever get a coach like that?" "Doc" Wadley, coach of Tallequah said, "I have never seen such a display of sportsmanship in fifteen years of coaching." Referee Claude Cochrane stated that in his twenty-two years of officiating never had he witnessed such an act by a coach. Russ Kaminsky, Springfield end who recovered the ball, said, "I'm glad he did it. I didn't know what to do. I was sure it was short." Coach Blair said, "I couldn't have lived with myself if I hadn't insisted they kick it over. In my own mind I was sure the recovery was unfair."

So down in the Ozark foothills at the Southwest Missouri State Teachers College they don't point to a great unbeaten record any longer but do offer to the whole U.S.A. their coach, Howard "Red" Blair, former Ohio State University football and basketball star and noted debater and orator, as the coach with a conscience and a desire to win . . . but to win fairly and squarely. ⌗

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN E. [illegible]

Model Conduct

Interviews on men with America's most popular models

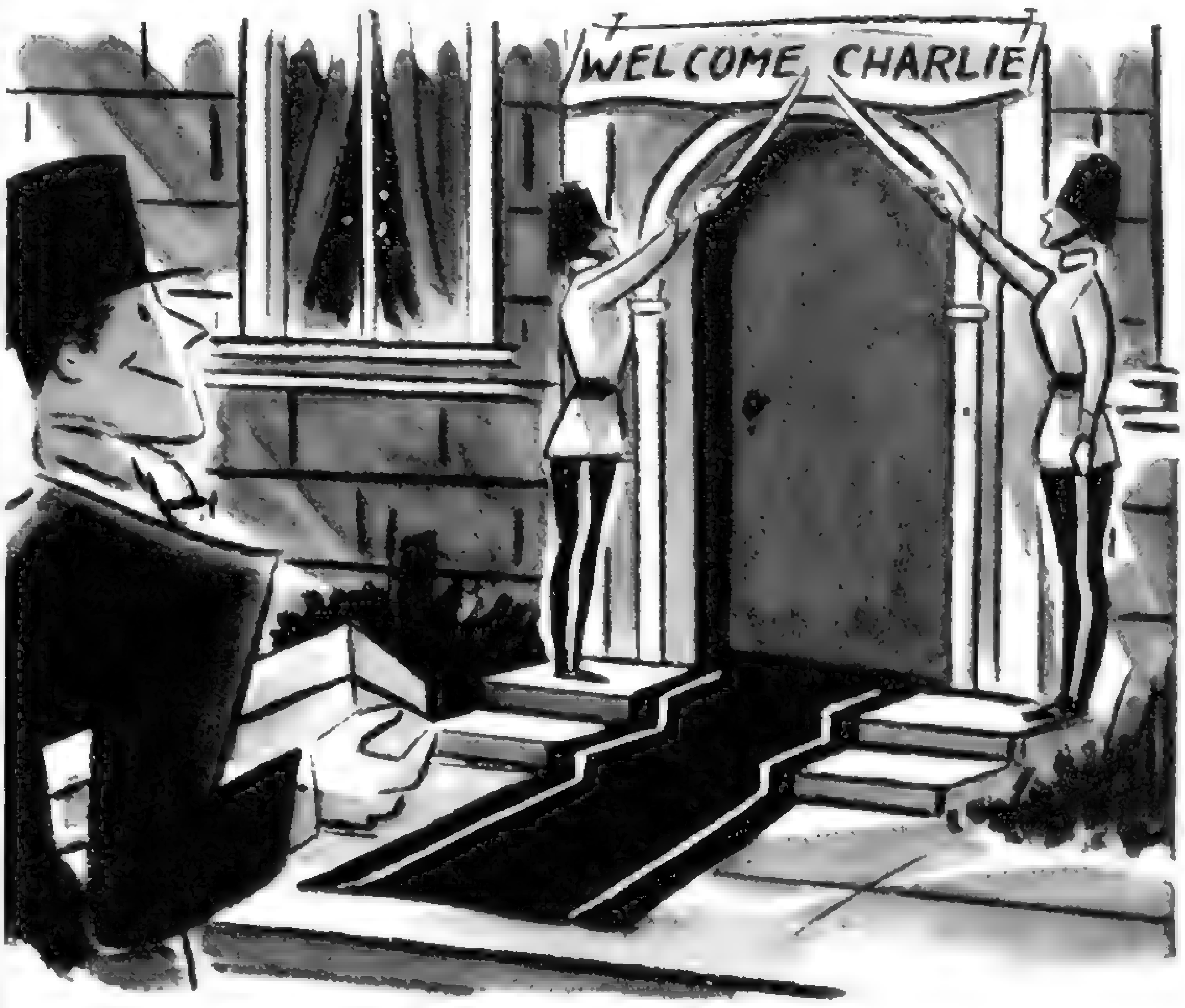
DORIS CRANE

A recent addition to the ranks, Doris Crane has come along faster than almost any other model in New York. She is sufficiently versatile to be in demand both for fashion work and for general illustration. Her versatility is carried over into her spare hours which she apportions between flying (her license will be coming through any day now), riding, tennis and the acquisition of unusual but empty liquor bottles.

Miss Crane on Men: "About 80 per cent of the men I know think they're good dancers. About 20 per cent of them are. You'd imagine more men would take the trouble to learn how to dance well, but I guess that's expecting too much. The thing that really burns me up, though, is the terrible habit men have of staring at other girls. Every time a skirt whoopses by the table, their eyes automatically pick up and follow it until it's out of sight. It never fails, no matter how deep in conversation you may be. Girls don't do it when a man passes by, and you'd think the men could restrain themselves a little bit out of respect to the girl they're with. Another thing—lots of men are so proud of how hard they've worked all day they think they have a right to be tired and dull in the evening. I've seen girls come home just dog-tired, but the minute their date calls for them—bingo!—they snap out of it and are just as gay and animated as you please. Why don't tired business men make the same effort? They might half way succeed—and what a break *that* would be for us girls!"

Vital Statistics: *Name:* Doris Crane. *Model Agency:* Conover. *Home Town:* New York City. *Age:* 22. *Height:* 5′8½″. *Weight:* 113. *Bust:* 34. *Waist:* 24. *Hips:* 35. *Hair:* Brown. *Eyes:* Blue.

Metropolitan Moments . . . . . . by Jaro Fabry



"He must suspect I'm bringing a bottle of Calvert Reserve"

Don't be startled if you get a 21-gun salute when you arrive anywhere with a bottle of Calvert Reserve. For this extra-luxury whiskey makes cocktails a little better than perfect, because of its happy faculty for *blending with*—rather than overpowering—the other ingredients in mixed drinks. And Calvert Reserve boasts a delightful "soft" flavor no other whiskey has. The toast of—and for—connoisseurs, Calvert Reserve is . . . *"the choicest you can drink or serve"*.

Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City
Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Washington's packing them in!

Too bad Washington can't be packed as skillfully as Hartmann Luggage—there'd be a lot less inconvenience.

Men's Knocabouts 25.00—245.00;
Bondstreeters 23.75—270.00

HARTMANN TRUNK COMPANY, RACINE, WISCONSIN

HARTMANN Luggage

Ambassador From Arizona

Continued from page 52

about. Other deadly arrows in his quiver are penetrating questions on what the witnesses think Congress ought to do and how propaganda—if practiced by film-makers—can be eradicated without violating the principles of free speech."

Both before and since Pearl Harbor, President Roosevelt was and is a great favorite down in Louisiana. However, when F. D. R. recently nominated Herbert W. Christenberry to be United States attorney for the Eastern district of that State, a howl went up from the Louisiana Association for Clean Government. Though the President, before announcing the nomination, naturally had the Department of Justice make the customary investigation of the candidate, the Louisiana Association for Clean Government protested vigorously the President's selection and voiced some very serious charges against Mr. Christenberry. Among the charges was one that the nominee "possesses neither the moral qualifications, nor the character requisite" to the office to which he had been nominated by the President. Furthermore, it was alleged that in 1932, Christenberry was involved in election frauds by allowing himself to become a "dummy candidate" in a primary election, and that too, while he was a member of the bar, acted "as a common eavesdropper and spy" by listening, from an adjoining room, to an alleged conversation in a New Orleans hotel suite, and by making written reports of the conversation to the late Senator Huey P. Long.

A Subcommittee of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary consisting of Senator McFarland as Chairman; Senator O'Mahoney, Wyoming; and Senator Austin, Vermont, was appointed to investigate these charges on Christenberry. The representatives of the Louisiana Association for Clean Government were summoned to Washington and instructed to press their charges in person before McFarland and his Senatorial associates. Mr. Christenberry was also present and testified. Unlike Chairman Clark in the hearing on the Movies, McFarland, as Chairman, permitted the Louisiana Association for Clean Government to be represented by an attorney and allowed him to participate.

When will some bright guy invent Bundles for Bundling?

After carefully examining all the evidence, McFarland and his Committee reached the opinion that the charges against Christenberry were based upon conclusions and inferences rather than upon fact. His nomination was therefore confirmed.

"You will note from the Christenberry hearings," Senator McFarland told this writer, "that, just as I did in the so-called Movie Investigation Subcommittee, I am still demanding that those making charges produce the evidence to substantiate them. This is a protection to which I feel our citizens are entitled."

That McFarland is never overawed by the heavy partisan opposition and that he talks sense always was not a surprise to Arizonians and particularly to the 1,800 who live in Florence, "the little town with the adobe buildings." These home folks were no more surprised by his stellar senatorial performance than they were in 1940 when McFarland, or "Judge Mack" as they call him, defeated Senator Ashurst nearly two to one in the Democratic Primary for the Senate. Due in part to the heavy influx of people from Oklahoma and Texas, Arizona today is so overwhelmingly Democratic that the winners of the Democratic Primaries usually are elected. In the election proper, McFarland topped his Republican rival for the Senate, I. A. Jennings of Phoenix, 101,491 to 39,666.

By many political forecasters, Ashurst was considered unbeatable. After all, he had been in the Senate since Arizona became a state in 1912. His Senate services covered a longer period than his opponent, McFarland, had even lived in Arizona. McFarland was born in Oklahoma.

Apparently, the majority of Arizonians never did agree with the experts. And for good reasons. As Judge, McFarland had tried cases in every county of Arizona. Therefore, his superior legal ability, his innate fairness, his industry and resourcefulness accorded him a wide and splendid reputation throughout the state.

Though compared to that of Ashurst, McFarland's Arizona career might not be a long one in years, albeit during that short span, he has advanced from stripling country lawyer, to County Attorney, to Superior Court Judge, to the United States Sen-

WEAR BANDO FABRICS!
LIKE CARRYING YOUR OWN COOLING SYSTEM AROUND WITH YOU!
EXCLUSIVE
BANDO
Fabrics
Because they're Better
Style and Ease at High Degrees

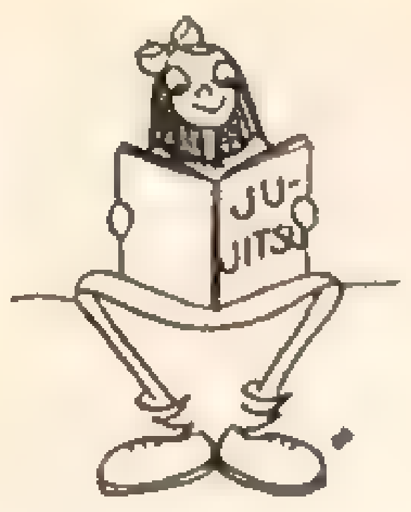
FOR COOLNESS SAKE— and for the sake of being well dressed while others look wilted.

It's smart to ask for BANDO FABRICS in slacks, sports shirts and other sports clothing. They cool you off. They smarten you up. BANDO FABRICS are the pioneers in the modern school of synthetic materials that give you Style and ease at High Degrees. They are in a class apart.

BRAND & OPPENHEIMER, INC., NEW YORK CITY

ate. Like walking up a ladder.

Despite his great progress over the past two decades, some Arizonians believe that their Ambassador to Washington is only on the threshold of his career. This group sincerely think that you may see their Judge McFarland in the White House before too many moons go by. In their opinion, his colorful background with his record of rapid advancement in public life make him a real presidential possibility. McFarland comes from good pioneering stock, has himself homesteaded, served in the Navy during the World War No. 1, worked his way through college, taught school, been eminently successful both as a lawyer and as a judge, and now, still under fifty, is making a name for himself in the Senate.



Love Etoinal!

In spite of Hitler
And the Japs . . .
Men still make passes,
Girls still give slaps!

As an attorney, McFarland preferred civil to criminal cases. However, two particular criminal cases which he handled attracted national attention. Upon the urgent plea of her old parson papa, McFarland gratuitously defended Ruth Judd in a sanity hearing. He was successful in having Ruth declared insane and thereby staved off the death sentence previously meted out to her for having carved up two girl friends and stuffed their remains in a trunk.

In the other case, McFarland was the prosecuting attorney. The question of a female prisoner's sanity was also paramount. Back in 1928, Eva Dugan, a notorious Tucson trollop, liquidated a lover, buried his body deep, and drove off in his new car for new conquests in the East. Until the police could find her lover's carcass, Eva was being held only on the technical charge of copping a car. After the body was found, Eva then pleaded insanity. As County Attorney, it was McFarland's duty to prove the Dugan dame sane. He did. Sentenced as the first woman to be hanged in Arizona, Eva Dugan's execution was gruesome—the hangman's noose decapitated her.

Both in practice and on the bench, McFarland gained considerable reputation as an authority on irrigation problems and the Arizona water laws. Before going on the bench, he represented the San Carlos Irrigation and Drainage District. As a judge, he tried many important water cases involving directly or indirectly most of the water rights of the state.

All his life, McFarland has been keenly interested in the study of law and government. After graduating from high school, he went to East Central Teachers' College at Ada, Oklahoma and secured a life's certificate to teach. For awhile he taught at Schoolton to raise funds to further his education. In those teaching days, he rode horseback to spend weekends at home in Earlsboro, Oklahoma. Entering the University of Oklahoma in 1914, McFarland, despite having to spend four hours a day delivering groceries to pay his way through, got his B.A. degree in four years. At Oklahoma he took law under Dean Monnet but he discontinued his studies to join the Navy.

After serving at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, McFarland was mustered out in 1919, went to Phoenix, and landed a bookkeeping job in the Valley Bank. Later, young McFarland continued his law studies at Leland Stanford University where he won his law degree and a master's degree in the political science department. He also received the degree of Juris Doctor.

Returning to Arizona in 1921, McFarland opened a law office at Casa Grande, practicing two years. In 1923, he became Assistant Attorney General of the state. The following year, he was chosen County Attorney of Pinal County, holding office until 1930 when he returned to private practice, specializing in water law. In 1934, McFarland was elected Judge of the Superior Court and remained on the bench until he became Senator.

Senator McFarland is a descendant of Clan MacFarlane who left Scotland for Northern Ireland in the seventeenth century. The Senator's parents, the W. T. McFarlands, came from Tennessee to Texas in 1889, and in 1891 drove a covered wagon to the opening of Potawattomie strip, staking a claim near Earlsboro, Oklahoma. Three sons and a daughter were born to the McFarlands during their pioneering years.

According to the Senator's mother, seventy-eight-year-old Mrs. McFarland, who resides with her daughter in Phoenix, the McFarlands lived in a tent until a one-room frame house could be built.

Recalling his pioneer youth, the Senator related: "My boyhood was spent in a prairie country. The grass came up to the stirrups when we rode horseback. It was a real cattle country and we cut hay in the level spots. I remember my father taking me to Muskogee in a covered wagon when I was three, and I remember the old swinging gates we passed through. There were prairie chickens, wolves, deer and foxes. We got our sport from squirrel, quail (bobwhite) and rabbit hunts."

Today the Senator from Arizona finds his sport in farming, hunting, fishing, baseball and travel. For years he has operated his own farm in Arizona which

Continued on page 158

ETERNA

the Watchword for Women in Uniform

She's showing that she "has what it takes." As your contribution to her defense equipment, provide her with a timepiece whose sturdy qualities match her own dauntless spirit. This Eterna waterproof watch is a true campaigner, dependable in all types of weather . . . wherever duty calls . . . on land, sea or air.

- *WATERPROOF*
- *17 JEWELS*
- *DUST-PROOF*
- *NON-MAGNETIC*
- *SHOCK PROTECTED*

Eterna Watches are available at leading jewelers from $45 to $500.

ETERNA
Famous Since 1856
"The Protected Precision Watch"

Stainless steel with black, silver or radium dial. Sweep second hand. Unbreakable crystal.

ETERNA WATCH CO. OF AMERICA • 580 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.C.

For DAD . . for GRAD . . for GROOMSMAN

Want to go over Big? Give them the New REGISTRAR . . . the billfold with the *Detachable* Card and Pass Compartment . . . has plenty room for the extras men carry . . . they'll use it, too, for clever construction permits orderly care of *any* Card, Pass or License without fuss or bother . . . You can get it in popular leathers from $3.50 to $20.00

AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE

The New INVISIBLE STITCH
REGISTRAR

PRINCE GARDNER

2 BILLFOLDS IN 1

Really 2 Billfolds in *1!* Either a Perfect Pocket Filing System for *Day* use—OR—a Smart, Flat, Wallet for *Evening* wear. Simply Unsnap the Special Card and Pass Compartment or leave it as is—whichever the occasion demands.

PRINCE GARDNER
Creators of Invisible Stitch Billfolds

ST. LOUIS (Factory) • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • TORONTO

GIVE HIM . . .
A STAHLY
LIVE-BLADE
RAZOR

For a Youth-Smooth Day-Lasting Shave

He's tried the rest . . . now give him the BEST! Here's the *one* way of shaving that combines the advantages of all other ways and adds a thrilling advantage of its own . . . A brand NEW method that gives him a clean, close, *powered* shave—anywhere—right from the *start!* All the *cleanliness* of a wet shave, the satisfaction of a keen blade . . . the *speed* and *smoothness* that can be added by POWER . . . The Stahly gives complete freedom from scraping, pulling or burning . . . All this, plus the invigoration of a gentle massage. *His face will sing for joy!*

LIVE-BLADE . . . 3000
REGISTRATION APPLIED FOR
SHAVING STROKES PER MINUTE

Never before, a razor like this. A few turns of the handle and the blade moves in an even flow of 3000 gentle strokes per minute, cleanly slicing off whiskers. Uses any good double-edge safety blade. Live action prolongs blade life. Watch-like precision mechanism is factory-sealed, water tight in a reservoir of oil.

NOT ELECTRIC
SHAVE WET • CLEAN

Shave your natural way. Shave anywhere . . . it's always ready and trouble free. With wet shaving, you soften your beard and cleanse your skin.

STAHLY
LIVE-BLADE
RAZOR

Weight 6 ounces . . . illustrated one-third larger than actual size to show mechanism clearly.

READY FOR DELIVERY NOW

Nation-wide response to our advertising has kept us busy filling orders. Due to priorities, our production is naturally limited. Clip this coupon as a reminder. If your dealer doesn't have the genuine Stahly—don't accept a substitute—*there is none!* Send check or money order direct. Sold on 10-day trial with money-back guarantee. Delivered in deluxe case. $17.50

ORDER YOURS TODAY!

BIRDSELL LABORATORIES, INC.
DEPT. 642, South Bend, Indiana.
Send me ____ Razors. I understand, if not satisfied after 10 days' trial, I may return razor for complete refund.

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
____
My dealer's name and address

Ambassador From Arizona

Continued from pages 52-157

includes 160 acres in alfalfa and the remainder in cotton or idle for the lack of water. While practicing law back in the twenties, McFarland homesteaded some desert land near Casa Grande and still has it. In Washington, the Senator will not be able to drive out "to the farm" as often as he did when he was in Florence. But the move has its sporting compensations. He can now see more big league baseball games.

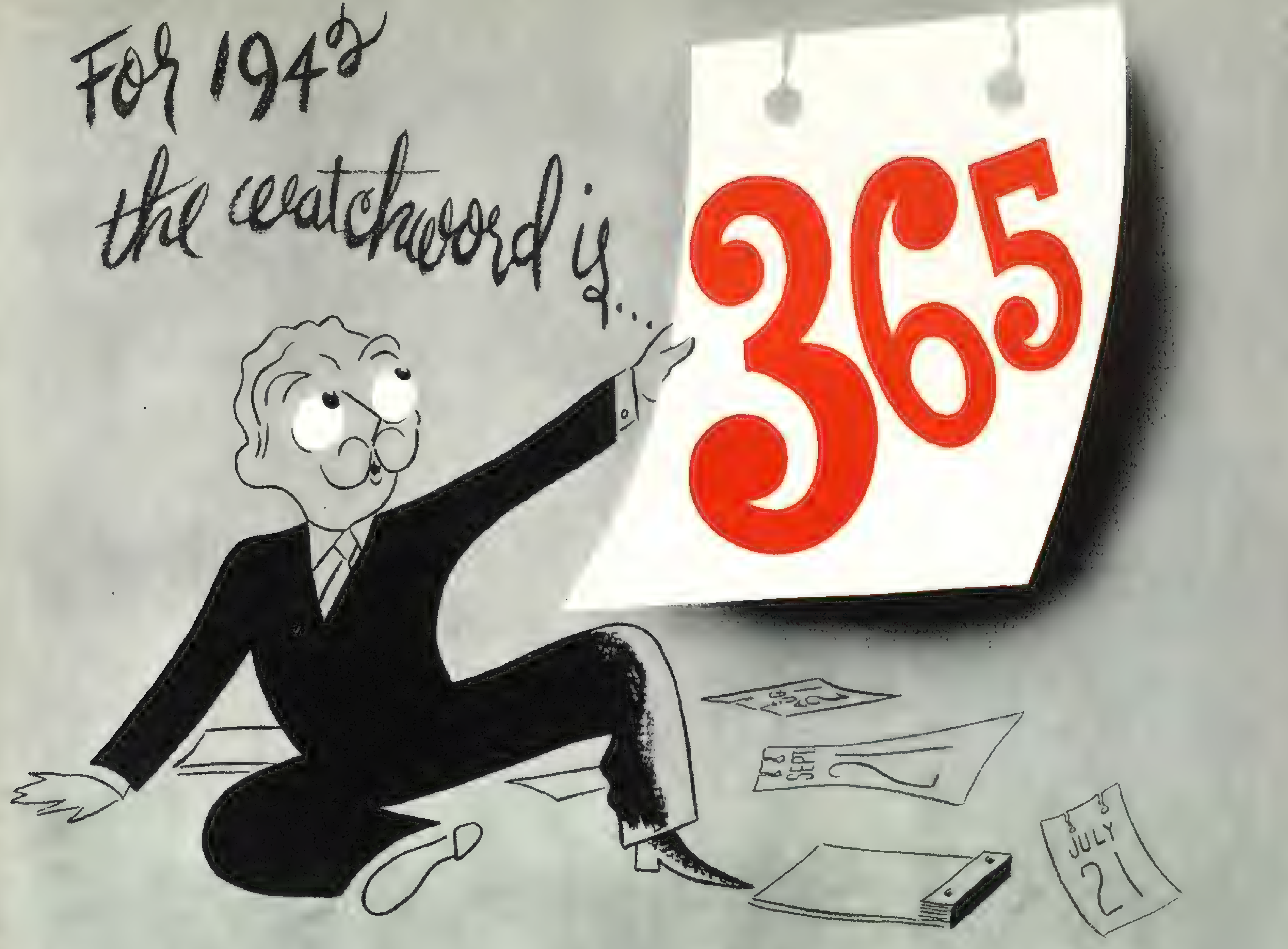
Another annual "must" on the Senator's schedule is an extended trip combining relaxation and study. He has been to England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Belguim, Holland, Germany, Canada, Mexico, Cuba and Panama. Upon his first tour abroad, the Senator was surprised to find that most foreigners know more about the United States than the average American. As a result, McFarland himself decided to know first-hand more about America, and has since visited all of the forty-eight states.

In Washington, Senator McFarland lives unostentatiously with his wife and twelve-year-old daughter, Jewell, in an unpretentious house in the Northwest. The McFarlands tried Washington apartment life for awhile but could not abide it. The Senator daily drives his Ford to and from the Senate Office Building and spends most of his evenings at home rather than cavorting around to the capital's many social functions. His wife, Edna Eveland McFarland, was graduated from Iowa University and holds a master's degree. Before she married, Mrs. McFarland was a high school teacher in Florence.

The Senator's office staff are "all folks from back home." McFarland wisely retained in his secretarial staff, the adroit Tony Jones, who had served Ex-Senator Ashurst in a similar capacity and knows his way around the capital. Other members of his staff of secretaries are James Walsh, smart Irisher from Mesa, Wyly Parsons, his Court Reporter of Florence, and comely, black-haired Mildred White who was "Judge Mack's" secretary in Florence. Fortunately for the Senator and his staff, Arizona is not only a small state but is far away from Washington. Hence, they are not called upon to do the large-scale entertaining Senators from the large states adjacent to the Capital usually do.

In spite of the multiple demands of Senate Office routine, it is typical of Senator McFarland that he adjusts his hours to his work—and to his callers' hours. This is the schedule that he followed in Florence, and which he strictly adheres to in Washington. Reception accorded his callers is just as simple and spontaneous as it was when they called upon him in his judicial chambers back in Arizona. Callers note too that his conversation has not changed. It's still folksy, yet straightforward. And it will likely always be, regardless of whatever still higher posts he may occupy in the future. For Senator Ernest W. McFarland is that rare kind of person who is himself—always. ##

Matching suede jackets for him and for her have slanting chest pockets with flaps—a Californian version of "look alikes."



Right now our New Special Father's Day Subscription Rate goes into effect . . . from now until July 15th you can give yourself a year's subscription to Esquire . . . for just $3.65!

In 1938 we first started our drum-beating to make Father's Day, the nation's only holiday exclusively for men, an occasion for *all* men to celebrate. And it turned out to be a Big Day—when pants-wearing officially pays off.

This year we're staging our own subtle campaign to make *every day* a dad's day for you. And so for 1942, *365 is the watchword!*

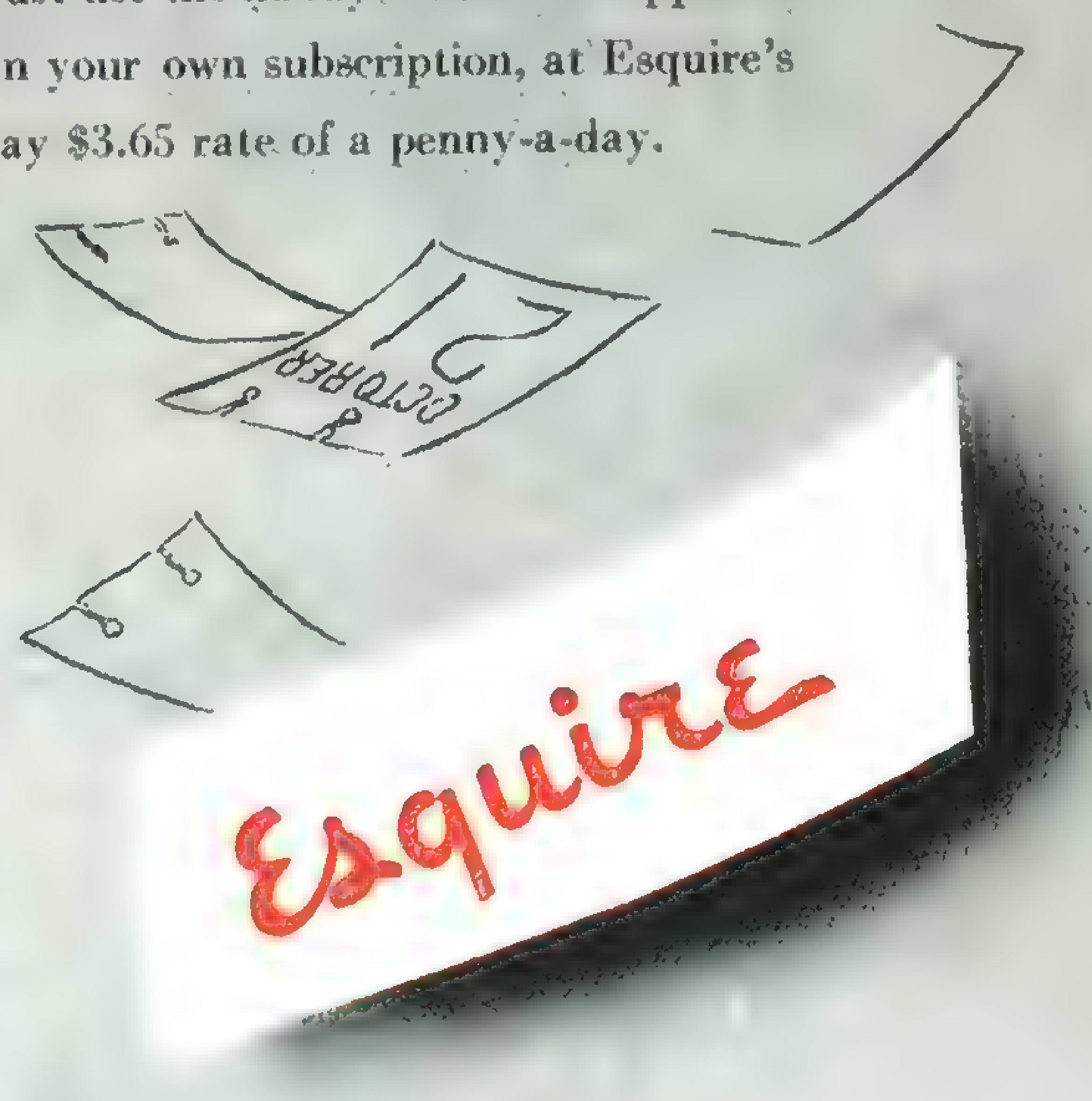
We're for 365 male days every year—365 days when any man can pop his vest buttons with a deep-down hearty laugh—when any guy can ditch the gloom and settle down to a double-scoop of good cheer. With Esquire's new increased Smileage, we're all set to give it to you—with both barrels . . . for $3.65.

Higher mathematics will show you that that's only a paltry penny-a-day, but it guarantees you a constant stock of that stuff morale is made of—*Smileage* and a never-ending variety of solid masculine entertainment. And since our regular subscription rate is $5 a year, the $3.65 watchword is well worth watching!

So simple, too. Just use the handy order form opposite this page to send in your own subscription, at Esquire's special Father's Day $3.65 rate of a penny-a-day.

Remember . . . every man needs relaxation this year. Give him entertainment with Esquire. It's a gift to delight the most jaded of fathers on his Day of Days, June 21st. Just let us know and we'll surprise him with a special gift announcement card with your name on it, and the Father's Day issue in a specially-designed package. They'll both arrive just before the Day, with no bother to you.

Special Service Note. A subscription to Esquire is a natural for men in the service . . . an appreciated gift that's sure to "keep 'em smiling." We'll send a specially-prepared card to announce your Service gift and if, for military reasons, your gift recipient is unable to continue receiving Esquire, we will refund payment for the months remaining on the subscription.



919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

VERVE

Only a few copies are still available of this handsomely-bound volume containing the second, third, and fourth issues of Verve, the most luxurious of all Art Reviews

now . . . $7.50 for the remaining copies

With over 400 lavishly-processed pages . . . providing both a permanent art exhibit and a unique collection of the most fascinating monographs and learned articles about art ever published . . . this 10 x 14 buckram-bound volume is a "must" addition to the treasured collections of all sincere art lovers, students, and bibliophiles.

only $11

A new war-limited edition

Those persons who have already purchased the earlier volume of Verve, and all others who appreciate the rare and the aesthetic, will be pleased to know that a newly-compiled edition of Verve is now available . . . containing the double issue five-six, and issues seven and eight conveniently grouped in a durable slip case.

Already a rare collector's item, this new volume is limited by the depleted supply of the eighth issue, no longer available separately. Shipped on the last boat to leave Bordeaux, half the shipment of this Issue Eight was lost at sea during its hazardous voyage to America. But those copies which arrived safely are now available to you, while the limited edition lasts.

Complete remittance should accompany each order. Secure your copies now from

Esquire, Inc.

919 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

The Sporting Scene

Continued from page 69

operating on the customary 4-year plan.

Study requirements of schools that have compacted their programs don't allow the former time provided for coaching of teams.

However, compulsory physical training, involving many more hours than student bodies generally have given to sports is expected to produce interesting and progressive developments.

* * *

A Commandos' school at the University of Iowa is working to an athletic program based on the intramural pattern. The Commandos' physical training aims at graduating the fittest fightingest men in armed service.

* * *

Jujitsu, a minor detail of physical education instruction at Yale for the past 10 years, now is getting a big play in Yale's new compulsory physical training program.

* * *

Physical educators and recreation authorities are studying up on "Urlaub's psychosis", an aggravated form of what psychologists of World War I called "leave neurosis."

Urlaub's psychosis, a psychological disturbance among soldiers who have been kept in the front lines too long, was said to have seriously weakened Nazi soldiers in Russia.

Probability of a similar psychological malady affecting civilians applying themselves with patriotic intensity to war effort is being considered by experts who are working on a logical balance of work and recreation to keep production efficiency at the peak.

Although definite data on Urlaub's psychosis is limited to that which has leaked out of Germany via England to the United States, the disturbance is taken by the play experts as requiring a schedule to spot sports properly in the plan of a nation in total warfare.

It is pointed out that congressmen have been under continuous pressure for a long time, and that businessmen and labor leaders have been under virtually constant strain for a decade. The youngsters, too, have not had normal freedom from economic and social load during the past ten years.

Psychological disturbances similar to Urlaub's psychosis may logically account for screwiness and irritability displayed in capital-labor clashes, psychologists aver.

With war duties adding new and persistent pressure there is an urgent need for a compensating program of relaxation, psychologists and recreation authorities assert. It is entirely within reason that the worker who goes out to the ball game, the golf course, the tennis court, the swimming pool, the trout stream, or wherever else he can get brief relief from his war industry load and restoration of his zip is a more productive patriot than the guy who goes slug-nutty by chaining himself to his galley.

Just what the happy medium is between labor and relaxation the double-domes hope to learn with the dope on Urlaub's psychosis at the lead.

In baseball parlance the war now seems due to go into extra innings with the United Nations having an edge in the relief pitching department.

* * *

It's expected that fishing will be unusually good this summer. Winter conditions were especially favorable for the finny tribes. It was thought that the rubber shortage would keep many fishermen away from their spring and summer pastiming, but early indications pointed to the boys making more use of rail transportation than they ever did before.

Some fishermen figure that fishing in many spots that used to be good will be highly attractive this year because a fellow will have a chance to catch a tire that was tossed in before the folks realized how valuable a tire would be if it still had a few miles left in it.

* * *

The great battle put up by Filipino warriors with MacArthur has been no surprise to fight managers and fans who have seen the little brown brethren battle in the ring.

Villa, Dado, Garcia, Espinosa, Datto, and their compatriots set a standard for fighting spirit. They took harsh beatings in some of their fights but nobody ever saw one of them show any lack of moxie or quit punching while his legs would hold him up.

* * *

"Fumbles lose 10 per cent of the football games every fall," says Dr. C. Ward Crampton in his book *Training for Championship Athletics*. Dr. Crampton cites the fumble figure in pointing out that "tense, strained hands are fatal for an athlete."

Joe Kirkwood, noted golf professional, says he can tell how a golfer will perform under pressure by watching the fellow's hands when the player is not engaged in golf. If the hands are loose regardless of circumstances, the player is practically sure to be able to be immune to jitters whatever mental strain may be applied.

Kirkwood believes that one reason for the success of the Texas school of golf pros, Hogan, Nelson, Demaret, the Mangrum brothers, Guldahl and Cooper, is their freedom from tension in their hands.

* * *

Students and educators will have increasing interest in Duke University's experience with boxing in its athletic program. Two years ago Duke abandoned boxing as "dangerous" and worthless on an intercollegiate sports program.

Now, with an expanded physical training program at Duke boxing is back for students and faculty members in training for the war.

* * *

Miami, never a sluggard in publicizing itself in sports, seems to have overlooked a plug for a local activity that has tremendous bearing on sports.

A 150-acre Department of Agriculture station in the Miami area is the only one in the country devoted to the study of natural rubber problems. For 17 years the station has been working on increase of rubber production through careful selection and grafting. The station has stock that increases the normal output of Central and South American trees ten-fold.

But don't expect this station to assure your supply of golf and tennis balls, baseball cores, football and basketball bladders overnight. It takes years for those trees to grow to latex-yielding age.

* * *

Golf club properties, representing approximately $900,000,000 investment, are to be geared snugly into war emergency work by a plan Franklin L. Miller, golf club official of Cleveland, submitted to the War Department.

Use of golf clubhouses as possible evacuation centers, hospitals and feeding stations is contemplated. Golf clubs which generally encircle metropolitan centers also are in prospect as sites of anti-aircraft gun emplacement.

* * *

You will have to get yourself a new ski lexicon.

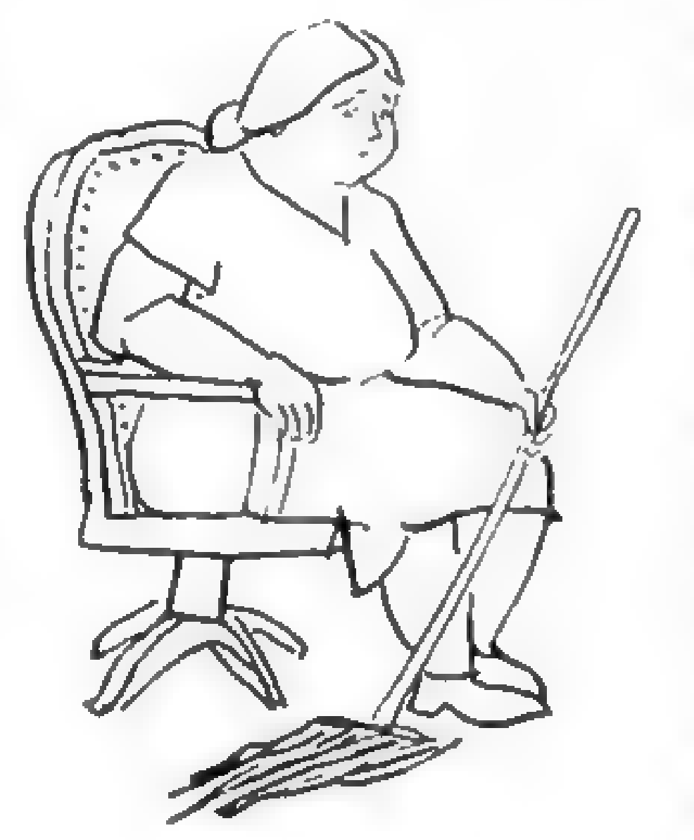
The German terms are out.

Gelandesprung, kanonen, langlaufing, nasensprung, vorlage, und sitzmark, have been given the raus.

The Nazis brought it on themselves. You should see some Germanic terms they applied to golf when eliminating the Caledonian vocabulary. ###

The Office Life

by JEROME WEIDMAN



Charwoman: Nobody, certainly not the boss who controls these things, would ever think of asking her opinion, but actually she is the only person who knows which staff members deserve a raise in salary for hard work. She is the only one who sees them at their desks, after hours, working late into the night while she cleans up the peculiarly unreal but nasty mess that only people working at typewriters and billing machines and glass-topped desks can leave behind.

She is seldom good-looking or thin or young or talkative. In fact, she defies identification. She is faceless, formless, ageless, speechless, and occasionally odorless. No office employee, not even the few who are forced to work late on occasion, could give you a description of her. Most of them don't even know she exists. They think offices never get dirty.

She leads a lonely and a double life. She goes to work when the rest of the city goes home and she works, usually, all alone on a huge office floor containing several suites, while the rest of the city sleeps.

During the day she is a housewife on Stanton Street or First Avenue, with a Czech husband who doesn't earn much when he works, which is not often, three children, the eldest tottering on the brink of a reform school sentence, a window sill crowded with carefully tended plants, a bad case of varicose veins, and large gaps in her infrequent smile that she can't afford to pay a dentist to fill.

She sleeps in fitful snatches between her many tasks and never gets enough rest. She is scrupulously honest and meticulously careful but she is accused, by clerks who have never seen her, of stealing their mislaid fountain pens, and stenographers who lose important correspondence are certain she spent the previous night whipping maliciously through the files. She is a sad, good, kind woman who deserves more and better of life than she receives or ever will receive.

In spite of the rather thorough kicking around she gets, she is almost ridiculously optimistic. She thinks things will be better next year, her legs will heal if she just lets them alone, and if her son Mike behaves himself a little better after he gets out of reform school he might still be President.

She's wrong.

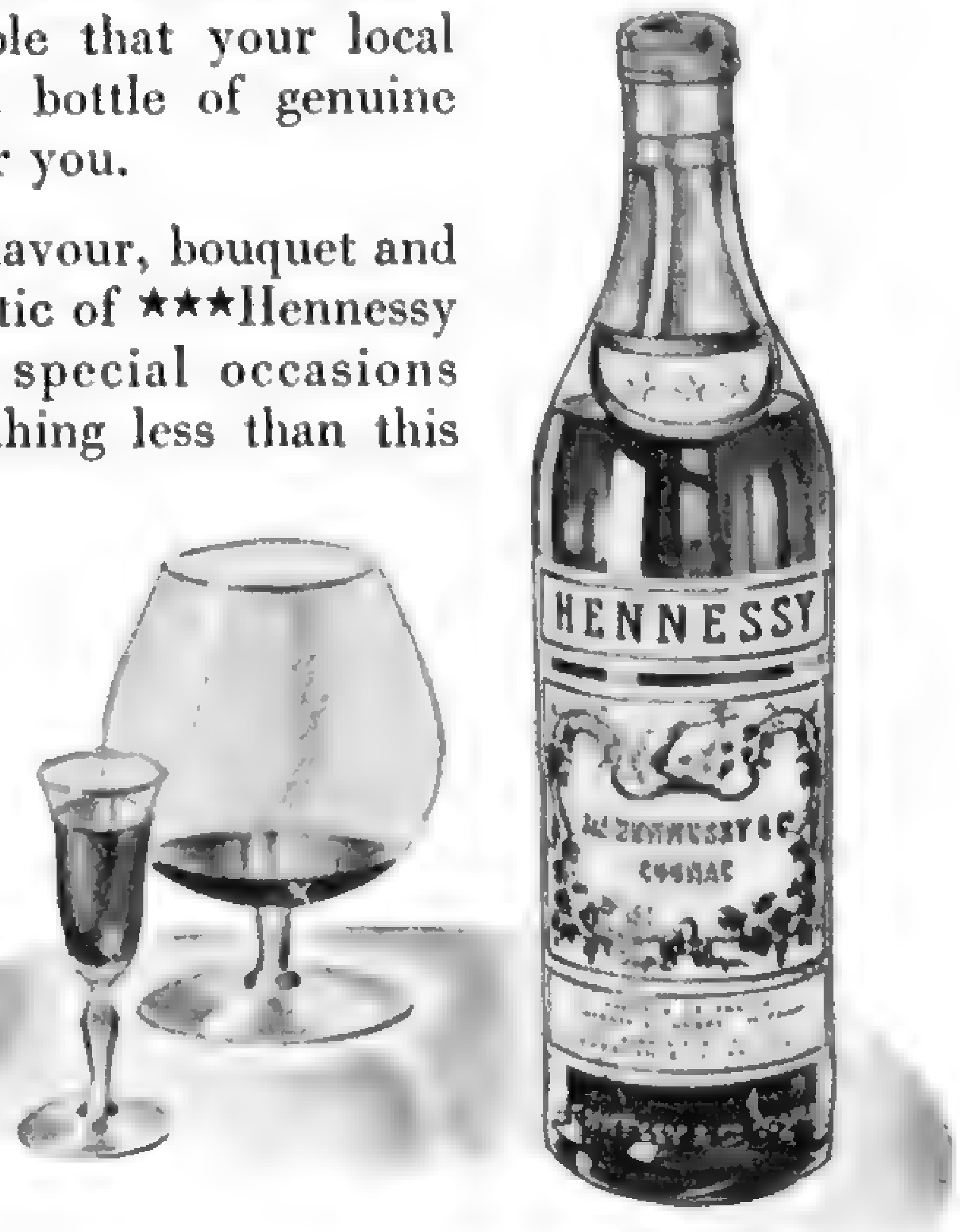
★ ★ ★
HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY
84 PROOF

Through all the devastating wars, business peaks and depressions since 1765, the name ★★★Hennessy has been synonymous with Cognac Brandy at its best.

Though no shipments of ★★★Hennessy Cognac have been made from the "occupied zone" of France to the United States since May, 1940, it is possible that your local dealer may still have a bottle of genuine ★★★Hennessy Cognac for you.

It is suggested that the flavour, bouquet and "clean taste" characteristic of ★★★Hennessy be reserved for those special occasions that so richly merit nothing less than this fine Cognac.

★ QUALITY
★ BOUQUET
★ CLEAN TASTE



Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France. JAS HENNESSY & C°, Est. 1765

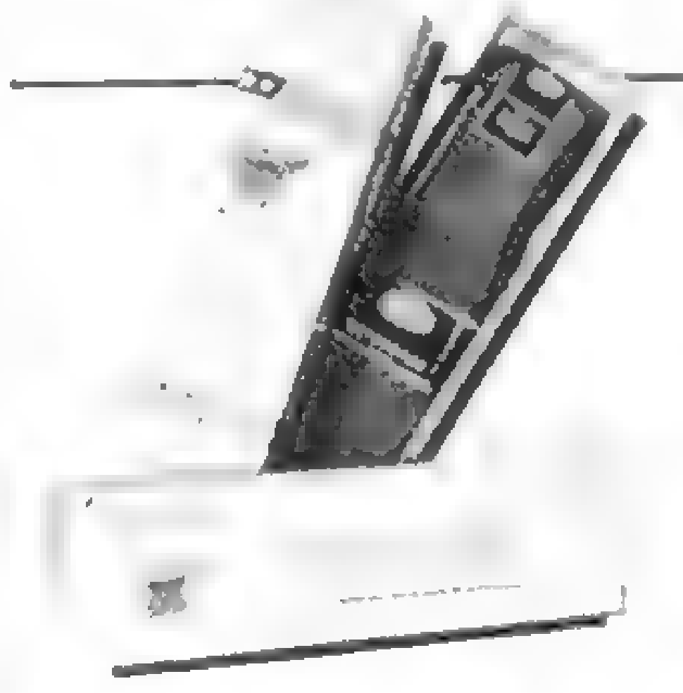
SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

NYLON Reinforced Body and Toes in HOLEPROOF
TRAIL BLAZER TRIO

NEW!

The first fancy socks with *nylon* reinforced *body and toes.* Patterns and colors you'll enjoy wearing a long time. In Pacer, too . . . the sock with garter attached, *at no extra cost!* Also without garters attached. 75¢ value.

3 PAIRS, distinctively boxed, $2.00



GIFT BOX FOR SERVICE MEN

Holeproof Fine-quality Socks . . . Khaki for Army Men . . . Black for Navy Men . . . in a colorful GIFT BOX! Outside mailing container needs only to be addressed and stamped. Six pairs to the box at $2.50.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE

HOLEPROOF *Tested* SOCKS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ENJOY THE GAME
Let Your Waistline Relax
WEAR EXPANSO—THE ONLY BELT THAT GIVES
Style with Comfort
FULL INCH STRETCH
CUT AWAY TO SHOW HIDDEN SPRINGS
$1.00 UP
EXPANDS AND CONTRACTS AS YOU BREATHE
EXPANSO
AT ALL GOOD STORES
KNOTHE BROTHERS, CO., INC. 24 West 40th Street, New York City
As Advertised in the Journal American Medical Association

Yes Sir! ...this is it
Galey & Lord's Fieldclub*
Takes Kindly to Harsh Treatment
Wash it if you will
Dry clean it if you will
PRACTICALLY FOOLPROOF
FAST VAT COLORS • SANFORIZED (Fabric Shrinkage Less Than 1%)
PRODUCT OF CRAMERTON MILLS
*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Look at this tag. It identifies FIELDCLUB, the fabric that takes kindly to harsh treatment. FIELDCLUB is made up into shirts, slacks, jackets and other outdoor clothes that must be both handsome and hardy . . . at leading stores.

GALEY & LORD, INC. • NEW YORK

The Captain Is a Card

Continued from page 51

had once been.

"Had the bone took out when I was twenty. Wanted t' be a fighter." He hesitated as though he were about to add something.

"Keep movin', Hardrocks. No speeches. All the way down front. There, that's as near as we want you. Take off that cap. That's how he looks without a cap, folks. Now put it back on. That's how he looks with it on. Walk around, Daffodil. We want to see how you look when you walk."

O'Connor began a deliberate pacing: five steps forward and five steps back. And turned heavily at an imagined door. His life was a bull-pen, and he turned within it like a gelded bull; five dogged steps forward and five dogged steps back.

Rhyme Without Meter

A guy who is lower than most of the things we encounter when we go slumming is the guy who is always saying: "I saw it coming."

"That's enough of that, O'Connor. Now stand still and turn around with your cap in your right hand."

The old man turned, the sheen of his worn brown suit showing in the glare from above like light on an aging animal's hide.

"That's how he looks with his back turned, folks. Put your cap on, Hardrocks. No, don't turn around yet. That's how he looks when he's walking away with your money. All right O'Connor, back on the platform."

O'Connor returned slowly to his position before the mike.

"What did you say you were arrested for, Hardrocks? Stealing from a blind man?"

"I wasn't arrested. I walked into the station 'n give myself up. I can't make it no more. I want 'em t' come 'n get me, I want 'em all t' come 'n get me. Anyone who wants me, tell 'em t' come 'n get me. I can't make it no more."

The woman in the back stopped tittering. The Captain cocked his head to one side in mild surprise. The young men, on either side of the hardest one of them all, looked straight out over the lights as though the old man was speaking for their futures as well as for his past.

"I been a stumblin' block, I been a obstacle to the Republic. I done it all wrong, I got hard-boiled too young. I got kicked around too soon. I was a orphan 'n got kicked around. I'm an old man, I got nobody, I can't make it no more—" Hardrocks O'Connor was crying.

The next man was a young Negro in a gabardine, heavy in the shoulders and lean in the shanks.

"What you here for, Ready-Money?"

"Don't know."

"Then you'll need a lawyer to tell you. How old was the girl?"

"She looked like sixteen."

"Yeh. But she was eleven. Are you on parole?"

"Yes sir."

"Goodbye."

The last man in the line was a dwarf with the head and torso development of a man of average height. He stood two inches short of the four-foot mark on the black-and-white diagram behind him and looked to be in his early forties. An ugly specimen.

"What's it for, Shorty?"

"Just a pick-up."

"Pickup for what?"

"Don't know. Suspicion I s'pose."

"What you sit seven years in Stateville for, Shorty?"

"Suspicion."

"Isn't seven years on suspicion a little severe?"

The dwarf's voice was as shrill as a ten-year-old's.

"Yes *sir*. It *was* severe."

"Ever get boosted through a transom, Shorty?"

"Yes *sir*."

"Who boosted you?"

"A frien'. He's still settin'."

"How many places you rob that way, Shorty?"

"I ferget."

"You shouldn't. You're still in the business. How much time you done?"

"Year 'n a day once 'n once three years."

"You don't count Stateville?"

"You said that one."

The women tittered their enjoyment of the little man's confession. A dwarf, standing between a seven-year-long shadow and a new shadow just as long. Perhaps it was funny to be so little while transoms were so high. And shadows were so long. Perhaps they saw no shadow. Perhaps they saw no man.

Next was a middle-aged Serb, splayfooted, with the hands of a stockyards skinner. He stood with his naked forearms folded.

"What you here for this time, Rutu?"

"Neigh—bors complain."

"Again? What about?"

"Same ol' t'ing. I fight."

"Who were you fighting with this time?"

"Same ol t'ing. Wid wife."

"Hell, that's no crime neither. Next."

* * *

"I went and let somebody use my car."

"That puts you in, too. Next."

* * *

"What's your trouble, next man?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Don't beg my pardon," the Captain quipped. "Beg the pardon of the woman whose purse you snatched."

"I didn't snatch it."

"How'd the officers find it in your room?"

"I stole it."

"Oh, that's different. I beg *your* pardon. *Dis*charged."

The next man was a paunchy character with the professionally friendly aspect of a floorwalker or beauty-shop operator. His iron-grey hair had been recently marcelled.

"What you here for, Flash?"

"Just riding in a cab is all."

"What did you have in your pocket?"

"Just a toy cap pistol was all."

"What was that for—Fourth of July?"

"I was on my way to give it to my little nephew in Hammond for a Christmas present."

"How many cabs you take with that toy gun, Santa?"

"Just the one I was riding in. I don't know what come over me."

"Come off it, Coneroo. How many you hold up altogether?"

"Nine."

"I said altogether."

"Oh. Altogether. Twenty-eight."

"You know what happens to habituals in Michigan?"

"Yes sir. They get life."

"Too bad you didn't wait to get to Chicago to stick up that driver. We call that a misdemeanor here. Do you think crime pays?"

The floorwalker retired gracefully from the mike and adjusted his cravat.

The last man was a Negro of perhaps nineteen, in a torn and bloodstained shirt and with one arm in a cast. He had Mongolian features, the cheekbones set high and widely—to protect the eyes—the eyes slanted slightly and the skin like tawny parchment. The Captain explained.

"This is the sweetheart who shot Sergeant Shannon Friday night. Tell it to the people the way you told it to us, Memphis."

"Ah was out look'n fer somebody t' stick up 'n had m' gun handy 'n he come along, that's all."

"Where was this?"

"South side of 59th Street. Ah was crossin' over t' the north side when ah saw Shannon, he wasn't in uniform."

"Did he call after you?"

"Yes sir. He say 'Hey Buddy, wait a minute'. 'n he had somethin' in his hand. It looked like a gun 'n ah pulled out m' pistol 'n stahted t' fire. He shot 'n hit me in the right ahm 'n ah ran 'n tried t' find some place t' hide."

"You're sure you weren't out gunning for Sergeant Shannon?"

"Oh no sir."

"But you knew him from before?"

"From a lo-o-ong time."

"You know he may die?"

"That's what they tell me."

"Aren't worried much about it though, are you?"

"It was me 'r him."

"How'd they find you?"

"Ah leaned on a mail-box, ah was bleedin' pretty bad. Ah left stains on th' box 'n some of m' own people seen them 'n tol' a officer." The boy seemed more saddened by that single circumstance than by either the imminence of Shannon's death or of his own. Like a thing repeated many times in an effort to believe and accept:

"My *own* people."

And his voice was heavy with shame for them.

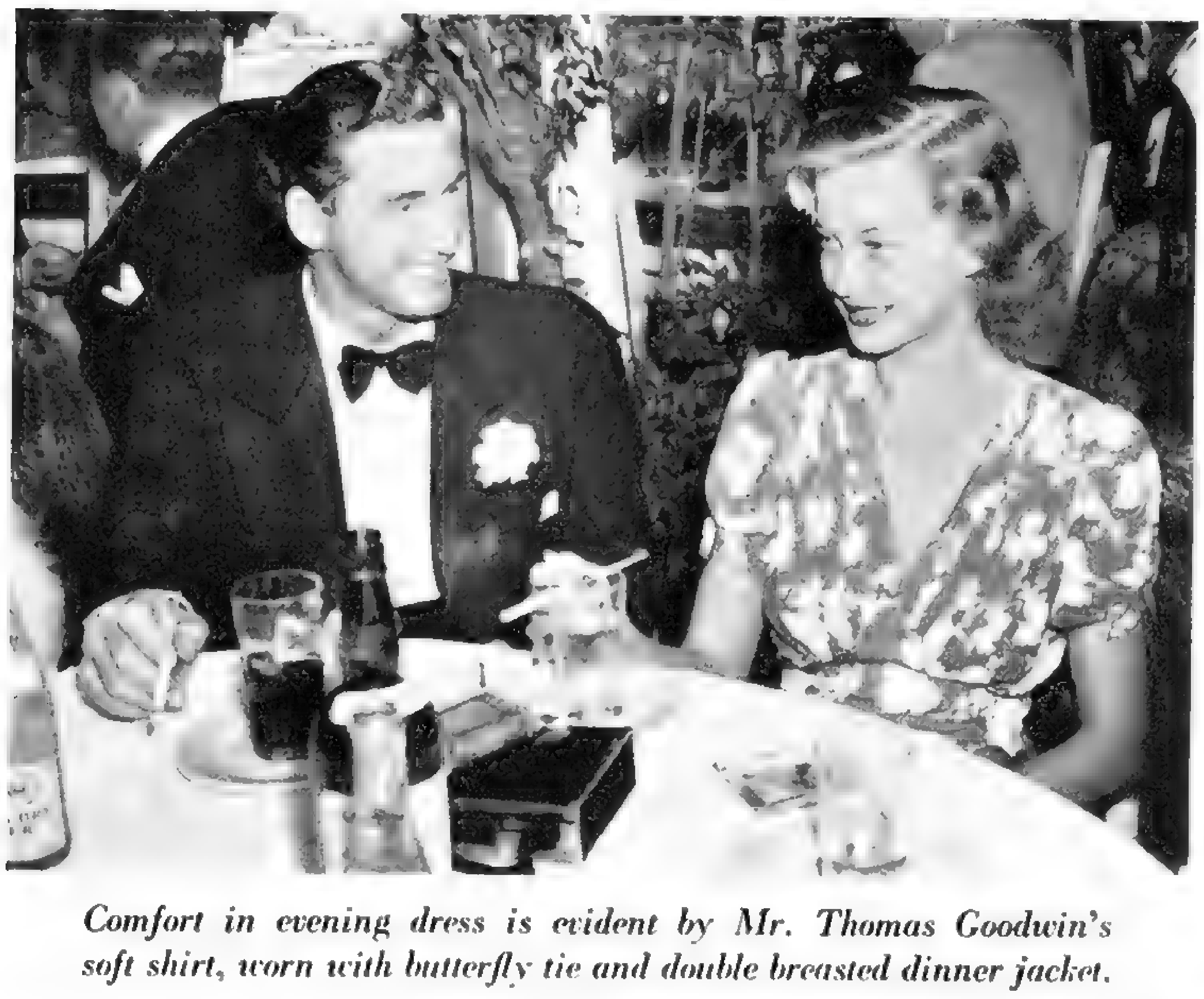
"How do you feel about getting the chair, Boy?"

"Don't care one way 'r another. Don't feel nothin', good 'r bad. Just feel a little low is all. Knew ah'd never get t' be twenty-one anyhow."

The line turned and shuffled restlessly through the door to the cells. The overhead lights went out one by one, till even the tittering women were gone. And nothing remained in the showup room but the sounds of the city, coming up from below.

The great trains howling from track to track all night. The taut and telegraphic murmur of ten thousand city wires, drawn most cruelly against a city sky. The rush of city waters, beneath the city streets.

The passionate passing of the night's last El. ##



Comfort in evening dress is evident by Mr. Thomas Goodwin's soft shirt, worn with butterfly tie and double breasted dinner jacket.

Metropolitan Moments . . . . . . by Jaro Fabry

"Just seven years ago tonight, he had his first Old Fashioned made with Calvert Reserve"

An Old Fashioned becomes a Memorable Event when it's made with Calvert Reserve. For this extra-luxury whiskey has the unique ability to *blend with*—rather than overpower—the other ingredients in mixed drinks. And you'll never forget its rare "soft" flavor. See that your next Old Fashioned is the celebrated one that's made with Calvert Reserve . . . *"the choicest you can drink or serve"*.

Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City
Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Full Return Is Yours

Full return from investment has been assured by the name Hanan on shoes for 90 years. Today that assurance is not only desirable—it's necessary. There can be no false values in *your* wartime economy . . . The Hanan Master Last pictured comes in White Buck with Tan or Black Calf Trim.

HANAN HURDLERS AND MASTER LASTS are featured by Hanan Stores and leading retail establishments in 153 cities.

HANAN & SON, Inc.
671 NORTH SANGAMON ST. • CHICAGO

But War Isn't Sport

Continued from page 30

post. They had not been having any baseball there before, and the Filipino soldiers made it into a regular fiesta where several thousands of their friends and families could gather and make things very gay.

But I do not subscribe to the idea that a polo player can do no wrong. I had an officer who was accused of knocking his wife down with his fist and kicking her in the stomach. Civilians in the nearby city brought pressure on me to keep him from being tried, because, they said, it was not "sporting" to kick one's wife in the stomach, and that this man being a star polo player, could not possibly be guilty of such a thing. Altogether, in the course of fifteen years I lost four of my best polo players for doing things that were not "sporting." There was also an officer of my acquaintance who killed his wife with a niblick.

Polo and golf for officers (I am a golfer). Handball for soldiers. Tennis and swimming for both. Baseball, football, and boxing for everybody. But in the Army, as in civil life, men who carry athletics too far get to be no good for anything else. They rush through their work and want to get out somewhere to be free from the smell and the taste of the barracks. A young man in the Army, like a young man in civil life, cannot go to the head of his class unless he works harder, longer, and better than the others. He must eat, sleep, and dream with his job.

A soldier cannot nerve himself to lose a hundred thousand men by practicing on a twenty-foot putt. ⌗

What Every Woman Hater Knows

Continued from page 54

say it's a stinker; morally questionable and not a very funny picture either. Here eight old fogies, seven of them men, seem to fall in love with a strip-teaser whose slang excites them. She double-crosses Gary Cooper—almost up to the last moment; then he saves her and a gangster and she capitulates.

Cooper is working on an encyclopedia; he is John Kieran plus Gary Cooper; and while he doesn't have to sacrifice his career (as in Exhibit A) he falls for Stanwyck who shows nothing but a good leg and some amusing slang. Do women want to feel that they can captivate pedants? No. (Well, look, my friends, someone has to be dogmatic about this.) They just want to feel that even the brainiest of men is a worm. Chop him in two, and he's two worms.

Eliminate gangster and war pictures and where do men figure as intelligent equals of women? All the *Blondie* pictures make Dagwood into a pleasant fool. (I am looking down an alphabetical list of the pictures of the past year and up pops *Citizen Kane:* it's about a man. It's terrific.) Think of *Hold Back the Dawn*, which somehow caught the rare feeling of romance, the real romantic thing; you could see that Boyer was a complicated, possibly important person; he was enslaved by a woman who was charming and wanted to fall in love. As I missed *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, I will assume that the comedy of bad manners puts man on top; but wherever you see a comedy purporting to be true to life—watch for the total ascendancy of women.

Hats off—to the guy who got the bright idea of calling war time "War Time" instead of "Victory Saving Time" or "Liberty Speed-Up."

I am not trying to belittle these pictures. Both *Woman of the Year* and *Ball of Fire* had hilariously funny scenes; but in most cases the scenes had nothing to do with the theme of the picture. There was a swell sequence showing Hepburn and Tracy at the ball game; it was the old one about teaching her the game and it might have occurred in any one of a hundred other pictures; in fact it did occur in just about fifty.

There was a terrific sequence of Hepburn cooking and putting yeast into the waffles (via the old gag of a turned page in the recipe book) so that they kept rising while she struggled to hold them down; everybody laughed, but it could have occurred if the two characters were two other people. In *Ball of Fire* Richard Hayden told a story about a honeymoon which was quite touching and Stanwyck ran away from some gangsters—good scenes, and you can inject them right into the next picture you see, without any loss of cohesion.

The craftiness and the skill and the high spirits which go into these films, the overflow of huge laughs, makes them entertainment.

But remember friends, as you laugh in your seats—the little woman beside you is laughing twice as hard.

In fact, nothing is needed for her perfect satisfaction except seeing you laugh at your own degradation, you boob.

Also in first person singular. ⌗

RIGID SPECIFICATIONS FOR MOVADO WATERPROOF
MOVADO
REMARKS:
FEATURES:

One of the famous **MOVADO** Waterproof wristwatches. Made in stainless steel, stainless steel and gold, 14K gold, in varied sizes for men and women. This sturdy watch is watertight and airtight — built to "take it". Made by **MOVADO**, pioneers in fine waterproof watchmaking, no superfluous items are added which might detract from the well-planned construction of its full-size movement. They're ideal watches for active people. Moderately priced.

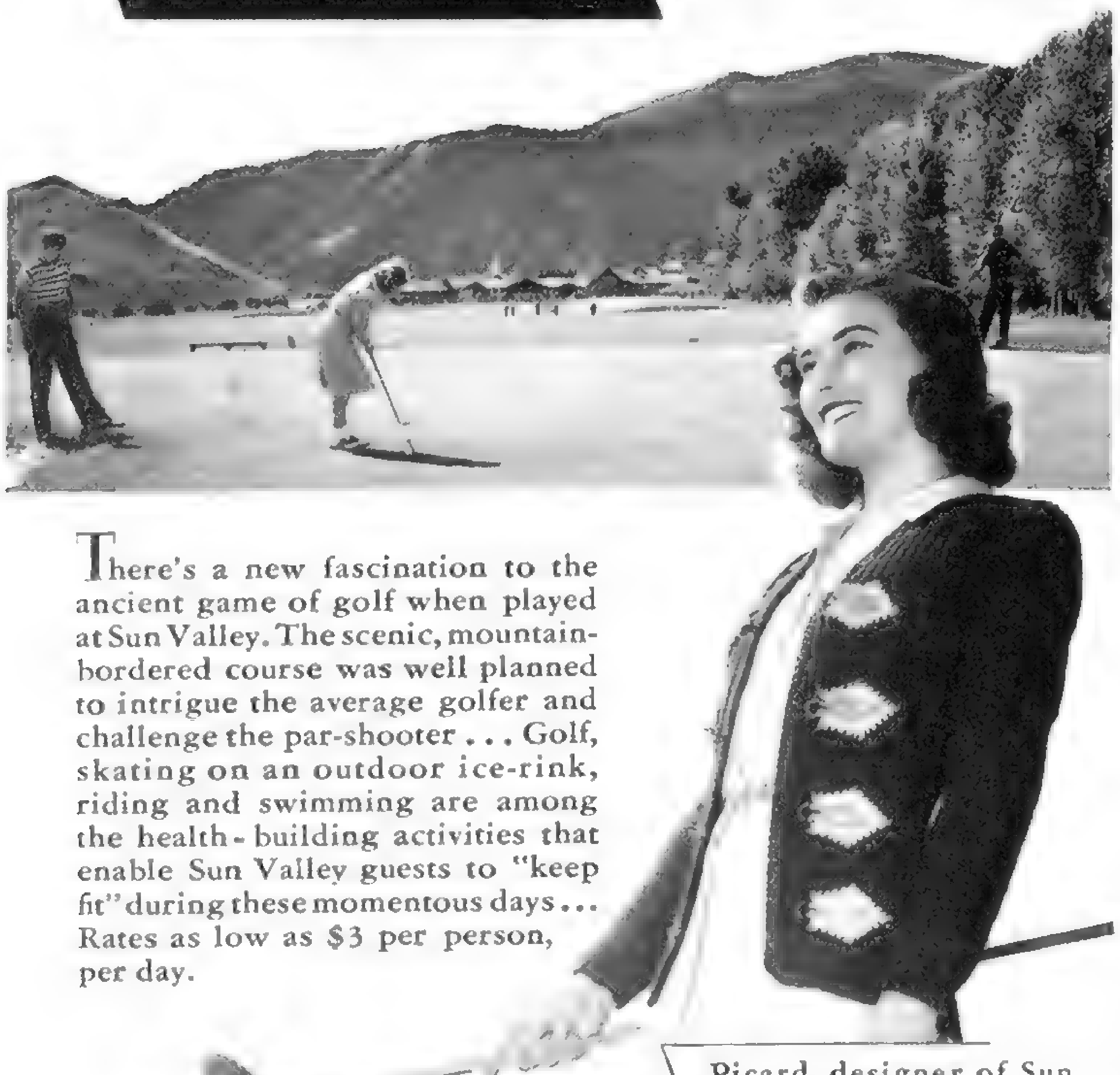
MOVADO *Watches*

165 FIRST PRIZES AND GRAND AWARDS... SOLD AND SERVICED BY LEADING JEWELERS ALL OVER THE WORLD

Copr. 1942, Movado Watch Agency, Inc., 610 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 36 Toronto St., Toronto, Can.

Sun Valley IDAHO

KEEP FIT · AMERICA!



There's a new fascination to the ancient game of golf when played at Sun Valley. The scenic, mountain-bordered course was well planned to intrigue the average golfer and challenge the par-shooter ... Golf, skating on an outdoor ice-rink, riding and swimming are among the health-building activities that enable Sun Valley guests to "keep fit" during these momentous days ... Rates as low as $3 per person, per day.

Picard, designer of Sun Valley fashions, has created this smart golf ensemble consisting of tan gabardine dress, dark green wool jacket with leather applications and metal clips inspired by western saddles.

For information and reservations, write—
W. P. ROGERS, *Gen'l Mgr.*
Sun Valley, Idaho

Esquire on the Record

BEST SELLERS

Permanent / *Transient*

Constance Hope Associates, Inc. 29 W. 57th St. N. Y. C.

COLUMBIA MASTERWORKS

Concert of Favorite Music; Lily Pons with Andre Kostelanetz & his Orchestra. Set M-484

Symphony No. 8 in B Minor ("Unfinished") (Schubert); Leopold Stokowski conducting the All-American Orchestra. Set M-485

Piano Concerto No. 5 in E-flat Major ("Emperor") (Beethoven); Rudolf Serkin with Bruno Walter & the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York. Set M-500

Quartet No. 16 in F Major (Beethoven); Budapest String Quartet. Set M-489

Symphony No. 3 in E-Flat Major (Eroica) (Beethoven); Bruno Walter and Philharmonic-Symphony of New York. Set M-449

COLUMBIA POPULAR

Deep in the Heart of Texas; Loretta; Horace Heidt. 36525

When the Roses Bloom Again; A Zoot Suit; Kay Kyser. 36517

Royal Flush; I Got Rhythm; Metronome All Star Orchestra. 36499

She Don't Wanna; Do Something; Orrin Tucker. 36490

I Don't Want to Walk Without You; B-19; Harry James. 36478

OKEH POPULAR

Blues in the Night; Says Who? Says You, Says I; Cab Calloway. 6422

Somebody Else is Taking My Place; That Did It, Marie; Benny Goodman. 6497

Blues in the Night; Where or When; Benny Goodman. 6553

You're a Sap, Mr. Jap; We Did It Before; Carl Hoff. 6556

Decca Records Inc., New York City

Porgy and Bess; Original Cast. Decca A-145

Scheherazade; Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Decca DA-162

William Tell Overture; Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Decca DA-157

Peer Gynt; Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Decca DA-169

Deep in the Heart of Texas; Bing Crosby. Decca 4162

Oh! How I Miss You Tonight; Bing Crosby. Decca 4152

The Shrine of Saint Cecelia; Andrews Sisters. Decca 4097

White Cliffs of Dover; Jimmy Dorsey. Decca 4103

I Said No; Jimmy Dorsey. Decca 4102

Rose O'Day; Merry Macs. Decca 4023

Miller Brothers, Market St., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Tales from the Vienna Woods; Blue Danube Waltz; Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 15425

Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2; Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 14422

Liebestraum; Tito Schipa. Victor 6534

Finlandia; Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 7412

Dance of the Hours; Boston "Pops" Orchestra. Victor 11833

I Said No; Alvino Rey. Bluebird 11391

Blues in the Night; Dinah Shore. Bluebird 11436

Remember Pearl Harbor; Sammy Kaye. Victor 27738

White Cliffs of Dover; Glenn Miller. Bluebird 11397

Shrine of St. Cecelia; Andrews Sisters. Decca 4097

Humpty Dumpty Heart; Bing Crosby. Decca 4064

Amidon's, 330 S.E. First St., Miami, Fla.

Nutcracker Suite; Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor M-265

Rhapsody in Blue, Jesus Sanroma; Boston "Pops" Orchestra. Victor M-358

Clair de Lune; Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 1812

Tales from the Vienna Woods; Blue Danube Waltz; Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 15425

Indian Love Call; Ah Sweet Mystery of Life; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. Victor 4323

I Know Why; Glenn Miller. Bluebird 11230

White Cliffs of Dover; Sammy Kaye. Victor 27704

Blues in the Night; Charlie Barnet. Bluebird 11327

Girl of My Dreams; Bing Crosby. Decca 2671

Sugar Blues; Clyde McCoy. Decca 381

I'm Gettin' Sentimental Over You; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 25236

Rose O'Day; Merry Macs. Decca 4023

Liberty Music Shops, 450 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

Emperor Concerto; New York Philharmonic; Beethoven. Columbia M-500

Porgy and Bess; Original Cast. Decca A-145

Symphony in D Minor; Franck; London Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia M-479

Piano Concerto in B-Flat Minor; Tschaikowsky; Horowitz and Toscanini. Victor M-800

Die Götterdämerung; Wagner; NBC Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-853

Blues in the Night; J. Lunceford. Decca 4125

How About You; Eddie Duchin. Columbia 36501

Rose O'Day; Claude Thornhill. Columbia 36485

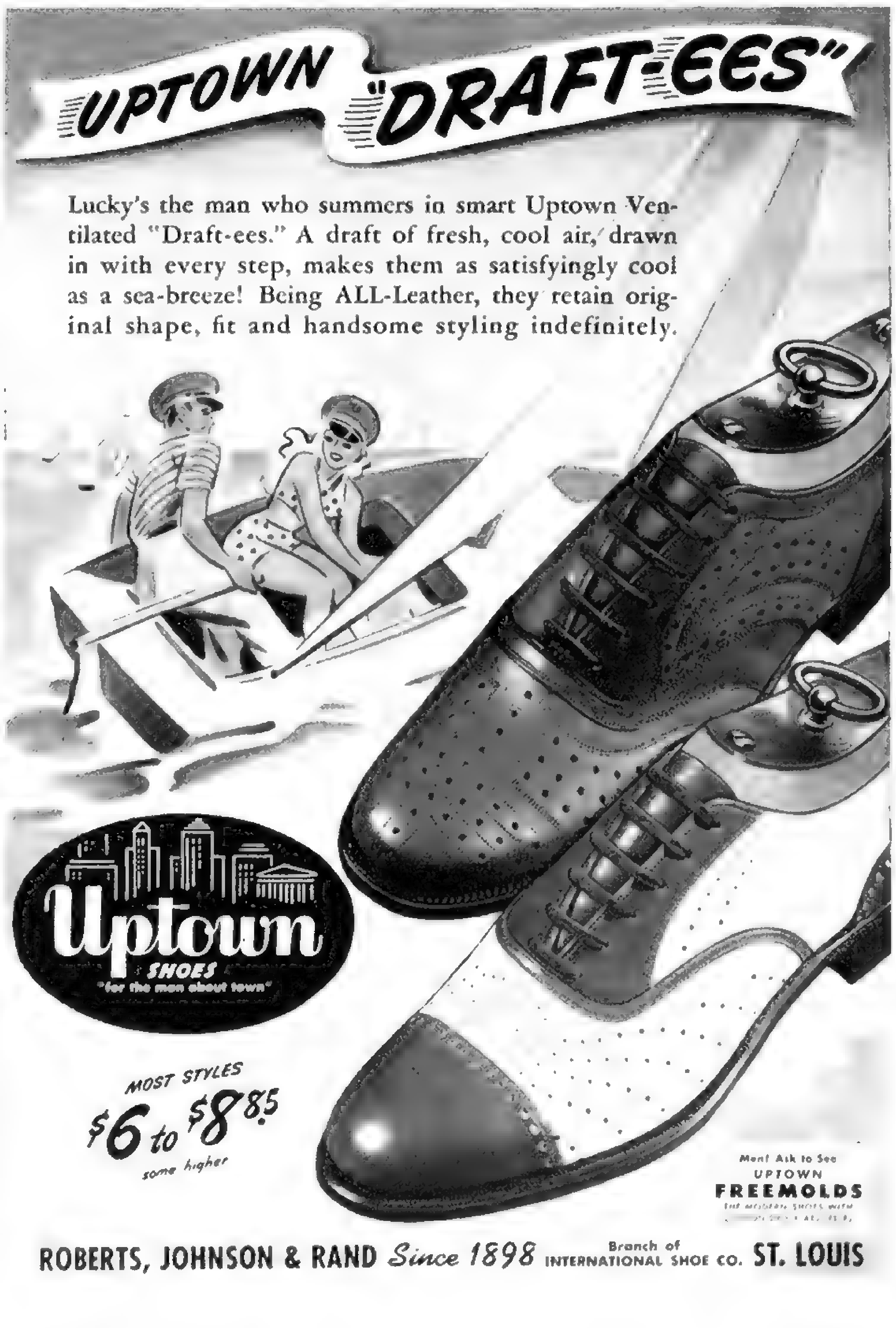
Ev'rything I Love; Claude Thornhill. Columbia 36456

Moonlight Cocktail; Glenn Miller; Bluebird 11401

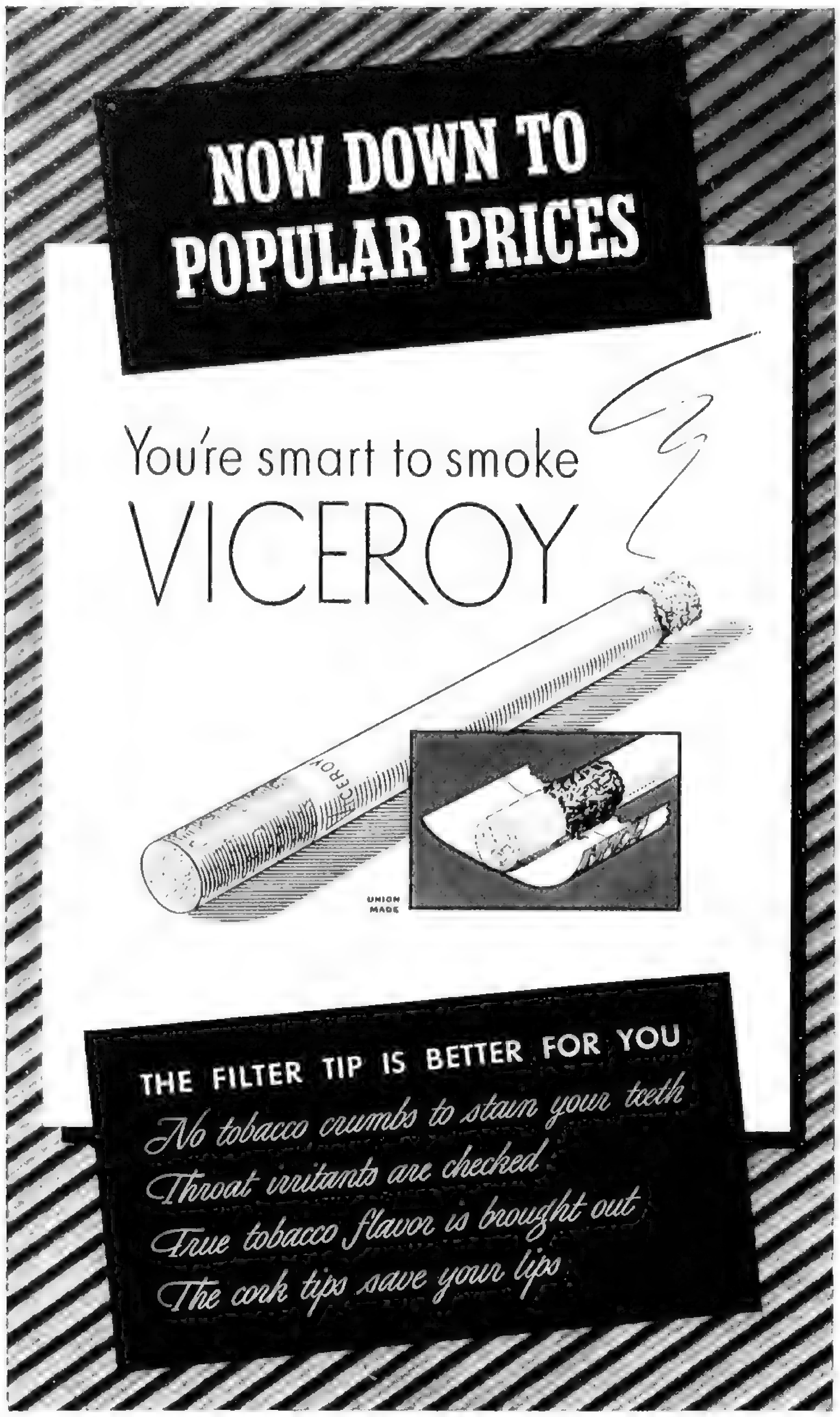
I Don't Want to Walk Without You, Harry James. Columbia 36478

I Said No; Alvino Rey. Bluebird 11391

Try Milwaukee's most exquisite beer... now better than ever
Blatz
Blatz Pilsener BEER
MILWAUKEE'S MOST EXQUISITE BEER
BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.


UPTOWN "DRAFT-EES"
Uptown SHOES "for the man about town"
MOST STYLES $6 to $8.85 some higher
Men! Ask to See UPTOWN FREEMOLDS
ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND Since 1898 Branch of INTERNATIONAL SHOE CO. ST. LOUIS

Lucky's the man who summers in smart Uptown Ventilated "Draft-ees." A draft of fresh, cool air, drawn in with every step, makes them as satisfyingly cool as a sea-breeze! Being ALL-Leather, they retain original shape, fit and handsome styling indefinitely.


NOW DOWN TO POPULAR PRICES

You're smart to smoke VICEROY

UNION MADE

THE FILTER TIP IS BETTER FOR YOU

No tobacco crumbs to stain your teeth
Throat irritants are checked
True tobacco flavor is brought out
The cork tips save your lips

Save your reprint money—at least until August

Sorry, but due to rising costs and the increasing scarcity of mounting board, we can't offer you reprints of our color inserts as we have in the past few months. But watch for a reprint surprise in the August Victory issue of Esquire!

Light on your FEET in— Mark Twain SHOES

$6.50 some styles higher

Keep going—but remember to relax after hours in Mark Twain whites. You'll enjoy their fresh summer styles their quality feel, their friendly comfort!

write for dealer's name

MORSE & ROGERS Branch, International Shoe Co., Inc. NEW YORK

Wild Tale

"Homer D. Eustace, notorious movie-going sceptic, watched a scene in which Gloria Marchand, latest glamour girl was supposed to be playing a Chopin etude on the piano. After she had played three bars he remarked: "In my opinion she's actually playing that herself."

The Place Where Good Sailors Go

Continued from page 59

Great Ship, and forever after he lived happily with his wenches and at his ease; and he could order great steaks and fat, roasted geese, and could watch captains and shipowners gagging on weevily biscuits and rancid pork, and drinking scum-covered water, while he swigged good, honest rum to his heart's content. When eight bells went he could lie in his bunk and yawn and go to sleep again, if he wished, instead of turning out and clawing aloft to fight with ice-sheeted canvas. A natural paradise.

The British called this Great Ship the *Merry Dun of Dover*. The Frisians *Mannigfual;* the French the grand *Chasse Foudre.* When the *Chasse Foudre* rolled, whales and great sharks could be found in her scuppers; and her mizzen-royal was larger than all of Europe. The Swede's ship was the *Refanu* which took three weeks to go about, and orders had to be transmitted from horseback. The Irish had their *Roth Ramhach,* which, at the end of the world, will go equally on land or sea and will have a thousand beds, each accommodating a thousand men. Which is remindful of an old sea yarn of a ship known as the *Lallygag Sue.* She was built in Russia, by women, who, being naturally contrary, constructed her with three decks and no bottom, so she could sail even on a heavy dew. One time, coming up the coast in a thick fog, her skipper lost his bearings but hopefully kept on anyway. When the fog cleared it seemed the *Lallygag Sue* was thirty miles up a dry creek but still making six knots!

The Great Ship and Magic Ship legend run through the folklore of all sea-going people, mixed up somewhat with the idea of a Phantom Ship, and the story varying, of course, with local traditions and ideas. The Phantom Ship is best known to Anglo-Saxons as the *Flying Dutchman,* always seen with all sail set and running head to wind. This legend seems to be based on an actual *Flying Dutchman,* commanded by a Captain Bernard Fokke. (There is some dispute about this, as certain older authorities claim it was commanded by one Vanderdecken.) This appears not so important, however. The more modern version is that Fokke was so tough he sheathed his masts in iron, so he'd never have to worry about them carrying away and so take in sail, and that when he couldn't get around the Horn one time he cursed heaven and hell and sacrificed sailor after sailor to the demons of the deep. He became so blasphemous that he was condemned (by whom is foggy) to sail on forever, and old timers swore to sight his ship was a sure sign of disaster.

The trouble with the modern version, though it may have a germ of truth in that a Captain Bernard Fokke *did* sail a ship (which was lost without trace) named the *Flying Dutchman,* is that the belief in the ghost ship goes back almost to the first writings on seafaring. In some tales the ship is a ghostly bark manned by wild animals who roar terrifyingly; in some it is a stately vessel sailing apparently untended and in silence; in some it is manned by spirits who beckon; in some it is a vessel manned by beautiful women, which such unlucky ships as happen to see it are compelled to pursue until they're lured to their doom. These beliefs are almost certainly rooted back to the lure of Amphitrite, who in ancient times was supposed to live in a Golden Palace on the ocean floor with the sea god Poseidon, and embraced all drowned sailors.

When the growing supremacy of steam made the idea of an enormous sailing-ship heaven a little impractical, the legend doubled back on itself and returned to the idea of a paradise on the ocean floor. This was Fiddlers' Green, which, with variations, is little more than the legend of Amphitrite and Poseidon over again, Amphitrite becoming Mother Carey and Poseidon the Old Man of the Sea, (or Neptune) one-time skipper of the British *Merry Dun of Dover,* and now master of Fiddlers' Green.

The idea of Mother Carey is another curious example as to how legends persist. The belief in a sea goddess who made the fishes and had charge of the waves and raised daughters to sing the Song of the Surf, or the Song of the Groundswell, to keep the waves in step to mesmerize poor sailors to their doom, runs back to early time.

The rise of Christianity changed the sea goddess, Amphitrite, to the Virgin. Mother Carey is derived from the Portuguese *Mata Cara,* or Dear Mother, and even that belief has as many forms as there were men at sea when it flourished. John Masefield, for instance, describes Mother Carey as a witch who lives on the bones and blood of drowned sailors. The earlier writer Kingsley states she is a gracious and wonderful woman, sitting amid the polar ice, fashioning seabirds and fishes with loving care. In another version she is the great lady (lover of the Old Man of the Sea) who greets all sailors when they enter Fiddlers' Green. She had the duty of allotting to each man, according to his rank and worth, a seabird to carry his soul. Your old sailor believed that when a man was buried in deep water, the moment his body dropped from view a new-born gull rose from the waves, and the plaintive cries of the gulls that followed ships were the voices of past shipmates either warning him to take care or bidding him good luck. Since one particular type of sea-bird, the stormy petrel, was the only one encountered far out, and in all oceans, and would follow a vessel days after ordinary gulls turned back, the little soot-colored petrels became known as Mother Carey's chickens, and were supposedly her special pets, each bearing the soul of some extraordinarily daring navigator.

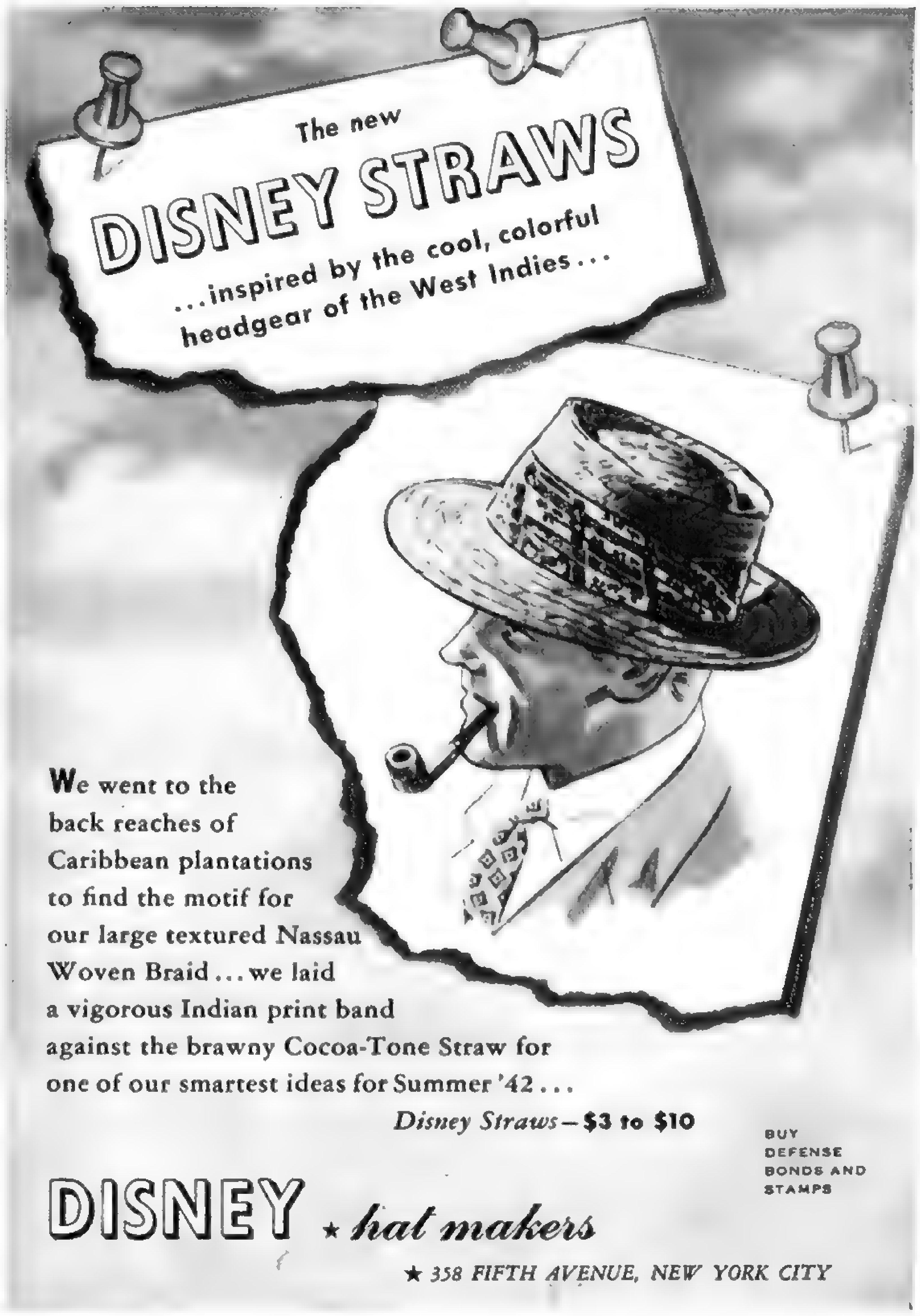
There are still some seamen who feel uneasy about sailing on a Friday, particularly if it happens to fall on the thirteenth of the month. This, of course, is religious in its origin. Friday was supposed to be the day Christ was crucified, and so deadly unlucky, while thirteen was the number of people at the Last Supper. But even before Christian times seafarers had their unlucky days, their pagan ill omens, and their methods of offsetting the same. The Scandinavians sacrificed a horse, to Odin and the sea, before starting a viking voyage (the term viking, by the way, is really applicable only to the voyage, not to the men. Viking meant a raiding voyage. The word became associated with the men long afterwards. In short a man went *vicking*; went pirating, to use a more modern term). The sacrifice of the horse to the Norse god Odin, a plea for good fortune, came, in its implications, clear down to the clippership days, when the term "horse latitudes" was coined, because a ship, when a month out, was invariably in a certain position near or in the tropics. After the month was up the sailors celebrated the burning of the dead horse. This was usually done by making a canvas horse, stuffed with oakum and tar, setting it afire and setting it adrift on the sea. The modern significance of this was that nearly all seamen, when signing on, drew a month's wages in advance, either to leave their families, or to buy needed gear, or, often as not, to give them the means for one last orgy. Hence, when the month was up, they were on pay again, and had quit "working for a dead horse."

In ancient times, when a ship had ill luck, lots were drawn and some unlucky member of the crew was thrown overside to placate the sea. This idea preceded the biblical Jonah, but took up the Jonah story in its stride as times changed. Even today old sailors will mutter about a Jonah being in the crew, if their ship has bad luck. In the whaling days there was a legend of The Swimmer. This was supposed to be a Jonah, wrongfully accused, who had been thrown overside to save the vessel and refused to drown. Instead, he followed the ship, crying out mournfully. To hear his voice calling from any ship's wake was a sure sign of disaster.

The legend of the Midnight Leadsman is somewhat of a puzzle as to origin. Briefly the story is this: When a ship is in distress, preferably off a coast and off course on a foggy night, a mysterious voice at midnight will begin to call the water depth, exactly as

Continued on page 168

Upholding the traditions of the steeplechase, these spectators wearing country clothes, view the race from the top of the coach.



The new
DISNEY STRAWS
...inspired by the cool, colorful headgear of the West Indies...

We went to the back reaches of Caribbean plantations to find the motif for our large textured Nassau Woven Braid... we laid a vigorous Indian print band against the brawny Cocoa-Tone Straw for one of our smartest ideas for Summer '42...

Disney Straws—$3 to $10

BUY DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS

DISNEY ★ *hat makers*
★ *358 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY*

"D" stands for DISCRIMINATING

... and "discriminating" describes the host who serves

Don Q PUERTO RICAN Rum

Do your guests a good turn ...introduce them to the delights of a Cuba Libre, Daiquiri, Old-Fashioned and other drinks made deliciously "different" with Don Q Rum, the light-bodied, nectar-like rum from tropical Puerto Rico... For cocktails, use *White* Label; for tall drinks *Gold* Label.

86 PROOF

Product of
DESTILERIA SERRALLES, INC.
PONCE,
Puerto Rico
U. S. A.

SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

Metropolitan Moments . . . . . . by Jaro Fabry

"Glad I'm the ancestor of a man who serves Manhattans made with Calvert Reserve"

It's easy to picture Calvert Reserve as the founder of fine Manhattans. For this extra-luxury whiskey has the rare ability to *blend with*—rather than overpower—the other ingredients in mixed drinks. And its wonderful "soft" flavor is distinguished, too. For a long line of masterly Manhattans, start using Calvert Reserve . . . *"the choicest you can drink or serve".*

Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City
Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

DADDY'S WILD ABOUT HIS NEW SECRETARY!

Of course we mean his new Enger-Kress
"SWING-IT" POCKET SECRETARY

Patented feature swings memo pad over the cover, locks in valuable contents, and provides firm writing surface. Natural Saddle Leather (illustrated), $3.50. Other Leathers $1.50 to $7.50. 3 sizes.

ONE PIECE
SECRET POCKET
BILLFOLD
(Below)
For smarter style and longer wear. Saddle Leather (illustrated) $4.00. Other models $1.00 to $10.00.

Choice of Leathers and Colors

Ask your dealer
Or write Dept. 6A
ENGER-KRESS, West Bend, Wisconsin

Ask for Leather Goods by ENGER-KRESS

The Place Where Good Sailors Go

Continued from pages 59-167

if a seaman were in the chains and taking soundings with the lead line. The ghostly leadsman was presumed to be some seaman who had served on the ship, and had died, and retained sufficient affection for the vessel to try to save her.

To whistle at sea, even in my time, would often as not bring a warning, Tush, boy! from some grizzled a. b. and the belief that whistling would bring up a wind was pretty general. If a sailing vessel was caught in a flat calm, the men would deliberately whistle; the skipper would whistle; the mates would whistle. But when a fair wind was already blowing, a whistle would be disastrous, perhaps even bring on an overwhelming gale. But there were other ways of obtaining winds. The Finns particularly were supposed to be adept in this matter, and before starting on long voyages would buy a length of knotted string from the local witch. Each knot as it was unfastened brought an appropriate wind, and to unfasten all of them would result in a hurricane.

As is fairly well known the vessels of Latin countries carry an altar, as the Chinese junks carry a shrine, and appropriate prayers and offerings before these are made to obtain fair winds; to lessen the force of a storm; or to make the voyage prosperous. Shipmasters of some races throw coins into the sea when they first leave port, in hope of a favorable voyage.

All of this seems based on the belief the sea was a personal and often vindictive being. Your sailor is alone with his own thoughts during the long night watches, and he encounters phenomena that need explaining. He encounters waterspouts, tidal waves, sudden inexplicable squalls, week-long blinding fogs, strange phosphorescent fire-balls playing about the masts of nights, and queer mirages hovering along the horizon. Your old-time sailor thought the yellowish-green fire balls (St. Elmo's fire) were "corpse lights," the souls of the dead come to haunt him and foretell disaster again. The tidal waves were caused by a giant sea serpent that guarded the hatchways to Davy Jones' Locker. When the serpent moved around, all the ocean was disturbed. Waterspouts, so often destructive to smaller vessels, were also by some thought to be the serpent rearing up from the sea floor to devour what it could.

A sailor's life was grim, and the idea of Fiddlers' Green as a last resting place was of some comfort. No more storms, no more bucko mates or tough skippers; no more watch-and-watch. You found all your old shipmates in Fiddlers' Green; a girl for every man, good grub and all the liquor you could drink. Those who wanted to work could work, and those who didn't could just sleep and sleep. As on the Great Ship, the shipowners waited upon all hands, and passengers were available on call to run errands.

As with the Great Ship, it is Ben the Bosun who meets the sailor when he passes, and who takes him to Fiddlers' Green. There the Old Man of the Sea looks up his record in the Log Book. If the newcomer has faithfully done his duty, and has no black marks against him, he is qualified for Fiddlers' Green and all the joys thereof. If he has many black marks he is sent to Davy Jones' Locker where he must labor for an appointed length of time. If he happens to be entirely bad he remains there forever. A special part of the Locker is the Haven of the Lost Ships. Here are stacked all things that have traversed the seas, from the ancient catamarans and fire-hollowed canoes of the Youth of the World, to Roman galleys, and bluff-bowed East Indiamen, Yankee Clippers and wall-sided tramps. Right down to the very latest wreck. All neatly kept and cherished, for you can understand that a good sailor, for his souls' sake, must have a ship to tend, even in paradise.

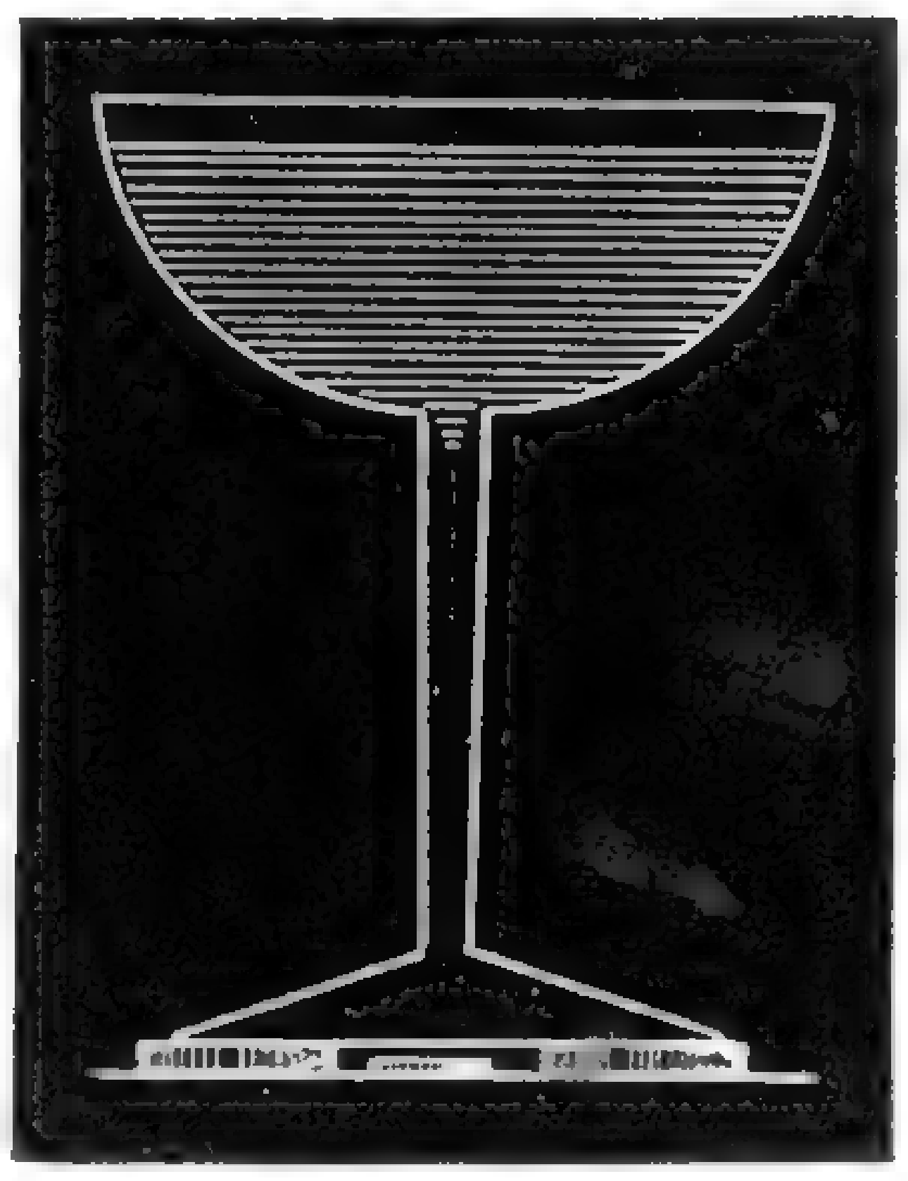
With the vanishing of sail from deep water a great deal of the old glamour and mystery of the sea

Checkpayers . . .

good for one free drink at the nearest bar

the Wager:

A wine glass is resting on two nickels, and a dime is slid between them; you offer to remove the dime without touching the glass or the nickels and without poking in after the coin with any instrument.



the Payoff:

Scratch the tablecloth in the direction of the weave and the dime will magically "walk" out from under.

slowly passed, partly aided by the growing literacy in the fo'c's'le, and partly by the speed and growth of the mechanized age which spared little time for contemplation. Still, something did survive through the transition.

This period was when your sailor was not only dubious about marine steam engines, but frequently downright hostile. The first transition ships were really just sailing vessels fitted with a paddle wheel. The men who served the early engines, who stood at the throttles, held the oil can and stoked the coal, were, with the exception of the necessary expert or two, just ordinary able seamen. And they took into the stokehold with them some of the ancient myths. Of necessity they had to make readjustments. The paradise of the black gang had to be different from that of the deckhand. So Fiddlers' Green, for them, became the Glory Hole, (the term for the black gangs' fo'c's'le) a vast stokehold and engine-room situated under the North Pole, and containing all the pleasures and delights the black gang could wish.

There was an enormous engine room, wherein stood specimens of every marine engine since Symington and Fulton had first monkeyed with steam; and upon these such engineers as had done their duty could work and tinker as they chose. The engineers who were guilty of ruining good machinery, deserting their posts, or mistreating poor stokers, were set to work trimming coal or polishing brasswork. Great boilers had to be kept with full heads of steam, for it was the duty of the Glory Hole to hold back the northern ice, and when great floes and bergs drifted south to imperil the shipping it was because the ice had got out of hand. The enormous and blinding northern fogs were steam escaping from the Glory Hole valves, and the Aurora Borealis was really the reflected glow of the huge boiler fires.

Here, as in Fiddlers' Green, there is a peculiar justness, where good trimmers and stokers can enjoy life, and the wicked ones must work and suffer. Here, too, are wenches and free liquor, and music and dancing, and the Keeper in charge is Casey Jones, brother of Davy Jones, because Casey was himself a Great Engineer, and has been adopted in song and story by the black gang. This is a curious instance of a purely and really modern American character fitting in very neatly with a body of world legend. The familiar words of the Casey Jones ditty have even been altered to fit the seas. As:

Casey said, Before I die
There's two more lines I'd like to
  try:
I've tried most all, but before I go
I'll hit Shaw, Savill and the P & O!

The names in the last line being those of prominent British shipping firms. As an old deck hand, however, I must confess to a lack of complete knowledge as to what the black gang has done with the old legends and superstitions. It will take an engineer, I suppose, to put that house in order.

One very ancient sea ceremony, which even the remotest land lubber has heard of, is that which occurs when a ship crosses the Line, the Equator. This, again, is a vestige of the old sacrifice to the sea. Originally deeply solemn, it became half-serious and half-farcial in the days of the clipper ships. Nowadays, of course, it is merely a roughhouse play staged for tourists. But in the recent past, while a sacrifice to the sea-god was little more than a gesture, this ceremony still retained a certain seriousness and was performed according to a fairly strict code. My grandfather, who was a carpenter in the Aberdeen White Star Line of Clippers, out of London for Australia, once described the ceremony to me in detail. He enacted the part of Neptune several times. It went this way:

Blind optimism is out for the duration of the war. It is O.K. to maintain that America can lick the Axis—but not with one hand behind her back.

At noon, promptly, approaching or on the Line, the ship was stopped. A stage had previously been rigged to hang over the bows (according to weather again) and from this first climbed Ben the Bosun; some grizzled a.b. all decked out as he thought best. He advanced to the foremast (this was and is the traditional point beyond which men not on duty may not go, a relic of the days when officers lived in fear of mutiny). Standing at the foremast Ben the Bosun would address the poop deck. "Is the master of this ship ready to welcome and pay tribute to Neptune, the Master of the Sea, so he gets good passage?"

The captain answered back: "The master of this ship is ready to welcome and pay tribute to Neptune, the Master of the Sea, so he gets good passage."

"Then come for'ard and welcome Neptune," Ben the Bosun would say and the captain, followed by all his officers, would solemnly pace the deck to the fo'c's'le-head. Then, over the bows from the stage would climb, first, Neptune's daughters, able seamen rigged out with rope-yarn wigs and canvas skirts. Then Neptune appeared, majestic in a rope-yarn wig and beard, with a tin crown on his head and a trident made from a broomstick or some other handy material in his hand. He would stand erect while the captain and all officers removed their caps, and the captain would say: "I welcome you, Neptune. The ship is yours. I pray you for a happy voyage." Neptune would condescend to bend his head, and would touch the captain with his trident. "You are a faithful son of the sea," he would say, "Your voyage will be happy. Have you any lubbers aboard?"

Then the captain would give the names of those who had never before crossed the Line.

There had previously been prepared a canvas tank filled with sea water, and a lovely bucket of galley-slush and tar. The initiates were lathered with this with a broom, and the Barber, an important man in Neptune's menage (sometimes Mother Carey was along and did this job), then painfully scraped the terrible mixture off with a huge razor made of hoop iron. After that the initiate was tossed into the canvas tank, and all but drowned before being declared a full-fledged sailor. In earlier times they strung the initiate by the feet and dipped him several times into the sea. Even captains and mates who could not prove they had crossed the Line before were not immune from this ceremony. And woe betide the skipper or mate who failed to play ball. He had grief on his hands all the rest of the voyage. Neptune Day was the sailors' day, and the privileges were recognized.

After the initiations had been completed the captain would politely invite Neptune aft for a glass of grog. And then he would present him with a bottle or two to share with the hands. It was done with all etiquette, accepted in the same way, and was an unconscious relic of the old pagan times. My grandfather asserted that a skipper who refused to take part in the rites, according to the custom, could never thereafter get another crew to sail under him.

Well, what of all this remains, the fears, beliefs and legends of old time? Friday remains a bad day to sail, and if you whistle in the fo'c's'le you are still liable to hear the shocked reprimand, Tush, boy! The Great Ship has gone and Fiddlers' Green; the Sea Serpent and Mother Carey. But remains, as always, the sailors' sense of humor. So I end as I began, with a fo'c's'le story, and this may, in time, become a legend too.

It appears there was a skipper, in charge of a large passenger vessel, who was very careless in his habits. He walked to the bridge rail one time and spat heartily upon the main deck. He happened to hit a lady, who looked up indignantly and said, "Sir!" The skipper never turned a hair. "Pardon me," he said politely, "I thought you were the second mate!" ###

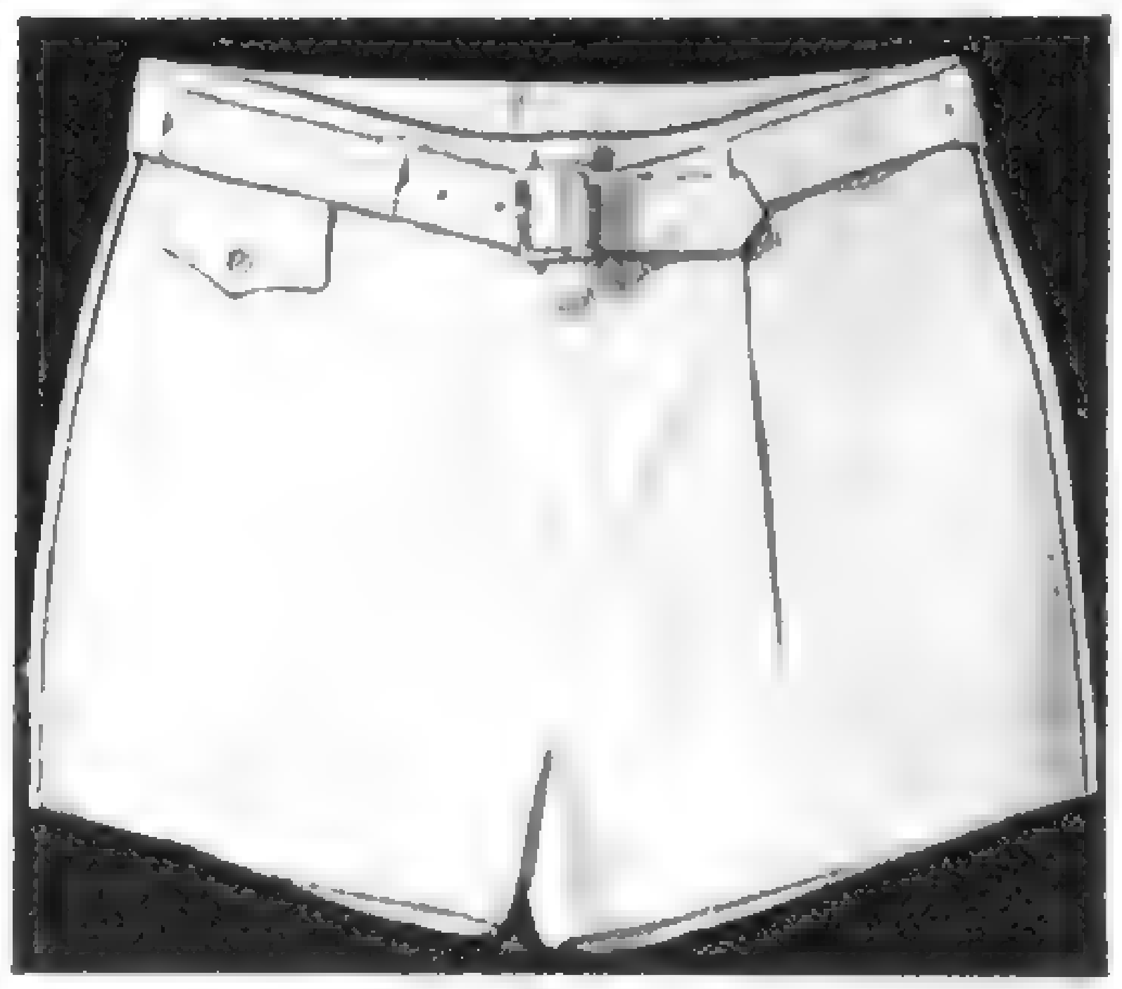
Give 'em the swim trunks they know Best!

GANTNER
WHITMAN POPLIN & Gabardines

WHITMAN . . America's finest poplins and gabardines! They'll double for swimming, sunning or sports! Faster-drying, water-repellent, Sanforized shrunk!

WHITMAN Poplin, crisp, Zelan finish. Trapeze supporter . . $3.50
WHITMAN Gabardines, salt-water-fast colors. Trapeze supporter $3.50
WHITMAN Gabardine Shorts, with belt, and button fly . . $3.50

Above; Lt. "Bob" Butt, U. S. C. G., in Whitman poplin swim trunks. Below; Gantner sport-length gabardines.



Gantner trunks . . $1.95 to $7.50 at better stores everywhere. Write for name of nearest dealer.

GANTNER-of-California, Dept. E
San Francisco Chicago 1410 Bdwy., NYC

Smith
SYNCHRO-FLEX
BRITISH WALKERS
MADE IN THE U.S.A.
SYNCHRO-FLEXIBLE

BE REFRESHED!

Patented construction makes these fine shoes so flexible they actually walk with you. Frictionless and pliant from the beginning, they ease foot-action, help you do your wartime job better, *refresh you* . . . Go PLUS-Shod; it's the V-standard.

High-style this summer: White Buck with Aztec Tan trim as shown. If you don't know where to get it write

J. P. SMITH SHOE COMPANY
Sangamon and Huron Streets
CHICAGO

Songs for This Time

Continued from page 39

And when the world lies in shambles,
And battle has ruined its face,
The devil we care for the wreckage,
For we shall rebuild it again.

We shall continue to march onward, etc.

And may the old scold and revile us;
Just let them rave and scream.
Let worlds rise against us,
We still shall victors remain.

We shall continue to march onward, etc."

German propagandists now, as during the World War, are publicizing songs expressing hatred but none of the new offerings is as forceful as the late Ernst Lissauer's "*Hymn of Hate Against England*." Though written in a few minutes at a Hamburg cafe table, this song with its refrain, "We love as one, we hate as one, we have one foe and one alone: England," was translated into nearly every language and was used against as well as in behalf of the German cause. An originally less well known World War naval song called "*Sailing Against England*" was a 1941 favorite of the German air force and can be heard on Berlin radio programs. One translation is:

"*Today a song we will sing,*
We'll drink the cool sweet wine
And let our glasses clink
For orders come to part.

Give me your hand, your dear white hand,
Farewell, my sweet, farewell;
Farewell, for we sail, farewell for we sail,
For we sail against England!

Our flag, see it wave from the mast
Of Germany's strength it speaks,
We want to halt at last
The Englishmen's sneering laugh.

Give me your hand, etc.

Should tidings come of my fall,
Of my sleep in ocean's floods,
Don't weep over me at all,
For the fatherland flows my blood.

Give me your hand, etc."

Another German air song is titled *Flieger sind Sieger* or *Flyers Are Victors*. It is easier to sing than some others and was heard last year in some of the theaters of the German section of New York City. Part of it may be translated as follows:

"*We chase through the air like Wotan's wild army*
We look through breaks in the clouds and thunder over the sea
We are carried high by the sway, well over hills and valleys,
When the propeller sings in the early morning sun.

Flyers are victors,
Are always ready,
Flyers are victors
For Germany's greatness."

There are other songs which reveal the German soldier, not as the invincible super-man of Nazi propaganda, but as a young man with the same weaknesses as soldiers of other nations. While on the march, he will sing Nazi tunes lustily as ordered; when free and on his own, he is likely to sing of girls and home. A recent favorite in this class is *Erika*. It may be recorded that a German World War song of many variations called *Annemarie* was the exact counterpart of the *Mademoiselle from Armentières* of the Americans and British. Some of the more innocent verses were these:

"*Annemarie, wo geht die Reise hin?*
Ich geh ins Staedtelein,
wo die Soldatan sein.

Eins, zwei, drei, ruck, zuck, ruck,
Annemarie!
Ich heisse Annemarie, ein jeder kennt mich schon,
Ich bin ja die Tochter vom ganzen Bataillon.

Annemarie, du hast'n Kind und keinen Mann.
Und hab' ich keinen Mann,
geht's keinen andern an.

Eins, zwei, &c.

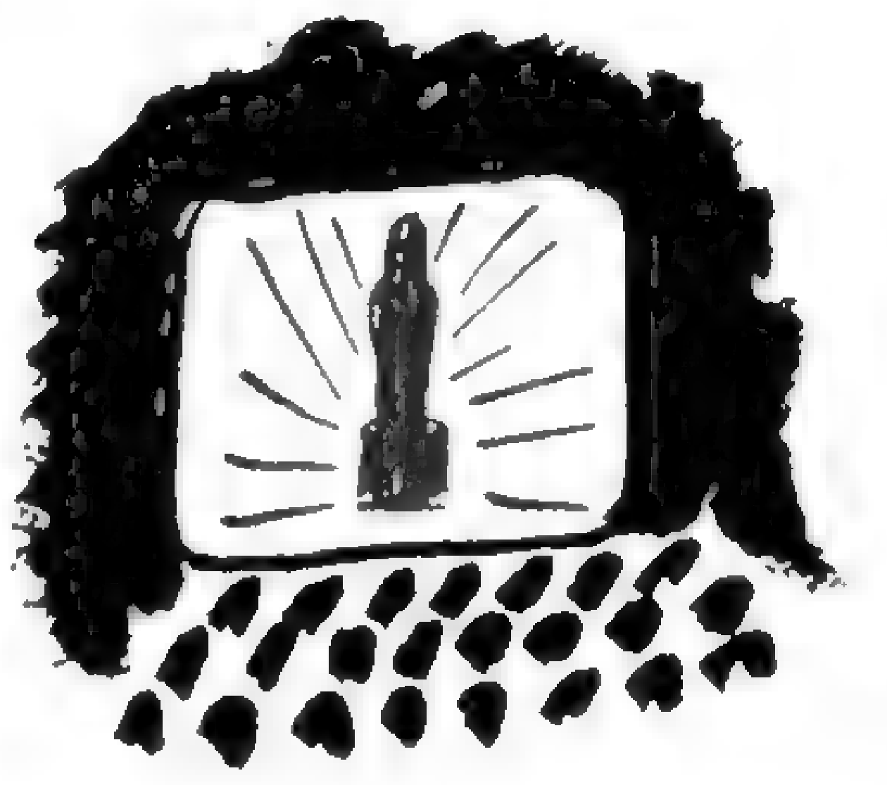
Annemarie, du bekommst ein Kindelein!
Krieg ich ein Kindelein,
sollst du der Vater sein.

Eins, zwei, &c.

Annemarie, wie heisst dein Kindelein?
Mein Kind heisst Waldemar,
weil es im Walde war

Eins, zwei, &c."

The meaning is about like this. Annemarie, whither are you going? I go to the town where the soldiers are. Annemarie, you've got a child but no husband. If I have no husband, that's nobody's business. Annemarie, you will have a child! If I have a child, you're the father. Annemarie, what's your child's name? My child's name is Woodrich because it happened in the woods. The refrain is: "My name is Annemarie, everyone knows me, because I am the daughter of the whole battalion."



It's a good thing they don't give Oscars to leading popular song writers. It would be pretty gruesome digging up Tschaikowsky every year.

In their weary moments, German soldiers often sing the older folk songs. One of these *Morgenrot*, is hardly the sort of thing to cheer the Nazi cause. In German it is:

"*Morgenrot, Morgenrot,*
leuchtest mir zum frühen Tod.
Bald wird die Trompete blasen,
dann muss ich mein Leben lassen,
ich und mancher Kamerad."

It can be translated: "Red dawn, red dawn! Thou shinest upon my premature death. Soon the trumpets will blare, and then I must lose my life, along with many of my comrades."

America's recent transition from peace to war can be traced in titles of songs like *My Sister and I, Goodbye, Dear, I'll Be Back in a Year, Thank Your Lucky Stars and Stripes*, and *He's 1-A in the Army and A-1 in My Heart*. The woman's division of the Committee to Defend America last year gave a prize to William A. Dillon of Ithaca, New York, for a new song *Me and My Uncle Sam*. Second honors were shared by Allie Wrubel of Hollywood for *My Own America* and Ralph Herrick of Boston with *Prepare America*.

Washington also gave the matter attention and the War Department issued a new official Army Song Book. Its sixty-seven songs do not include *Mademoiselle from Armentières* nor *Over There*, the great song which George M. Cohan composed on the way to his office the morning of America's entry into the first World War, but do offer about everything else a soldier might want to sing. A million and a half copies of the book were distributed last year. Alphabetically, the songs range from *Aloha* to *You're in the Army Now* and in tone from *God of Our Fathers* to *Let Me Call You Sweetheart* and the *Man on the Flying Trapeze*. The latest song included seems to be Irving Berlin's *God Bless America*, though he wrote it long before Kate Smith made it popular.

For a people that normally gives little thought to war or singing, Americans have always been well equipped with songs for soldiers. One of the earliest to be recorded was the ancient drinking song *How Stands the Glass Around?* General James Wolfe sang it for his officers on the evening of Sept. 12, 1759, before Quebec. The next day brought him victory and death. Some lines of his song are:

"*How stands the glass around?*
For shame, ye take no care, my boys;
How stands the glass around?
Let mirth and wine abound . . ."

The Revolution produced *Yankee Doodle*, and *Hail Columbia* was a product of the undeclared war with France in 1798. The War of 1812 contributed *The Star Spangled Banner* under well known circumstances. *America* was written in 1832 in peace time. Civil War soldiers fought with the help of *Dixie, Battle Hymn of the Republic, Marching Through Georgia* and others. For the Spanish-American War there was *There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight*.

Fighting men have written many of their own songs. The famous melodies sung at West Point and Annapolis have nearly all been composed by service men. Any army would be proud of *The Caisson Song* of the late General

Edmund L. Gruber composed when he was a lieutenant in the Fifth Field Artillery in 1908 after watching his batteries complete a difficult march in the Zambales Mountains of the Philippines. Every artilleryman, possibly every American soldier, has sung the words:

"Over hill, over dale, we have hit the dusty trail,
And those caissons go rolling along.
In and out, hear them shout:
'Counter march and right about.'
And those caissons go rolling along.

Then it's hi! hi! hee! in the field artillery,
Sound off your numbers loud and strong.
Where e'er you go, you will always know
That those caissons are rolling along.
Keep them rolling.
And those caissons go rolling along."

Copyright 1936 by Shapiro, Bernstein & Co., Inc. and printed by permission)

The Philippines are also represented in the Army Song Book by that nonsensical number, *The Monkeys Have No Tails in Zamboanga.*

But better known are some of the survivors in the book from the first World War. These include *Bombed*, sung to the tune of *One Keg of Beer, Tipperary, K-K-Katy, Where Do We Go From Here, There's a Long, Long Trail, Smiles, The Minstrels Sing of an English King* and *Columbo.* The printed versions of the last two, of necessity, have been cleaned up and new recruits must learn verbally just how the girl on the shore earned her ten thousand dollars.

Students of song like John J. Niles and Edward A. Dolph have found many American war songs translated or otherwise adopted by soldiers of other countries. The Japanese, who bombarded Hong Kong with *Home Sweet Home* and *Swanee River* along with bullets in December, have appropriated songs along with countless other things from the western world. They played the old American Civil War song, *Marching Through Georgia*, as they entered Port Arthur. This same song has also been sung in India and has been included in at least one British "Soldier's Song Book."

The United States, of course, has done a bit of borrowing in its patriotic music. As has been often pointed out *The Star-Spangled Banner* is sung to a French tune which became popular as an English drinking song honoring Anacreon, a long dead Greek poet. *America* is sung to the same notes as England's *God Save the King. Yankee Doodle* may have been an English, Dutch, Italian or Hungarian tune.

Some of America's stirring bugle calls have been traced even further. *Reveille* came from the French. *Taps* and *Tattoo*, originally *Tap-to*, seem to date from the Thirty Years War in Germany when they signalled the time for tavern keepers to turn off the beer taps. In this conflict, it has been noted, Martin Luther's *A Mighty Fortress Is Our God* was the war song of the soldiers of Gustavus Adolphus. The clear notes of *Retreat* are an inheritance from the Crusades and may have been heard by Godfrey of Bouillon besieging Jerusalem.

This dependence on the music of other nations is annoying to some Americans and causes them to offer prizes for new songs and tunes, but it is not a matter of the slightest concern for soldiers. If all is really fair in love and war, there is license for a soldier to pilfer good tunes whenever and wherever found.

"What a soldier sings," said the late Major General Leonard Wood, an able trainer of fighting men, "is not nearly so important as the fact of his singing." ⧺

Esquire on the Record

CAMPUS CHOICE

Bun's Restaurant
OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY
Delaware, Ohio

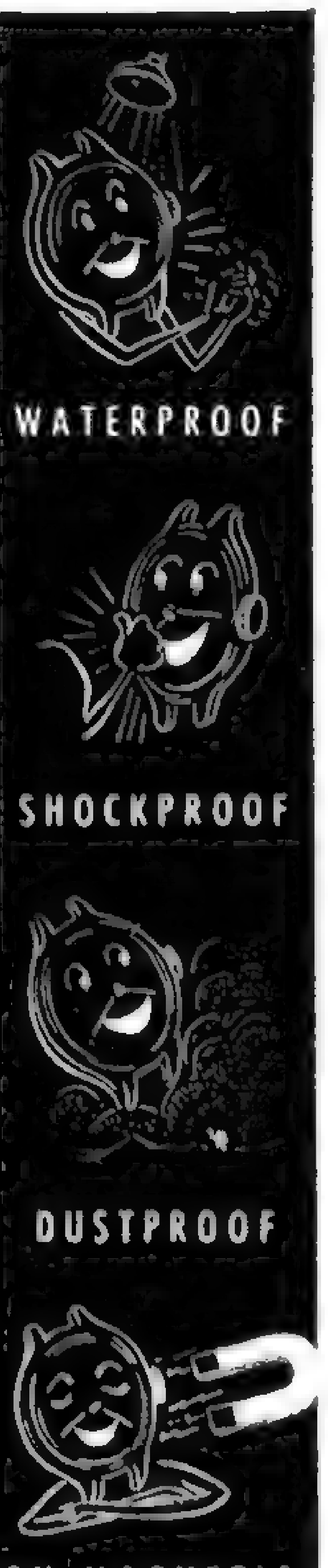
Blues in the Night; Woody Herman. Decca 4030	*I Said No;* Jimmy Dorsey. Decca 4102
How About You; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 27749	*'Tis Autumn;* Woody Herman. Decca 4095
By the Light of the Silvery Moon; Ray Noble. Columbia 36479	*Moonlight Cocktail;* Glenn Miller. Bluebird 11401
Rose O'Day; Woody Herman. Decca 4113	*Autumn Nocturne;* Glen Gray. Decca 4114
White Cliffs of Dover; Sammy Kaye. Victor 27704	*Ev'rything I Love;* Benny Goodman. Okeh 6516

The Sweet Shop
PURDUE UNIVERSITY
Lafayette, Ind.

Moonlight Cocktail; Glenn Miller. Bluebird 11401	*Blues in the Night;* J. Lunceford. Decca 4125
By the Light of the Silvery Moon; Ray Noble. Columbia 36479	*She Don't Wanna;* Orrin Tucker. Columbia 36490
A String of Pearls; Glenn Miller. Bluebird 11382	*I Don't Want to Walk Without You;* Artie Shaw. Victor 27746

WATERPROOF · SHOCKPROOF CROTONS
Rate High
for accurate timekeeping, rough wear!

AQUAMEDICO
(B) 9 Jewels . . . $24.95
(A) 17 Jewels . . . $33.50
AQUAMATIC
17 Jewels . . . $39.95



"Aquamedico" — indicates time to the second. Has luminous dial and stainless steel back . . . . "Aquamatic"—the watch that winds itself automatically. With all stainless steel case, $39.95; with yellow gold-filled top and stainless steel back, $49.50.

AT BETTER STORES OR WRITE DIRECT

CROTON FOR ALL TIME SINCE 1878
CROTON WATCH CO. · 48 W. 48th ST. · NEW YORK.

If you'd like Scotch without that distinctive peat smoke taste...
you're bound to like Old Bushmills IRISH WHISKEY because it's made like Scotch except for the peat smoke taste.

9 YEARS OLD
OLD BUSHMILLS
IRISH WHISKEY
A BLEND
100% IRISH WHISKIES
EST 1784

If you *do* belong to that small but sophisticated group which prefers imported whiskey *without* that peat smoke taste —try Old Bushmills! Delicate in body, delicious in taste.

STILL FAVORABLY PRICED
OLD BUSHMILLS
Light
IRISH WHISKEY —A BLEND
SINCE 1784 86 PROOF
NINE YEARS OLD
Use Old Bushmills in Highballs • Cocktails • Sours Straight and for the World's Finest Old Fashioned

Copyright 1941. National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y.

Rich

in Color

Style, Fabric

★ There is real satisfaction in choosing a fabric from hundreds . . . in selecting a style from dozens . . . in specifying *personal details* . . . especially when for such tailoring luxuries you pay nothing extra. This year have your clothes

MADE TO YOUR MEASURE

★ Clothes that *fit* you flatter you. They also give more months of graceful wear. A Simpson Tailoring man will gladly bring fabrics and fashions to your home or office. Get acquainted soon!

A New Style for Fall
Smart As Ever!

FREE! Full color illustrated Fabric and Fashion Brochure
Write Dept. E-6

J.B. SIMPSON, INC.
Simpson Bldg., Chicago

See your local classified directory for display rooms in your city.

★ SIMPSON CLOTHES

Keep C-O-O-L
Look "SUPER"
Wear
Air-Conditioned
California
MESH
Patent Pending

Shown: Bailey's exclusive Cal-Net Band and perforated leather invite cool breezes to "fan your brow."

Breeze through summer in a handsome feather-weight California Mesh, the new airy-weave *fabric* hat that mates perfectly with all your summer clothes.

Choose yours today from three long-lasting, comfortable shapes, in natural and "Summer-tone" Shades, with smart, colorful bands. $3.50 and $5.00 at your favorite store.

Laboratory tests prove that California Mesh resists the sun's discoloration—doesn't get brittle, doesn't crack.

★ ★ ★
THE ALL-AMERICAN FAVORITE
MADE THE AMERICAN WAY BY
Bailey of Hollywood

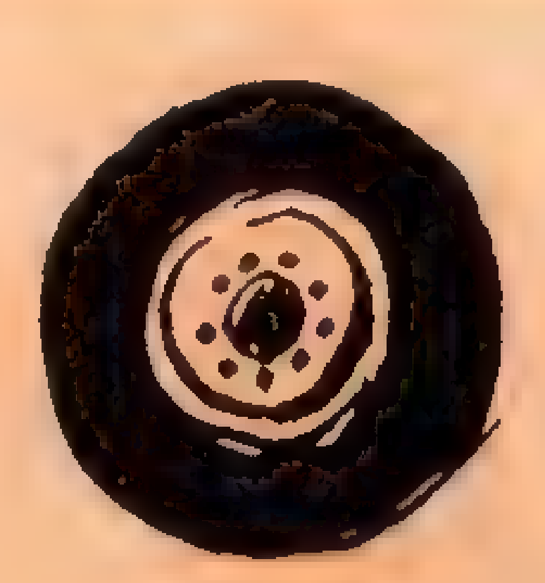
GEORGE S. BAILEY HAT CO., LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Brown Dynamite—Short Fuse

Continued from page 42

then in company with mastodon and giant buffalo. Nowadays the gold dredges wash the horns of the buffalo and the curved tusks of the mastodon down from the frozen gravel beds. That's all that's left of them. But the brownie is still here, a furry monster watching you from the bar of a salmon stream, standing straight as a man.

The odds are probably better than twenty to one that the brown bear won't charge if you play your cards right. The chances are he'll pick up his salmon and turn and make off across the meadow and leave you to your fishing. But there's also the chance that he won't. That's why the guide brought the .30-06 along.



Conservation

Tires should be changed at least twice a year—and so should radio gags about them.

There are wild animal romanticists who would have you believe that the brownie is a timid giant of a bear; that he flees at the first cold smell of a man's tracks. On the other hand, there are those—and a few of 'em live in Alaska—who look upon him as a vicious brute, filled forever with the lust to murder. As a matter of fact the brown bear is neither. He's a big, brown skinful of dynamite; and he's timed with a short fuse! You can be around dynamite a long time and be in no danger if you treat it right. The brownie is like that. But don't light his fuse. It burns down fast!

Get one idea fixed in your mind before you ever sail for Alaska. The odds are better than ten to one the Big Fellow won't be afraid of you. He doesn't have to be. He's first lord and prime minister of the high slopes, the alder patches, the trails in the devil's club, the meanest barrier to foot travel in the temperate zones of the world. And he knows it. No critter the size of you is going to give him any bad minutes just because it happens to walk on two legs. Don't count on the brownie loping off at the scent or sight of you. Whatever he does, it's unlikely he'll show fear.

Of course if you smash a soft-nose slug into a brownie and fail to put him down and anchor him you can look for trouble. The charge of a wounded brownie is something you aren't likely to forget in one lifetime. He comes roaring, scrambling like a terrier, fully as fast as a horse can run. He isn't fooling. He's coming to kill. If you let him make it to within twenty-five or fifty feet it takes pretty good shooting to pull you out of the hole. You've got to knock him off his feet, break him down.

A heart shot won't do at all. A brownie with an exploded heart will keep coming for more than fifty feet. A head shot is better, but not too good. The brownie has a thick skull. If your slug strikes at a flat angle it may glance off and no more than crease the bear.

We had a little brush with an old sow brownie above Morzhovoi bay last summer; three of us with a motion picture camera, a still camera and a .30-06. She had a trio of cubs along, and we blundered into her on a rock slide at seventy-five feet. The cubs made a break for it; she swung her meat block of a head around, saw 'em running and decided she'd better go along and look after 'em.

Jack Benson, wild life agent from Kodiak, was carrying the rifle—and the lives of two men besides his own—that afternoon. When the show was over and the four bears were splashing through the little stream down in the bottom of the canyon I asked Jack where he'd place his shot in a case like that.

"In the shoulder right alongside the neck," he said. "At about twenty-five feet. There's always a chance you can talk 'em out of it, up to then. Anything closer than that is the real McCoy, and calls for shooting."

The shoulder shot breaks big bone, knocks the bear down and throws him off the line of his charge. If he gets up, he's lost the use of one front leg. That gives you time to smash the other shoulder or the spine or a hind leg, or finish him with a neck or head shot.

Most of the brown bear accidents result from crippling a bear and failing to finish him. "Don't try to surprise 'em," Frank Dufresne, executive officer of the Alaska Game Commission, warned me last summer. "Don't sneak up on 'em. If you see a bear, let him see you about the same time. Don't get down on your belly and crawl through the grass or brush and bust out on him at a hundred feet. If you're going to stalk him walk up on him in plain sight. Let him know you're a man. You may miss a few pictures that way, but you'll miss some other things, too."

I've never forgotten what Stewart Edward White said many years ago, after considerable experience in brownie country. He estimated that maybe there was one brown bear in twenty that's bad. The other nineteen will go their way and let you go yours if you give them half a chance. But the twentieth is a trouble maker, spoiling for a fight. And remember, as White warned, they don't come in mathematical order.

That's why Alaskan game laws require you to be accompanied by a licensed guide, if you're a nonresident, in hunting Droopy Drawers, whether you use a gun or a camera. That's why your guide tags along wherever you go in bear country, toting a rifle big enough for the business.

There's a brown bear skull in the offices of the Alaska Game Commission in Juneau that tells an interesting story. A section of the upper jaw carrying one of the big canine teeth isn't attached to the rest of the skull. Sometime, maybe a couple of years before he was killed, this brownie tangled with another bear and got pretty badly mauled in the fracas. The broken section of jaw is about as big as the palm of your hand. It was split off, likely by a swipe of a paw, carrying the big tooth with it. The fracture never healed. The fragment of bone was floating in a loose pad of cartilage when the bear was shot. The tooth jutted straight out, horizontal. The corresponding tusk on the lower jaw, working against the badly seated mate, had grooved it deeply, worn it about half through.

From the minute he came out of that fight the old bear must have been in pain day and night until he died, many months later. He was shot finally in the neighborhood of a cannery. The cannery crew saw him quite a number of times before he was killed. They had a name for him. They called him the Grumbler. Wherever he went and whatever he was doing, he growled and mumbled low in his throat, giving sullen voice to his discomfort and the dull anger that never died out of him after his jaw was broken. That bear would have been bad luck for anybody who crossed his trail.

The brown bear is a great trophy. But he's even better in another way. If you want to get the last word in thrills from a bear hunt, bring your brownie home in film. There is neither season nor bag limit to restrict that brand of hunting. You'll need a guide, of course, and he'll back you with a rifle. It'll be a hunt you'll remember.

I put a dozen brownies on film in one afternoon last summer. I was within easy gun range of every one of the twelve. We made our initial contact with a big boar at a hundred feet. Both of us were sort of astonished. Then there was the old sow that was twenty-five paces away when her cubs broke and ran. You can't beat a day like that. A thousand feet of motion picture film is easier to pack down off the mountain than a brownie pelt, and it's good for more thrills when you get home.

One thing puzzles everybody who has met this giant in his own dooryard. It'll puzzle you the first time you invade his range. That's how an animal his size manages to find a living in the bleak country where he roams.

He comes out of his winter den around the end of April and he has two months to wait before the salmon run begins and he moves down to the streams for the great feast of the late summer. His home in the high mountains is all rock slides and snow fields, mossy alpine meadows and icy creeks. Where does an animal of his bulk get enough to eat?

The answer lies in the fact that like all bears he eats what he can get and grows fat on it. He pastures in the mountain meadows in April and May, cropping grass as contentedly as a farmyard cow. He nuzzles up dry berries in the moss. He spends an hour and a lot of energy digging a parka squirrel out from under a rock, and gets for his pains a bit of red meat so small he doesn't even bother to chew it. He paws mice out of their burrows, digs skunk cabbage roots, wanders down to the beach and feeds on kelp. If he can find a dead seal he makes a meal in keeping with his size.

Then it's June or July and the salmon run starts, and he moves down to the streams and for the rest of the summer life is far better than a bowl of cherries. In August the salmonberries ripen, and the huckleberries and red elder, and he adds dessert to fish. Long before the first snow is whirling down on the high slopes he is fat and ready for his long winter sleep.

If you are a big game hunter it may interest you to know something about the size of Alaska's brownie population and your chances of getting one. Frank Dufresne ventures the estimate that there may be close to 30,000 brown bears and grizzlies in Alaska, the brownies limited to the coastal mountains and islands, the grizzlies scattered over the interior wherever the right kind of country is found.

A few years back Dufresne and his game men decided to attempt a census of the bears on Admiralty Island. They knew that no two bears leave identical tracks. So they followed the bear trails, combed the alder patches, walked the beaches. Wherever they found bear tracks they made plaster casts of them. When the job was done they counted the casts of different bears, eliminating the duplications. They arrived at a figure they reasoned wasn't so far from the right one.

There's one factor in the brownie's favor in Alaska. The greater share of his range is better suited to growing bears than anything else. In a few districts he conflicts with other interests. On Kodiak island, for example, there's some cattle ranching. And once a brownie develops a taste for fresh beef he's not exactly an ideal neighbor in cattle country. He'll kill a thousand-pound bull as easy as a day-old calf, and drag it a mile up the mountain as if he had it on greased skids.

But the trouble spots are few and far between and the wildlife agents of Alaska are getting things pretty well ironed out between cattlemen and bears. Most folks in Alaska nowadays don't want to see the brownie go downhill. Therein lies bright hope for his future, save on Kodiak island where a big military base seems likely to upset the applecart.

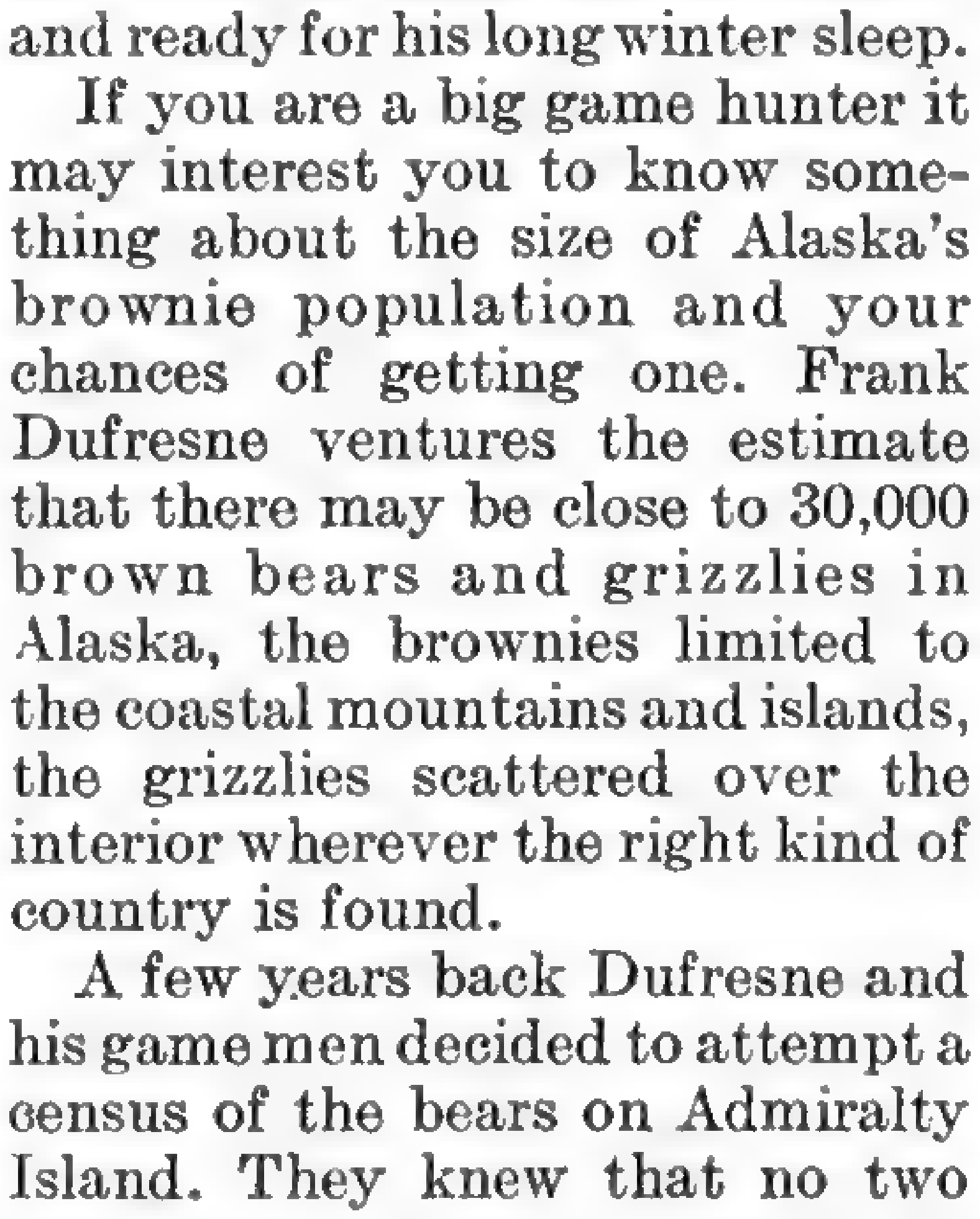
As for the hunter's chances of killing a brownie, they're hard to predict. Not everybody turns the trick, but the per cent of failures is low if you go about it right.

A friend of mine spent four weeks in Alaska on a spring bear hunt a few years back and saw one brownie. He didn't get within a vertical mile of that one. The next year he went back for six weeks to another district, with a partner, and the two of them saw more than fifty bears. They trailed five, hand-picked by the guides for their size and pelts. They killed four.

Two things you require for an Alaskan bear hunt. One is a licensed guide; the other is a nonresident license. For that you will lay fifty iron men on the line.

The game officials of Alaska tell you frankly they don't intend a visiting sportsman is going to take a brownie pelt out of the territory unless he leaves somewhere in the neighborhood of a thousand dollars behind him, in travel cost, license fee, guide hire and other incidentals. They reason every brownie is worth that much on the hoof to the territory, and they don't propose to put him on the bargain counter. For my part I have no quarrel with their viewpoint. I'll agree fast enough the brownie is worth a thousand bucks of any man's money. I have only one objection to register. I can't escape the conviction that it's poor policy to sell to residents of Alaska for one dollar a license to kill that same thousand-dollar bear. A brownie shot by a resident is exactly as dead as one killed by an outsider. In both cases the hunter has drawn a sight draft on the biggest deposit in the wildlife bank of Alaska. The privilege is worth more than one buck. Big game shouldn't come that cheap.

The Alaskan brown bear is the greatest animal in the game fields of the New World. If you are an American sportsman you have a stake in his future. Keep an eye on him, as the years go by. Make sure nobody overdraws the account! #



Blue, red, yellow, and white native design sport shirt is worn with dark blue gabardine jacket by Mr. G. MacCallough Miller.

For Putting Or Puttering . . .

Comfortogs
BY THE MAKERS OF
WINGS

Perfect outfits for leading the life of Riley . . . and looking mighty smart while you're doing it. Tailored the way you like them . . . with generous fullness and easy, ever-so-casual lines. Cool, cool fabrics that are fast to sun . . . fast to washing, guaranteed not to shrink.

Slack Suits, Sport Shirts, Leisure Coats and Water Repellent Jackets are moderately priced.

For your Social Security see the smart new patterns in WINGS the shirts with custom-type tailoring features and the Guardian collar. In all your favorite collar styles.
$2.00 $2.25

PIEDMONT SHIRT COMPANY, GREENVILLE, S. C.

Don't mix 'em!

Just pour 'em!

Don't bother making 'em!

Just *enjoy* 'em! Keep two or three kinds of *Heublein's Club Cocktails* on hand for your guests (and for yourself, when you want a quick one!)

6 REASONS WHY

1. No messing—no guessing.
2. You just add ice and serve.
3. Absolutely highest *quality*.
4. Absolutely authentic recipes.
5. Six kinds, to please all tastes.
6. No waste. (*Unused cocktails in bottle keep like any other liquor.*)

FREE: Write for *Club Party Book* of wonderful snack recipes. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Dept. K6, Hartford, Conn.

65 proof

HEUBLEIN'S *Club* COCKTAILS

ALWAYS READY—ALWAYS RIGHT!

HEUBLEIN'S
THE CLUB
MANHATTAN
COCKTAILS

Wear a BUDDY POPPY

VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS

OF THE UNITED STATES

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 81

troops in this unusual fashion:

"Five thousand balloons, capable of raising two men each, could not cost more than five ships of the line; and where is the prince who can afford so to cover his country with troops for its defense as that ten thousand men descending from the clouds might not in many places do an infinite deal of mischief before a force could be brought together to repel them?"

As I have had occasion to give so much space recently to discussions of chess, let me recommend a slender book that has just appeared, *Chess for Fun and Chess for Blood*, by Edward Lasker, with illustrations by Maximilian Mopp. The book is dedicated "To those who prefer the rapier to the bludgeon," and Mr. Lasker begins by printing nine letters from prominent persons in various walks of life, in which they state the reasons why they love chess. Mr. Lasker has won the chess championship of London and of New York and of Chicago and of the Western States and has a most attractive way of writing about the game, his remarks being well salted with humor.

And just as I was preparing to write this notice of his book came the sad news of the sudden death of one of the greatest chess champions who ever lived, José R. Capablanca, who was world's champion from 1921-1927, who played an admirable game of chess at the age of four, and who was the title holder of his native land, Cuba, at the age of twelve. On Saturday night, March 7th, Mr. Capablanca, who had served many years in the diplomatic service for Cuba, dropped in at the Manhattan Chess Club in New York and without taking off his overcoat sat down and watched a game of chess between two of his friends. While he was talking and joking with them, he was stricken with a cerebral hemorrhage and never regained consciousness. Mr. Capablanca was not only famous all over the world but was universally admired and respected.

Sigrid Undset, the distinguished Norwegian novelist and winner of the Nobel Prize in literature, has done some first class reporting in her new book, *Return to the Future*, translated by Henriette C. K. Naeseth. This book of 250 pages is divided into five parts: Norway, Spring 1940; Sweden, Summer 1940; Fourteen Days in Russia; Japan en Passant; and Return to the Future.

The book is marked by Scandinavian patriotism, thoroughly warmed by a burning love for Norway and the Norwegians. She loves that country and its inhabitants, and indeed until the Germans took possession of it, it was one of the most civilized countries in the world. The separation from Sweden without a war is, in my opinion, the most astounding political revolution since the British constitutional victory in 1688. Both were complete and final, and both absolutely dry—not a drop of blood. Sweden and Norway proved that it was possible to make the most enormous changes without recourse to arms.

According to Miss Undset, "Crimes of violence have been rarer than in any other country in Europe, and they roused our terror and abhorrence; in Norway every small murder became a topic of talk among the people for years." She says that during the fifty-eight years of her own life no death sentence was executed in Norway.

Well, when the Germans came, she had to leave, and she describes that tragic event with the skill of a first-class writer. In reading, I felt as if I were actually present in Norway, seeing the things that happened; and I felt as the Norwegians must have felt, that it must be a bad dream, that it could not be real. She made her escape into Sweden, and no fantastic novel could show more of the excitement of suspense and action; and yet, although these things were happening to her, she writes with extraordinary objectivity. To me one of the most amazing things was her ability to sleep whenever there was a chance to do so. She must have wonderful nerves.

The escape was made into Swedish Lapland. They call it spring there when to Americans it would seem to be mid-winter. She calls it "Spring as we Nordic people know and love it," although everything was covered with snow.

The new diagonal overplaid mesh cotton shirt, red and white against navy blue, worn by Baron George Wrangel.

When she came to enter Russia, she carried a pillow and pillow case and soap, but she says, "Two rolls of toilet paper turned out to be the most valuable of all." She was fortunate not only in getting reservations on July 13th in the airplane from Stockholm to Moscow but also from there across Russia and Siberia and on the steamship *President Cleveland* to San Francisco.

I wish every American who believes in Communism would read the chapter, *Fourteen Days in Russia.* Our author does not condemn the Russians or condemn Communism; she simply describes without any excitement the way people live in Russia and in Siberia. It is astonishing that the majority of them can live at all. To an American such conditions would seem impossible. In commenting on this I am fully aware of the magnificent fight that Russia has been carrying on against our common foe and of the invaluable help that she, as our ally, is giving to the great cause; but just as I think we have no business to suggest to Russia any change in her form of government, so I think we do not need any change in ours.

The last part of her book consists a good deal in speculation about the future, but the title *Return to the Future*, finds its verification in the U.S.A. It is important to remember this: that democracy as we understand and practice it belongs for us *to the future*. America is still the land of opportunity. This paragraph which she wrote just before taking the steamship across the Pacific is worth remembering.

> "So I knew even before Hans and I went on board the *President Cleveland*, which was to take us to San Francisco—let America be as different from Europe as it will, the United States has its own cultural forms, widely different from those of western Europe, of which it once was a scion. All the same, it was not only in body that we came nearer our own country each day the boat carried us over the Pacific Ocean, and the train took us from California to New York. After having fled from the Nazi invasion in Norway, through Soviet Russia and Japan, I knew that to come to America would still be to start the homeward journey. Now it is only across America that the road leads back to the future—that which we from the European democracies call future."

Let no one think this is just another travel book, or just a diary describing what an intelligent person saw. It reveals the life in Norway and Sweden and in Russia and Japan, a book more important than many hotly advertised works that claim a mo-

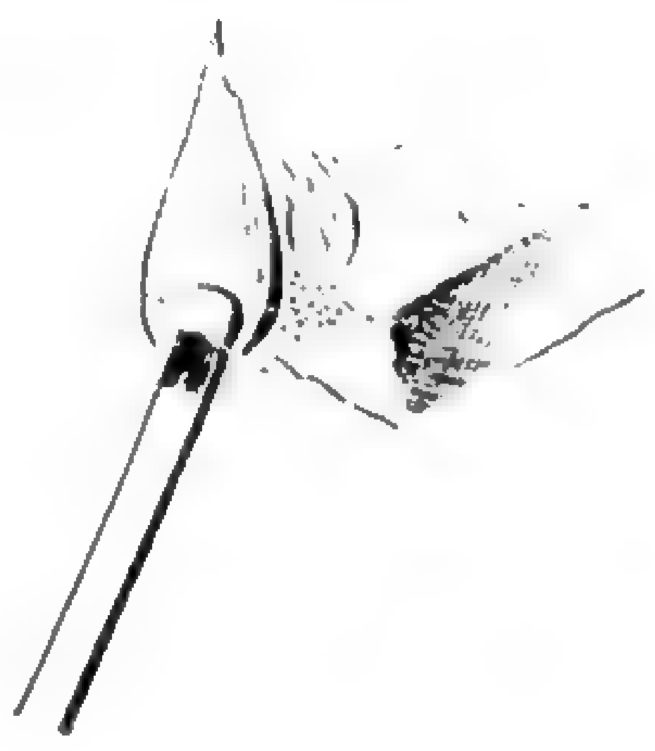
Checkpayers . . .

good for one free drink at the nearest bar

the Wager: That you can set fire to a lump of sugar.

the Payoff: Dip the corner of the sugar in cigarette ash and apply a lighted match at that point.

(*Conservation Note:* In addition to paying for the drinks, the loser must agree to go without two lumps of sugar to make up for the one spoiled.)



nopoly of the inner truth. The fact that it is steadily underwritten makes it more impressive.

Politically she is a Progressive; her views are based fully as much on her religious convictions as on her political outlook, but I wonder if the following lines are strictly historically true.

". . . And when the German peasants at the time of the Reformation rose in revolt against their oppressors, inspired by the religious unrest of the time, which made them read in the Bible the teaching about the equality of God's children even here on earth, then Martin Luther was the most high-voiced in preaching holy war against the peasants. He went so far in his zeal that he forgot as well his own teachings of the worthlessness of good deeds—promised the nobles that God would reward their work of strangling the peasant insurrection in peasant blood."

As Goethe was one of the four greatest world poets of all time, I have no hesitation in recommending a new book—even though it might seem to be inopportune. Books about Goethe are detached from time and circumstance; and I myself take an especial delight in reading a new book about him in 1942. *Goethe and the Greeks* is by an Englishman now fighting in the army, Humphry Trevelyan. This young gentleman is a son of the famous professor of history at Cambridge University, George M. Trevelyan. Although about thirty, he has for years made a special study of Goethe, coming to America a few years ago in order to pursue his researches in what is probably the greatest Goethe collection outside of Weimar in the world, the Speck division in the Yale University Library. This book successfully endeavors to show the precise relation of Goethe to Greek literature and Greek art. It shows how well he knew the Greek language and what an enormous influence Greek life, mythology, and art had on his own mental development and on the works he produced under that influence. Everyone who reads Goethe has noticed the change from the stormy and passionate writing of his youth to the Olympian calm of his later years. It is very remarkable how he seemed to take the best from every influence that affected him, and this book by Mr. Trevelyan, which is not long and easily readable, is an important contribution to the vast number of scholarly works on this subject. Goethe is unique. The books that he wrote are more valuable than anything in German.

One of the most original murder stories I have ever read is *Death in the Inkwell* by Jefferson Farjeon, grandson of Joseph Jefferson, the actor. I shall leave it to readers to decide whether what happens in it is actual or the shadow of a dream. Arthur Bartlett Maurice, whose critical articles I have enjoyed for many years, has written a genuine melodramatic romance in *The Riddle of the Rovers.* This is a murder story with quite new treatment in an old frame, and I hope that this able author will follow up this success with others. Another murder story unlike anything I have ever read before and absolutely terrifying is *Footsteps Behind Her* by Mitchell Wilson. This begins quietly in a bus travelling in the Middle West, and the passengers seem almost absurdly harmless. Yet out of this group of people who seem so considerate, so kind, there develops cold horror. Then the story increases with terrific cumulative force so that it becomes almost unbearable. Frank Gruber, who has given me so much delight during the last two years with his marvelous pair, Johnny Fletcher and Sam Cragg (brains and brawn), has surpassed his best previous efforts in *The Mighty Blockhead.* This is filled with wild excitement and with a great deal of jolly diversion.

Here is a book in a beautiful limited edition (750 copies) that will be of special interest to readers of Esquire, *The One-Eyed Poacher of Privilege,* by Edmund Ware Smith, illustrated by A. Lassell Ripley. All these stories come from the first Uncle Jeff Coongate story which appeared in Esquire in 1936. Since that time Uncle Jeff has certainly become one of the most popular fiction characters in this magazine, which I intend as a tremendous compliment, as the competition seems to me to be of a very high order. There must be many readers of Esquire who would be glad to have these collected stories. And certainly the publishers have given these works of art a most beautiful dress. #

432 THOUSAND GOOD TURNS A DAY
This is a magnified view of the heart of a Girard-Perregaux watch. Large as it appears here, the balance wheel is actually less than half the size of a dime—weighs little more than the thousandth part of an ounce. *Yet, this delicate mechanism makes 432,000 turns a day, year after year, without a pause! . . .* This is only one of the 175 microscopically perfect parts which combine to make Girard-Perregaux one of the world's most accurate instruments. . . . If you are interested in the fascinating story of watches, write for your copy of the brochure, "What's in a Fine Watch?"

GIRARD-PERREGAUX • DEPT. E • ROCKEFELLER CENTER • N.Y.
In Canada: Dominion Square Building, Montreal

17 jewels . . . priced from $35 . . . featured by leading jewelers.

GIRARD-PERREGAUX
fine watches since 1791

Beauty that is the
NATURAL BEAUTY
of Tufraw
GENUINE RAWHIDE LUGGAGE

Less auto travel. *More* travel by train and plane. People *see* your luggage *now. How* it looks is important. Tufraw Genuine Rawhide Luggage will compliment you. The beauty of its natural markings, and its individuality will always make the right impression. It is also economical, because it gives long wear and satisfaction.

Ask for Tufraw at better shops and stores

Tufraw Genuine Rawhide is made by Gutmann and Company, Inc., Chicago

RUN ALONG, SUGAR!

I've found a better 'n ever Collins* and it's made with 7-up!

Boy, what a taste thrill—this tall, chilled 7-UP Collins! And it doesn't take one grain of sugar from the week's slim supply.

Next time you're in a mixing mood, try a sparkling 7-UP Collins. We think you'll call it the most refreshing summer drink ever—and it's so-o-o easy to make!

THE 7-UP COLLINS*
AND HOW IT GOES

1 Jigger of Gin
1 Ounce of Lemon Juice
¾ Glass of ice

Fill glass with 7-UP, *slowly*, without stirring. Garnish with a cherry—and *sip*. Ah-h-h, is *that* delicious!

7up
REG U.S. PAT OFF

about face!

Fashion has pulled an about face for many a man these days—that's why Esquire's Dress Manual, the handy new Esquire guide to right dress for all occasions, includes a double-page spread showing correct uniforms for Army, Navy and Marine officers.

But for those of you who are doing your part *behind* the lines, fashion *is* face. Don't lose it! Keep smiling—in dress and manner—by being sure that your clothes are correct at all times. And keep those clothes smiling, too, by following Esquire's all-important tips on how to make shoes, hats, suits last longer.

All the vital day-to-day fashion information Esquire's staff has been collecting through years of experience in answering your individual dress queries . . . all the do's and don'ts that go to make appearance and morale synonymous are collected into this one compact volume.

25c will save you dollars and doldrums when it goes for this 24 page, fully illustrated guide to correct garb. Send for your copy of Esquire's Dress Manual—today!

Esquire

919 n. michigan ave., chicago, ill.

Masters' Conference

Continued from page 29

Watson fiercely.

"Now, now shentlemen," broke in Hansen "Have some more yin."

And so glasses chinked once more and amid many expressions of gratitude to their host the guests began to depart.

"Them sort o' blokes is what I calls alleys," said Smith as he came down the gangway "not like them bleedin' French b—"

"Oh yes," broke in Rees and hurried back to the *Cardiff Rose*. He clambered aboard and called out down the engine-room grating.

"All ready, Itwal?"

By way of reply, the small figure of Idwal Davies, his chief engineer, appeared looking even blacker than usual and holding the inevitable piece of greasy cotton waste. He signified he was ready and an hour later the ship was steaming slowly across the bar. Ahead of her in single line lay the big tanker the *Thorrold* and the little London collier, behind and coming from their various anchorages were half a dozen or more ships of all shapes and sizes each nosing her way into line as if she had all day to do it yet somehow taking up her appointed place with that imperceptible speed so deceiving to the landsman. At the head of the line lay the *Dandy*, rakish, alert, waiting for her charges to clear the harbor.

The procession moved slowly on, Rees picked up his cup of tea laid before him by his faithful steward, cook, assistant Lewis gunner and general handy man, Ben Williams, now nearing his seventieth year—if the South Wales Shipping Federation had but known it! A wise old man was Ben and of great experience.

"Things iss much too quiet, skipper," he announced solemnly. "There's trouble ahead."

"The Commander didn't think so, Ben."

"An' what do they navy men know?" asked Ben spitting contemptuously into the sea.

Rees was forced into a smile—"Keep a look out for Spray Head, Ben," he said, "I'm just going below a minute."

Ben nodded assent—in fifty-three years at sea he had never been heard to say "aye aye Sir." "Too much like they ploody navy men," he would always declare.

He peered into the gathering darkness and was soon persuading himself he could see Spray Head on the starboard bow, whether he could or not it was evidently there for the deep zoom of the tanker's siren sounded two long blasts, every alternate ship pulled out abreast of her consort and within fifteen minutes or so the convoy had formed itself into two columns and was forging on into the night.

Meanwhile Rees was pacing slowly up and down his cabin and looking intently now at the walls, now at the roof. It was every bit as good as Hansen's, he was thinking. Suddenly he stopped short, went out on to the deck and with an agility unusual in a man of his size he swung himself onto the cabin roof.

It was a calm night and very dark but he could just make out the shapes of the *Thorrold* ahead and the tanker out to starboard.

He stood still for a moment; then, the silence and his thoughts were broken by the faintest hum from the sky, now rising now falling and then dying away. So they were about already. He jumped to the deck, dashed aft and down the iron ladder into the engine room.

"More speed, Itwal," he shouted above the din.

"What for?" retorted Idwal, indignant at this sudden invasion of his domain.

"We're doin' eight now—convoy's speeds only sefen!"

"I'm the master of this ship, Itwal Davies!" roared Rees, "I order you to gif her more speed!"

"By God, man, she cannot do it, I tell you!"

"Then screw the safety valfs down!"

"Haf you gone mad, Mr. Rees, I'll not do it, I say!"

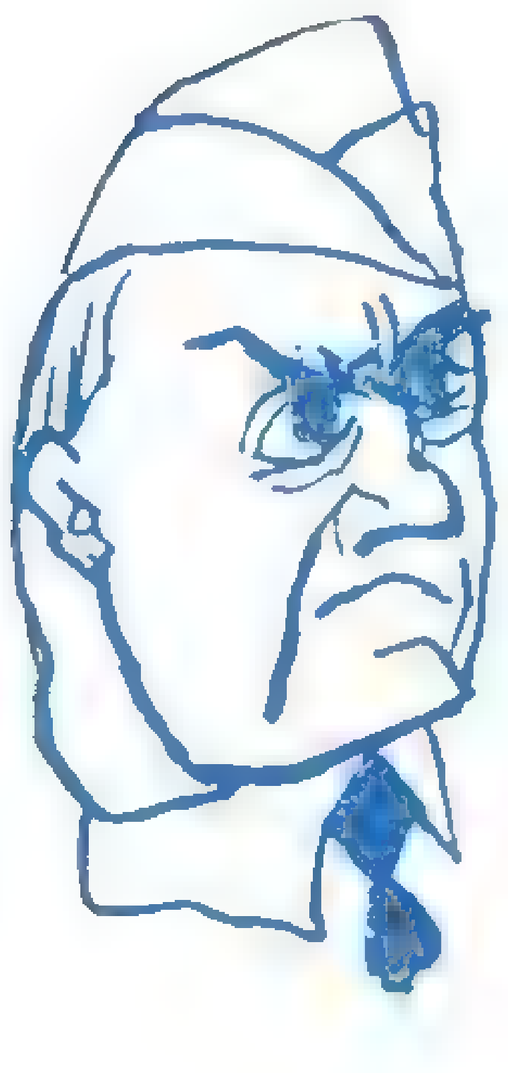
"Then I will, Mr. Engineer!"

"Will you indeed!" shrieked Idwal, making a flying leap at Rees to prevent him reaching his objective.

Rees saw red. He also saw Idwal coming. His left flashed out straight and strong. Idwal crashed to the iron floor and lay still.

In a matter almost of seconds Rees was back on the bridge and seizing the wheel he swung the *Cardiff Rose* out of line and

Debatable Point



"Sure, I know this is war and all that, but after all them other guys are human."

"Bunk! They're a bad lot, and every other common soldier in this army feels just the way I do about it."

"Yeah, but I mean lots of them are probably good to their families and kind to animals just like us. I mean after the war we have to—"

"Balogney! I'm telling you for the last time that I hate every blankety-blank—!!-x-!!c¶-$-$! top sergeant that ever lived, and I always did, and I always will!"

watched with grim satisfaction as foot by foot she began to overhaul the *Thorrold*.

Ben stood by, sullen, mystified, mumbling to himself and hoping Rees might hear. There was little chance of that, however, for now the ship was shaking in all her limbs and every movable thing aboard seemed to be dancing to the beat of her engines.

But nothing could drown the shrill Toot! toot! toot! of the *Thorrold* as she realized her danger and began to swing away. Toot! toot! toot! she screeched again as she was gradually forced over towards the tanker. In frantic avoidance of a collision she swung hard over and passed but a few yards under the tanker's stern. Still Rees held on. Then, when both ships were well out to starboard, he let the wheel spin back to midships. The *Cardiff Rose* began to steady up on her old course, and away, on his starboard beam he was just able to see the *Thorrold* doing likewise.

"Take her over Ben," he rapped out and once more he made his way aft. Wrenching open the door of the store locker he seized the two lanterns which were hanging on the bulkhead, then up to his cabin again and on to the roof where he lighted both and set them down at either end. He stood back, breathless, waiting. But it was not a long wait. This time the bomber's drone was unmistakable. Louder—louder . . .

"Look out!" someone yelled.

Crack—crack—crack! barked the *Dandy's* pom-poms Whee—ee—ee—crash! shrieked the first bomb. Whee—ee—ee—crash! echoed the second, and the third, and the fourth!

Rees saw the four columns of water leap up round the *Thorrold* and in ten seconds it was all over. The spray cleared. The *Thorrold* was still there. Rees stood watching it. He did not notice the white bow wave of the *Dandy* as she raced up on his port quarter.

"Are ye mad, Skipper!" boomed a voice through the escort's loud speaker.

Instantly Rees dowsed both lanterns and picked up his megaphone.

"Very sorry, Lefftenant," he yelled back, "my black-out slipped."

"What the hell are ye doing out here anyway?" boomed the reply.

Rees was equal to the moment.

"Very sorry, Lefftenant," he shouted again, "my steerin's defectif."

"Then why don't you reduce speed, man!"

"My safety valfs is jammed, Lefftenant!"

A deep groan of despair spread across the sea from the *Dandy*. "What the hell sort of ship is yours at all! For God's sake keep away from the convoy—get right out of it and stay out!"

"Very good, Lefftenant."

The *Dandy* dropped astern and Rees went back to the bridge to wait, doubtfully, for the dawn.

Seven hours later he was ushered into the naval offices at the port of arrival. Most of his companions of the day before were there as well as Ben and Idwal. He looked round for Hansen, but was met only by the stony faces of the others. The Commander was seated at the table and with him was a young civilian whose pleasant nod to Rees took him rather by surprise, and an elderly gentleman who from the amount of gold braid on his sleeves Rees thought some sort of Admiral.

"Just a few questions about the bombing last night," said the Commander when they were all assembled.

"Now when the attack took place, I understand that some ships, in particular the *Cardiff Rose* and the *Thorrold*, were badly out of line. Is that so, Lieutenant?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Do you know why?"

"I think the *Thorrold* had pulled out to avoid a collision."

"Who do you think was at fault?"

"Well sir," O'Hagan hesitated and added simply "The master of the *Cardiff Rose* said his steering was defective."

"His course was erratic then?"

O'Hagan didn't reply. The Commander pressed.

"Well as a matter of fact, sir, it seemed to me like a deliberate maneuver."

A murmur of anger ran round the room. Ignoring it the Commander went on—

"How far apart were the two ships when the bombs fell?"

"About two cables, sir."

The Commander and the elderly officer exchanged glances.

"I see. So that if the *Cardiff Rose* had been mistaken by aircraft for the *Thorrold*, and *Thorrold* had been in her right place, the bombs would have fallen near the tanker—you follow me?"

O'Hagan considered the matter.

"I follow perfectly sir, I think they would have hit the tanker, Sir—she's much bigger than the *Thorrold*."

With a twinkle in his eye, the Commander looked at Rees:

"Do you think the plane did make a mistake, Mr. Rees?"

Rees's heart leaped.

"I—I—hope it did, Sir," he stammered.

"At any rate you took steps to bring that about by showing the same signal as you thought the *Thorrold* would?"

"Y—Y—yes Sir."

"It was a long shot, Mr. Rees," broke in the elderly officer—"But by Gad it worked!"

The others in the room sat silent, amazed by the story which was now unfolding itself.

The civilian joined in—"I'm from Scotland Yard, Mr. Rees" he said—the words were music in Rees' ears. "Tell us—what first 'roused your suspicions?"

Rees cleared his throat.

"I nefer liked Hansen," he blurted. "An I didn't like his thick glasses, an' I didn't see why he needed ventilators in his roof with his automatic black-out an' I didn't like his wantin' to be abeam of that tanker an' I—" he paused in his excitement unable to get any more words out.

"I think I follow you," said the man from Scotland Yard with a slow smile—"This Hansen or de Lisle or Rinz or Agnostopuls or Jones as he once had the audacity to call himself must have been responsible for—"

Little Smith at the back of the room could contain himself no longer.

"Lumme!" he gasped. "Met all them fellers!"

"I'm sure you have, Mr. Smith," was the amused reply.

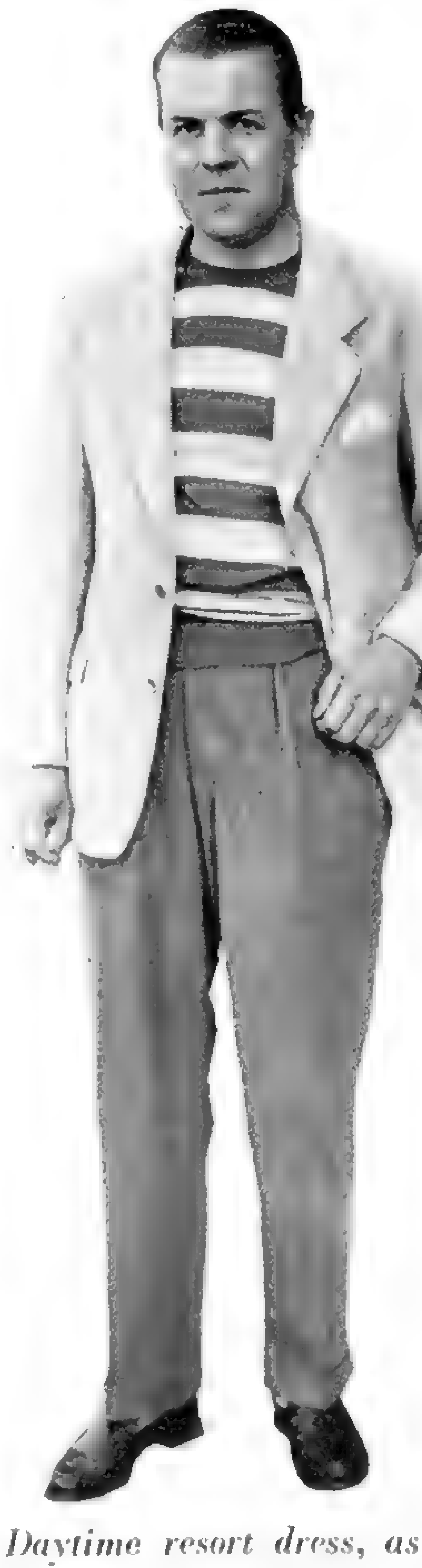
"You remember we lost a tanker out of each of the last two westbound convoys," said the Commander.

"Well—you can draw your own conclusions, gentlemen."

"Trouble is," said the detective, "we know the same man did those two, we got finger prints in both cases, but our man last night was blown away with part of his bridge. I'm positive he's the same, but I can't prove it."

There was a note of sadness in his voice as he added "But then I suppose we can't have everything."

"Can you not, though?" said Rees and drawing from his pocket the copy of the Convoy Instructions he pointed to the typing blurred by Hansen's fat fingers and solemnly handed it over. #



Daytime resort dress, as worn by Mr. John O'Day at Palm Beach in February, is right for summer. His outfit: tan washable jacket, yellow and blue graduated stripe lisle shirt, tan flannel slacks, moccasin slippers.

ALLI BEN MOGADORE, WELL-KNOWN SHEIK, SAYS,

"MUZZAH MORECOOLA ALLAH HALLELUJAH WRIGHT AIR-FLOW HATS"

YOU: *"Quite so Alli, but I don't quite follow you."*

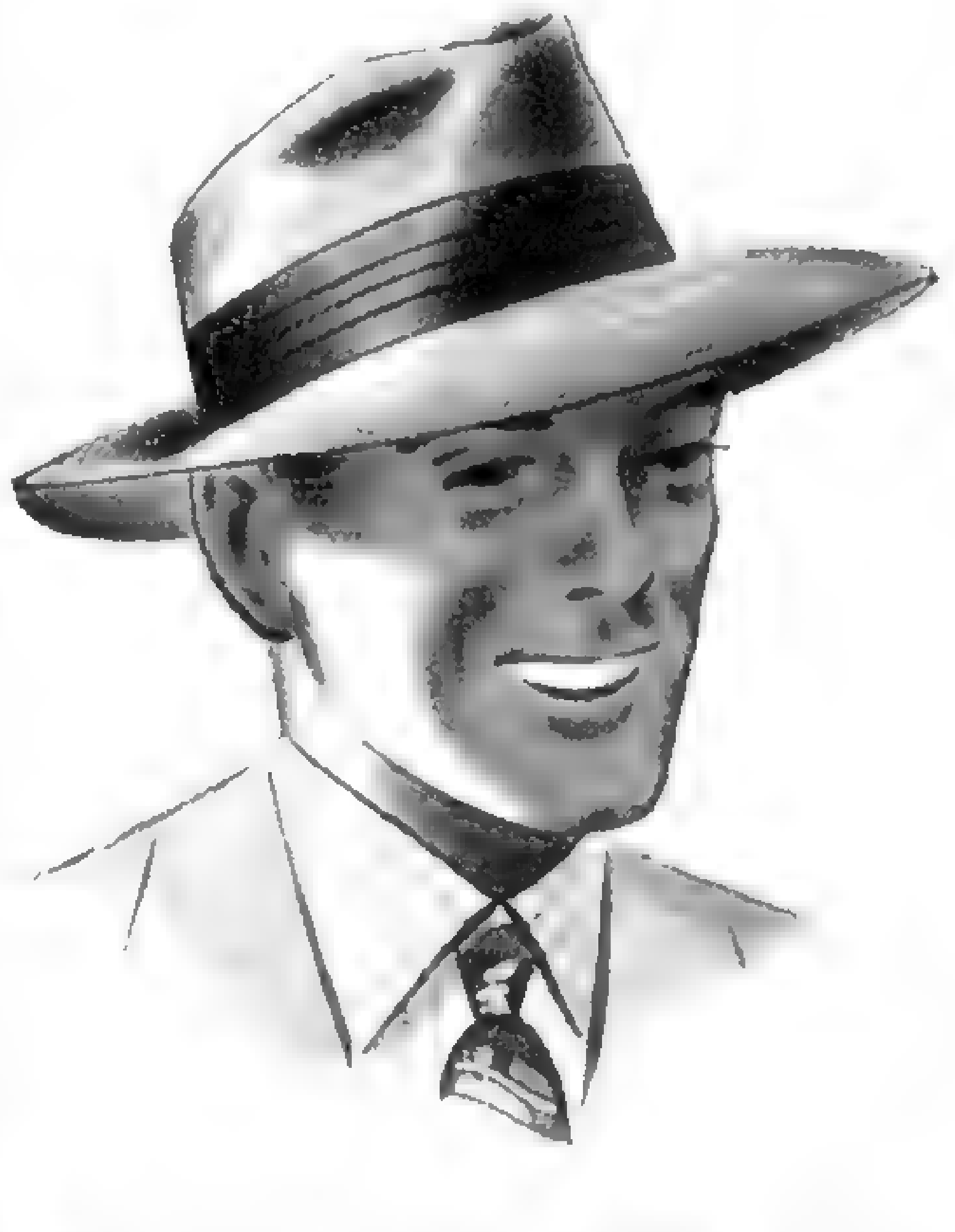
ALLI: "Then harken Effendi. The Wright Air-Flow Hat (both straws and felts) is air-conditioned."

YOU: *"Now take it easy Alli."*

ALLI: "Huya Huya (Yea verily). The Wright Air-Flow contains a patented construction feature (U.S. Patent 2,218,590). This causes air to circulate around the wearer's head inside the hair.

YOU: *"I get it, and so I enjoy wearing it because it helps to keep my noggin cool and comfortable."*

(A more literal translation of the sheik's statement at the top is: "I used to think this desert life was terrible, but since I got my Wright Air-Flow *air-conditioned* hat I positively enjoy it.")



But the Wright Air-Flow Hat doesn't stop with being unusually *comfortable*. As the Wright Air-Flow straw shown above indicates, it is also unusually *smart, good looking*, and *built to wear.*

Be sure to see the many other attractive styles, braids and colors in the entire Wright Line.

THE WRIGHT HAT

ROTHSCHILD BROTHERS HAT CO.
Since 1859
ST. LOUIS *Manufacturers* CHICAGO

YOUR CHANCE
TO SERVE
YOUR COUNTRY

give
to the
War
Relief
Fund
of the
AMERICAN
RED CROSS

give
today

THROUGH YOUR
LOCAL CHAPTER

Playing Poker to Win

Continued from page 74

of improvement are known. It shouldn't be sneered at for it improves, if high enough, to a 3 to 2 winner over a two-pair entry.

This is not guesswork. It's the mathematical certainty of the unchangeable laws of probabilities. As MacGregor says, "The improvement of any hand depends entirely on the undeviating pattern in which cards fall." This pattern can be dissected, translated into figures and the odds against improvement of any hand, calculated. However, the process is tedious and involved so a ready reference table showing the odds against improvement has been set up below.

A daily workout with this table should sharpen your playing, put a razor edge on your technique and account for many scalps heretofore immune.

Original Hand	Cards Drawn	Improved Hand	Odds Against
One pair	3	Two Pairs	5.25 to 1
	3	Triplets	8 to 1
	3	Full-house	97 to 1
	3	Fours	359 to 1
	3	Any improvement	2.5 to 1
Two pairs	1	Full-house	11 to 1
Triplets	2	Full-house	15.5 to 1
	2	Fours	22.5 to 1
Four-straight (open ends)	1	Straight	5 to 1
Four-straight (interior)	1	Straight	11 to 1
Four-flush	1	Flush	4.5 to 1
Three-flush	2	Flush	23 to 1
Two-flush	3	Flush	96 to 1
Pair with odd Ace	2	Two pair Ace high	8 to 1
	2	Triplets	12 to 1
Ace	4	One pair	4 to 1
	4	Two more Aces	63 to 1
Ace and King	3	Either paired	3 to 1

One of the beauties of the MacGregor Equation is that you don't have to be a mathematical genius to take advantage of its fine points. An average player willing to spend a short time studying its principal features and putting the accent on strategy can scale unprecedented heights. An expert . . . but why tell an expert what to do! Just the same I defy one not to improve under MacGregor's tutelage.

To show how the MacGregor Equation works, let's analyze the two-pair hand. We'll suppose you're holding it against three opponents. To begin with no matter how hard you root, it's about eleven to one you won't make a full-house on the draw. So take a deep breath and try to freeze the others out. The fewer in the fray the smaller chance you have of being slugged by a better hand. If you let those other buzzards muscle in on the kill, you'll lose eight out of twelve pots; if you chase one out you'll lose six out of twelve but against a lone wolf you'll only be nicked for three out of twelve. The proper strategy, therefore, is to keep your opponents at a minimum. But another thing to bear in mind is that this weak sister usually has to contend against four-straights and four-flushes.

The four-flush, although the easier of the two to fill, is not dealt as often as the four-straight. There are only 112 ways of snaring a four-flush on the deal against 500 ways of bagging a four-straight. Both of these capricious hands connect only once in about five tries. Therefore they really have no business entering unless the take will be five times their investment. Either of these fickle babies should be entered only against three or more contenders; the more cheaply this can be done, the better. Above all, they should never fight one opponent. Speculation pays dividends only when the probable gain will exceed the probable loss. Searching for the missing link against one opponent is a swift method of suicide. So, unless the time to fill as shown in the table of mathematical probabilities has arrived, don't raise on the possibility of filling one of these hands.

With either of these hands, however, you have a better chance of knifing triplets than you have with a two-pair hand. Why? Because the four-flush and four-straight fill eight or nine times in forty-seven attempts whereas the two-pair hand improves only four times in the same number of attempts.

If you really want to bear down on the MacGregor Equation, the practice of playing hunches should be discontinued immediately, if not sooner. Hunches have no place in the coldly analytical game to which you are about to become a convert. But to convince yourself of the futility of expecting results in the long run from hunches, keep an honest record from now on of the plays in which they formerly would have been ridden. Then compare your probable losses with your present gains. You'll be amazed at the amount of money you've been flinging away.

Brown and tan homespun jacket, worn by Mr. Bertrand L. Taylor, with yellow and brown checked flannel shirt, small figured tie, tan slacks and moccasin slippers.

Now to get back to MacGregor's strategy. When holding two pairs, if you are sure you are fighting triplets, your best line of defense is to throw away the smaller pair, when lower than tens, and buy three cards. This reasoning is based on the fact that a high pair makes a good fighting hand. It whips a small two-pair in nearly one out of three attempts and licks small triplets, once in nine. Notwithstanding this, with a pair don't fight single-handed against superior odds or you're likely to be knocked flatter than a rookie's feet.

The advantages of holding an ace kicker with a pair is a perennial argument. But not from the standpoint of its mathematical probabilities of improvement. Some players are for it, some 'agin' it. Confidentially, it smells. It is true that when holding the kicker the probability of ending up with two pairs is slightly better than when holding the pair alone. This advantage is more than offset, however, by the probability of the pair to improve to triplets, a full-house or fours. The odds are as follows:

Original Hand	Cards Drawn	Improved Hand	Odds Against
One pair	3	Two pairs	5.25 to 1
One pair	3	Triplets	8 to 1
One pair	3	Full-house	97 to 1
One pair	3	Fours	359 to 1
One pair plus kicker	2	Two pairs	5 to 1
One pair plus kicker	2	Triplets	12 to 1
One pair plus kicker	2	Full-house	119 to 1
One pair plus kicker	2	Fours	1,080 to 1

After taking a look at that table you won't need the MacGregor Equation to tell you to heave that kicker you've been holding into the ashcan.

And believe you me, there's dynamite in pairs. Especially when a high pair or a small two-pair hand gets caught in a crowd of them.

To convince yourself of this, deal out four hands containing respectively a pair of aces, a pair of sevens, and a pair of jacks. The remaining hand can hold a pair of sixes and tens. Or, if you prefer, use pairs of your own choice. The object, for purposes of comparison of the effective value of a crowd of pairs, is to have one fairly low pair, one intermediate pair and one high pair; plus one low two-pair hand.

When this has been done have each of the pairs discard and draw three cards while the two-pair hand discards and draws one. In the majority of the cases you will find that the low or the intermediate hand has improved over the high pair, or the two-pair hand. The reason for this becomes clear when consideration is given to the fact that the low and intermediate pair hands have two opportunities for improvement as against the high pair's one. Also there are three opportunities for improvement of all the pairs against the two-pair's one.

As a matter of fact, the small two pair hand misses the bus, seven out of ten times. In a battle against three one-pair hands, one of the singles after the draw, will hold two pairs half of the time and one of them will hold threes, one third of the time. The small two-pair hand wins in less than one out of three tries.

Shortages may cause feminine bathing suits to be briefer than ever. As somebody once remarked: War is H—r-n.

When holding threes, it is well to inveigle small pairs in so do not frighten them off with a raise before the draw. On the other hand, when holding a pair of aces, shake off the small fry by a raise. Before doing so, however, be careful to see that no two-pair hand is around, otherwise you'll do his dirty work and in addition may have to battle him alone and unaided.

In considering a raise be governed by the strategy to be employed. To frighten out weak hands that lose often and require a large profit for the risk they are taking, raise to the limit. To keep hands in, take it easy for you want to see lots of weak hands around. In this event a moderate raise will do. After the draw you can let loose. The pot is then bigger, weak hands that have improved will mistakenly attempt to protect their investment, and your chances of being seen are proportionately greater.

While you may not be out for a killing you certainly want to draw blood so extreme care should be used in opening. Your chances of being squelched in a seven-handed game are lessened if you open only with a pair of kings or better; a six-handed game, queens; a five-handed game, jacks. If one of seven players before you passes, try considering it a six-handed game and open it with queens; a five-handed game if two pass and open with jacks. Quite a few of your entries may be lost in this manner but that will be overcome later for players who have won several pots on your entries are inclined to come in readily when you open.

Bluffing is an art in which, unless you are a master strategist, you should rarely indulge. The bluff of threes is the most successful. In this, imitate a normal two-pair hand. Raise to the limit before the draw and buy only one card. See a raise after buying, or better it, and you will probably corral the pot. This trick also confuses your opponents who, when sizing you up for two pairs, can never be sure they are right. A good rule is to play a third of your threes that way.

Play a pair of aces, once in a while, as you would threes. Raise moderately and buy two cards. Also play two pairs occasionally as you would a pat hand. While the latter dodge will not always deceive the wiseacres it will chase some of the dangerous one-pair hands to cover. This is the easiest bluff to carry as the only strategem required is to raise to the limit before the draw, nonchalantly wave aside the proffered cards and wait for the fadeout. For this bluff the choice position is next to the dealer. Be careful not to overdo this, for a pat hand should show up no more than seven times in a thousand deals, and a pat hand oftener than that may justly be suspected of bluffing. Reducing the margin, a pat hand shows up in a seven-handed game once in twenty rounds, and in a five-handed game once in twenty-eight rounds. Therefore odds are about five to two in a pat hand that a straight or a flush has been dealt.

The Equation says that a good time to pull up stakes or lie low is during a steady losing streak. Believe it, please. While you may not want to leave the game, don't become discouraged and desperate. Forcing brings nothing except additional losses. Play carefully and coolly. Wait till you get decent cards before going to town and, by all that's holy, lay off the long shots. Take a walk out to the washroom, it kills sluggishness and revives wilted energy.

And now for the Equation's final warning. Even though the boys seem at times to display a moronic intelligence, always assume they are out to get you. A crafty motive for subtly insinuating a certain line of reasoning is usually present regardless of surface indications. Whatever the purpose, it is certainly antagonistic to your interests, so consider carefully all probabilities and don't ever jump to conclusions.

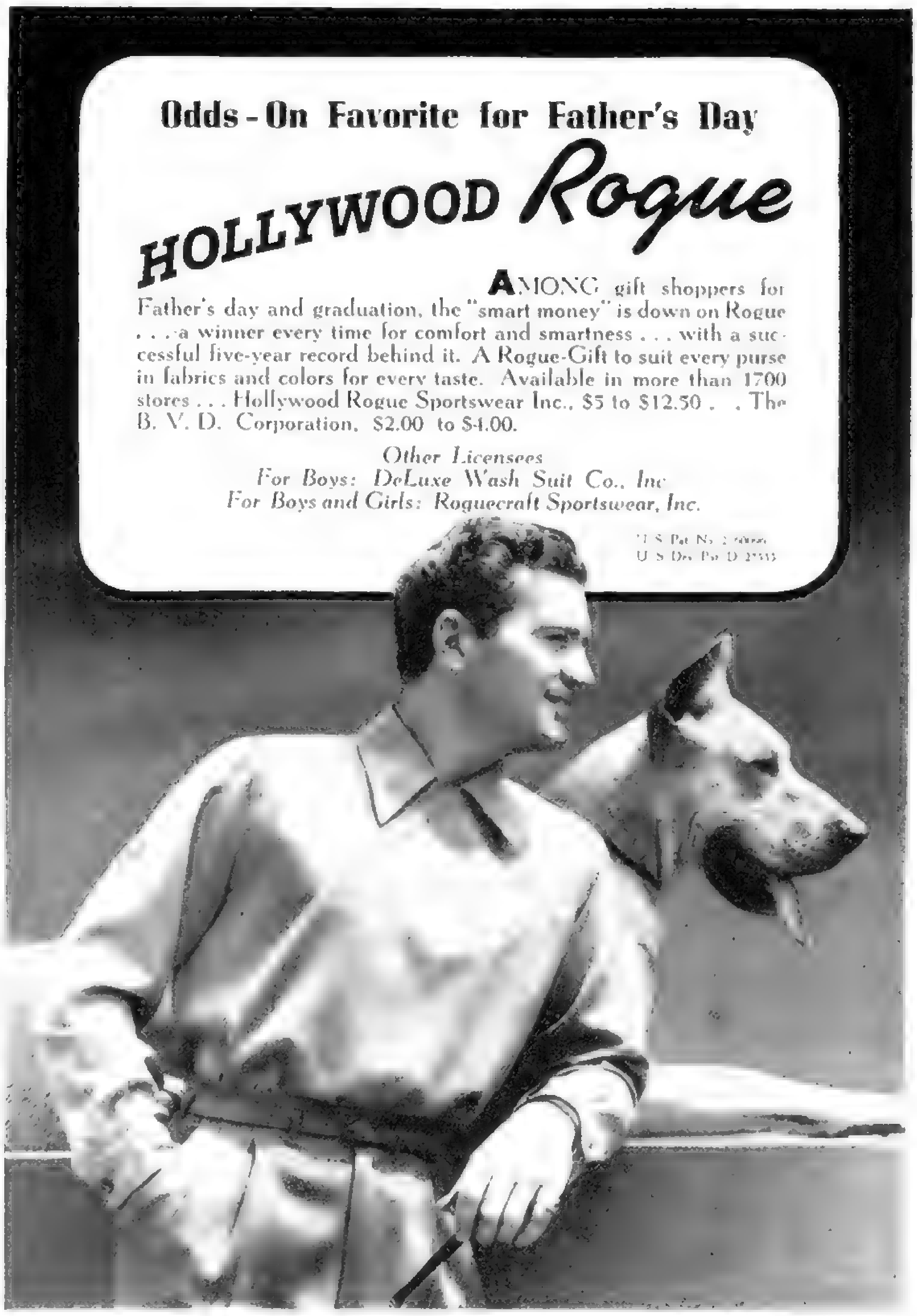
A certain rhythm in which he repeats himself is subconsciously employed by each player. The pattern of this melody in your opponents should be carefully studied, and, with experience, you will almost always be able to tell what will be done in any situation. And now, if you can't win with all this information, I'd suggest you stop playing cards. I have. #

Metropolitan Moments . . . . . . by Jaro Fabry

"They've heard he's going to serve Old Fashioneds made with Calvert Reserve"

If you want to win friends and influence your cocktails towards perfection, start using Calvert Reserve. For this extra-luxury whiskey *blends with*—rather than overpowers—the other ingredients in mixed drinks. And Calvert Reserve's unique "soft" flavor makes just as big a hit in highballs or neat. Learn to be a social lion in one easy lesson by using Calvert Reserve . . ."*the choicest you can drink or serve*".

Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City
Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.



Odds-On Favorite for Father's Day

HOLLYWOOD Rogue

AMONG gift shoppers for Father's day and graduation, the "smart money" is down on Rogue . . . a winner every time for comfort and smartness . . . with a successful five-year record behind it. A Rogue-Gift to suit every purse in fabrics and colors for every taste. Available in more than 1700 stores . . . Hollywood Rogue Sportswear Inc., $5 to $12.50 . . The B. V. D. Corporation, $2.00 to $4.00.

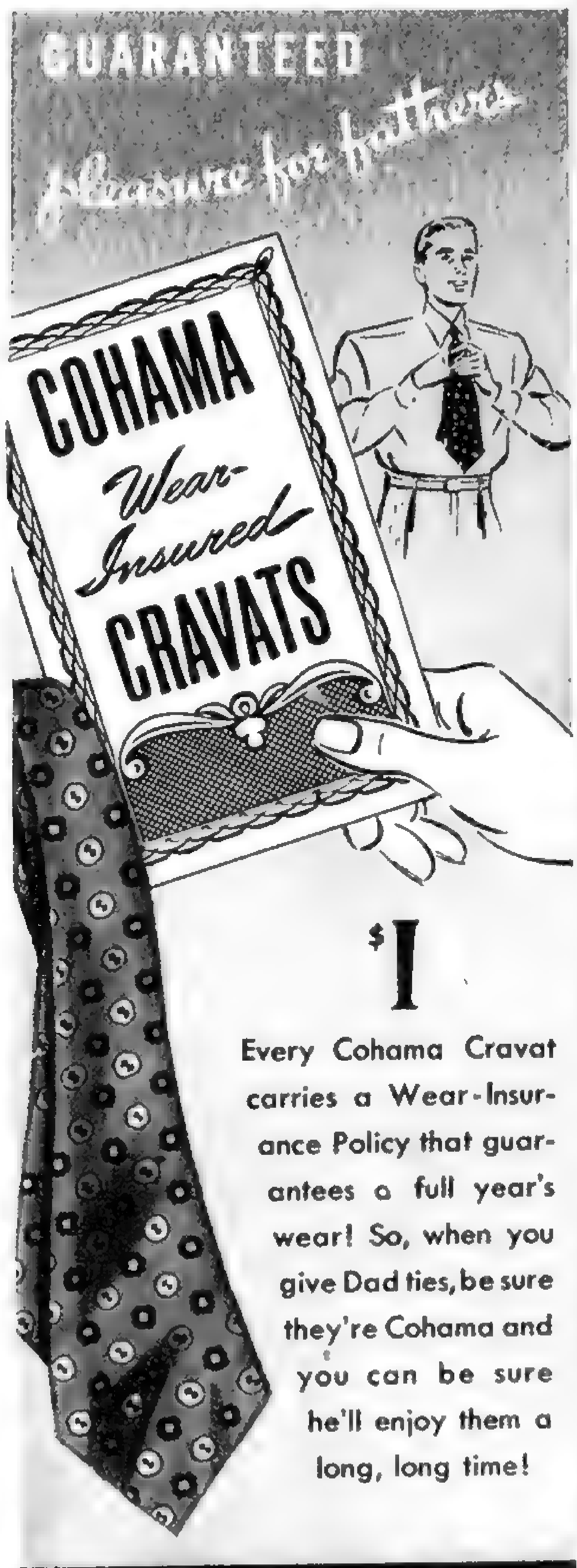
Other Licensees
For Boys: DeLuxe Wash Suit Co., Inc
For Boys and Girls: Roguecraft Sportswear, Inc.

PARAGON PETE SAYS:
FORECAST—SMART AND COOLER IN PARAGON'S JAMAICA
The JAMAICA

• Thousands of hot-heads who used to get burned up about hot weather, are now cool and comfortable in their smart new Jamaicas! And the price is as light as the hat—$1.95 to $2.95 according to trim.

Featured in smart stores everywhere—
See your nearest dealer

Paragon
314-316 S. Franklin St. CHICAGO, ILL.



$1

Every Cohama Cravat carries a Wear-Insurance Policy that guarantees a full year's wear! So, when you give Dad ties, be sure they're Cohama and you can be sure he'll enjoy them a long, long time!

At better stores, or write
COHAMA CRAVATS • 1412 Broadway, N. Y.

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

JUNE 1942

Page
Abels, Robert ... 9
Adam Shirts ... 181
Adler Shoes for Men ... 9, 13
Allen Edmonds Shoe Corp ... 181
Alligator Co., The ... 121
Arch Preserver Shoes (E. T. Wright & Co., Inc.) ... 118
Arden Book Co. ... 9
Armand Co. ... 8
Arrid (Carter Products, Inc.) ... 145
Arrow Shirts (Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.) ... 111

Bailey Hat Co., Geo. S. ... 172
Bank of America ... 18
Barnes & Co., A. S. ... 8
Birdsell Laboratories, Inc. (Stahly Razor) ... 158
Blatz Brewing Co. ... 165
Brand & Oppenheimer, Inc. (Bando) ... 156
Bristol-Myers Co. (Vitalis) ... 117
Brown & Williamson Tob. Corp. (Viceroy) ... 166
Burger, Joseph (Staturaids) ... 12

Calvert Distillers Corp. ... 155, 163, 168, 179
Camels (R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.) ... IV Cover
Carter Products, Inc. (Arrid) ... 145
Caviar Restaurant ... 18
Champs-Elysees ... 16
Chicago Daily News ... 111
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. (Arrow Shirts) ... 111
Cohama Cravats ... 180
Colorado Hospitality Committee ... 18
Consolidated Lobster Co., Inc. ... 16
Coopers, Inc. (Jockey) ... 133
Croton Watch Co. ... 171

Delapenha & Co., Inc., R. U. (Myers's Rum) ... 16
Dewar's (Schenley Import Corp.) ... 116
Dimple Tie Corp. (Drapestitch) ... 8
Disney Hatmakers ... 167
Divan Parisien ... 18
Dobbs (Hat Corp. of America) ... II Cover
David D. Doniger & Co., Inc. (McGregor Sportswear) ... 17
Don Q Rum (Schieffelin & Co.) ... 167
Doppelt & Co., Chas. (Dopp-Kit) ... 181

Electric Auto-Lite Co., The ... 123
Enger-Kress Co. ... 168
Eterna Watch Co. of America ... 157
Expanso (Knothe Bros. Co., Inc.) ... 162

Fellman, Ltd. ("Prontos") ... 8
Fieldclub (Galey & Lord, Inc.) ... 162
Forstner Chain Corp. (Komfit) ... 12
Fratelli Branca & Co., Inc. (Fernet Branca) ... 14
Freeman Shoe Corp. ... 128
Frenchee Chemical Co. ... 9

Galey & Lord, Inc. (Fieldclub) ... 162
Gantner of California ... 169
Girard-Perregaux ... 175
Glover's ... 13
Greif & Bro., L. (Priestley's "Nor-East") ... 154
"Gripper Fasteners" (Scovill Mfg. Co.) ... 151
Guild of California Dons ... 11
Gutmann & Co., Inc. (Tufraw) ... 175

Haig & Haig (Somerset Importers, Ltd.) ... 119
Haldeman-Julius Co. ... 9
Hammacher Schlemmer ... 13
Hanan & Son, Inc. ... 163
Hart Schaffner & Marx ... 22
Hartmann Trunk Co. ... 155
Hat Corp. of America:
  Dobbs ... II Cover
  Knox ... III Cover
Hennessy (Schieffelin & Co.) ... 161
Hershey Mfg. Co. (Vitabrush) ... 13
Heublein & Bro., G. F. ... 174
Hickok Mfg. Co. ... 120
Holeproof Hosiery Co. ... 161
Holland Furnace Co. ... 7
Hollywood Rogue Sportswear ... 179
House of Gifts ... 9
Hull Mfg. Co. ... 8

International Shoe Co:
  Morse & Rogers ... 166
  Roberts, Johnson & Rand ... 165

Jockey (Coopers, Inc.) ... 133

Kelly's, Jimmy ... 14
Knothe Bros. Co., Inc. (Expanso) ... 162
Knox (Hat Corp. of America) ... III Cover

Page
Lamb Knit Goods Co. ... 12
Lentheric Toiletries ... 114
Leon & Eddie's ... 16
Leroux & Co., Inc. ... 182

MacGregor Tobacco Co. ... 12
McGregor Sportswear (D. D. Doniger & Co., Inc.) ... 17
Manhattan Shirt Co. (Mansco) ... 21
Marlboro Cigarettes (Philip Morris & Co., Inc.) ... 146
Meier's Wine Cellars ... 14
Middleton, Inc., John ... 16
Montamower Distributing Co. ... 13
Morris & Co., Philip:
  Marlboro ... 146
  Philip Morris ... 142
Morse & Rogers (Intl. Shoe Co.) ... 166
Movado Watch ... 164
Moyer Mfg. Co. ... 8

National Brewing Co. ... 14
National Distillers Prods. Corp:
  Old Bushmills ... 171
  Old Crow ... 132
National Magic Co. ... 13
New Ocean House ... 18
New York Sun, Inc., The ... 125
New Yorker, Hotel ... 14
Northern Furniture Co. ... 153
Nunn-Bush Shoe Co. ... 150

Old Bushmills (Natl. Dist. Prods. Corp.) ... 171
Old Crow (Natl. Dist. Prods. Corp.) ... 132

Paragon Hat Co., The ... 180
Park & Tilford Import Corp:
  Booth's House of Lords ... 14
  Vat 69 ... 130
Parker Pen Co., The ... 3
Partridge Cloth ... 12
Pennsylvania Rubber ... 180
Peper Tobacco Co., Christian (London Dock) ... 9
Piedmont Shirt Co. (Wings) ... 173
Pioneer Accessories ... 140
Plaza Hotel, The ... 18
Pleasant Valley Wine Co. ... 14
Portage Shoe Mfg. Co. ... 182
Priestley's "Nor-East" (L. Greif & Bro.) ... 154
Prince Gardner ... 157

Regal Shoes ... 4
Renault & Sons, Inc., L. N. ... 16
Reynolds Tob. Co., R. J. (Camels) ... IV Cover
Riverside & Dan River Cotton Mills, Inc. (Rivercool) ... 144
Roberts, Johnson & Rand (Intl. Shoe Co.) ... 165
Rose Neckwear ... 182
Rothschild Bros. Hat Co. (Wright) ... 177
Rum & Maple Tobacco ... 12

Savoy-Plaza ... 16
Schenley Import Corp. (Dewar's) ... 116
Schieffelin & Co:
  Don Q Rum ... 167
  Hennessy ... 161
Seven-Up Co., The ... 176
Shirtcraft Co. ... 152
Simpson, Inc., J. B. ... 172
Smith Shoe Co., The J. P. ... 170
Somerset Importers, Ltd. (Haig & Haig) ... 119
Stahly Razor (Birdsell Laboratories, Inc.) ... 158
Stetson Shoe Co., Inc., The ... 153
Stetson, John B. ... 134, 135
Sun Valley ... 164
Swank Jewelry ... 131

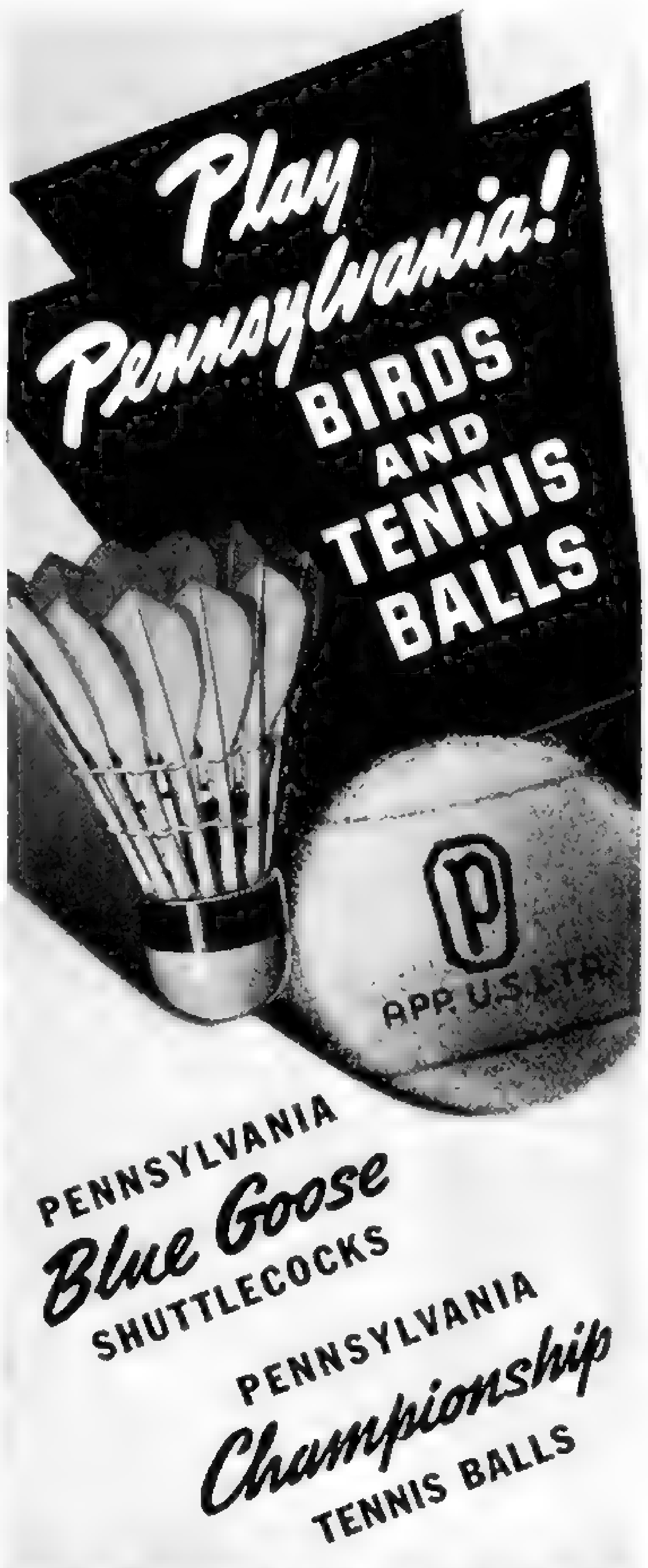
Technifinish Laboratory ... 12
Tufraw (Gutmann & Co., Inc.) ... 175

Vat 69 (Park & Tilford Imp. Corp.) ... 130
Viceroy (Brown & Williamson Tob. Corp.) ... 166
Vitalis (Bristol-Myers Co.) ... 117

Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co. ... 139
Wings (Piedmont Shirt Co.) ... 173
Wright (Rothschild Bros. Hat. Co.) ... 177
Wright & Co., Inc., E. T. (Arch Preserver Shoes) ... 118

Zim Manufacturing Co. ... 13

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.


Play Pennsylvania!
BIRDS AND TENNIS BALLS
P
APP. U.S. LTR.
PENNSYLVANIA Blue Goose SHUTTLECOCKS
PENNSYLVANIA Championship TENNIS BALLS

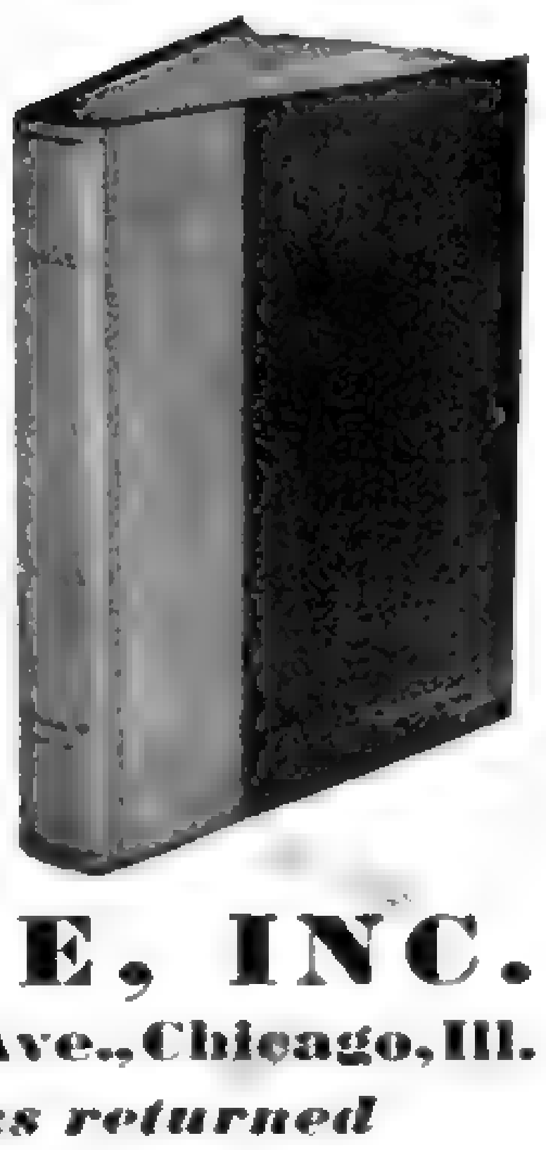
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF
Pennsylvania
Silent VACUUM CUP TIRES

Your copies of
ESQUIRE
in a
Permanent Book

Tailored in the ESQUIRE distinctive style—it's new and smart—an asset to any club, home or office library—your name embossed on the front cover—making it your personal book. Six issues per volume. June issue completes Volume XVII, January to June, 1942. We can supply most missing issues at 50c per copy—the regular newsstand price.

BUCKRAM—(heavy cloth)—distinctive 2-color Esquire design. A quality binding that is both attractive and durable.
Price, $2.50 per vol. With gilt top, $3.00 per vol.

DE LUXE—GENUINE PIGSKIN—Rich embossed burned-in lettering. Gilt top. A luxurious binding comparable to the individual masterpieces of the Old World book-binding craftsmen.
Price, $5.00 per vol.



ESQUIRE, INC.
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Bound books returned express collect

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 64

bum, the one who is always borrowing things, the supposedly hard-hearted one who will prove to be magnanimous and sympathetic in a crisis, and so on.

He also knows that there will be a low-comedy call-boy; a manager who, for all his gruffness, is a pretty decent sort; a charwoman or wardrobe woman with a dialect who will serve as comedy relief when the dramatic angle is suspected of getting a bit tiresome and who is forever taking something home to her children or old man; the handsome young lover of the leading woman of whom the ingénue is hopelessly enamoured (in peacetime, he will be in evening dress; in wartime, in uniform); and—for a certainty—milk, beer or sandwiches (in the American versions, hamburgers) periodically ordered in from next door.

And he also knows to his deep aesthetic discomfort that plays like, specifically, this *Heart of a City*, their scenes laid, according to the programs, in theatres "founded as show windows for youthful talent and with their actors . . . all young people struggling for fame"—he also knows that, sure as fate, the producers will fill their stages with actresses not more than one of whom will ever again see thirty-five.

The next of these backstage anchovies that shows up is, on my critical bourse, yours for a nickel.

III

Also with us again has been the play about the tranquil household invaded by the evil female and the hell that results. It is always with us in one form or another. Sometimes, as in Strindberg, the she-devil is already there when the curtain goes up and the ructions proceed from her pathological conviction that her husband, to say nothing of anything else in pants, is her natural enemy and, besides, is in comparison with the female sex such a mental and emotional sissy that he should be got rid of as soon as possible. Sometimes, in the more modern playwrights, the bitcherino is simply a born trouble-maker and can't help herself, or a superficially guileless creature who exercises her sex appeal against both the husband of her hostess and the young fiance of her hostess' daughter and so raises the dickens with the family until she is either conveniently burned to death in a mysterious fire in the barn on the estate or is denounced and packed off.

BASIL BOTTS
QUIET

"Oh, you'll be up in no time, Jim!"

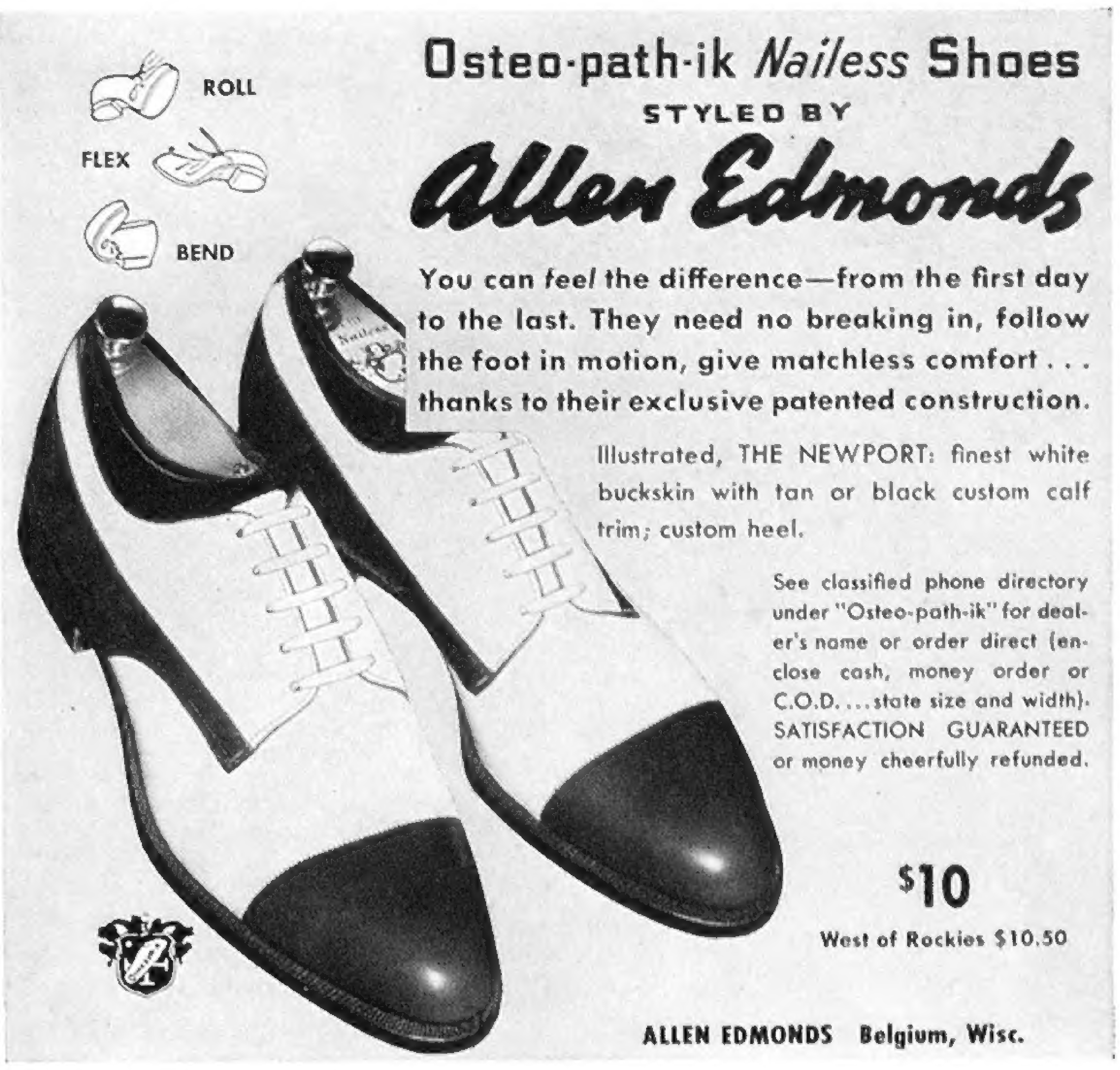
At still other times, as in Ibsen, she is a compound of complexes whose belief that she has been frustrated in life leads her to take it out on everyone in sight and, in the end, on herself. Other versions include the considerably milder one in which the intruder is a Little Miss Fixit who artlessly embroils the household in all kinds of difficulties, and the one in which the visiting fireman unvolitionally through the sheer puissance of her animal magnetism, sophistication and expensive perfume gets the menfolk where they live but who finally, after all the hearts and china-ware in the house have been broken, puts matters to right by suddenly announcing her intention to marry the rich bachelor next door—or, in the extremely sophisticated plays, the family's chauffeur.

The most recent paraphrase bears the title *Guest in the House* and is the joint confection of Hagar Wilde and Dale Eunson. Based on a story by Katherine Albert, it is largely an amalgamation of most of its predecessors, and a dud. As a specimen of bad playwriting it might be used as Exhibit A in college dramatic study classes. For an example, the first curtain rises on a discourse in effect as follows: "So the family is expecting a guest! It's Mrs. Proctor's young cousin Evelyn Heath who, I understand, is extremely pretty and who thinks she has heart trouble. Having a guest like that often causes a lot of trouble. I fear the worst."

This having been duly planted with all the pains and explicitness of a Redwood oak, on comes the juvenile who announces he has seen the imminent guest out in Cleveland, Ohio, and considers her to have been grossly ill-treated by her mean, drunken father, but a beautiful darling none the less. The darling presently heaves upon the scene and one glance at her, gratuitously aided by the curtain-raising plant, is sufficient to suggest the full course of the rest of the evening, particularly as the glance is augmented by the husband's observation that she seems a poor, delicate little lily and that she will deserve all the care and attention of himself and the household. It is now about a quarter to nine and from then on until eleven Evelyn pulls the anticipated stuff, utilizing her cardiac ailment, baby voice, swoons, fake sympathy, etc., to disarrange the loves, lives and general well-being of the others. In a word or two, derivative claptrap.

It is not that the theme isn't,

Continued on page 182



Osteo-path-ik *Nailess* Shoes
STYLED BY
Allen Edmonds

You can *feel* the difference—from the first day to the last. They need no breaking in, follow the foot in motion, give matchless comfort . . . thanks to their exclusive patented construction.

Illustrated, THE NEWPORT: finest white buckskin with tan or black custom calf trim; custom heel.

See classified phone directory under "Osteo-path-ik" for dealer's name or order direct (enclose cash, money order or C.O.D. . . . state size and width). SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or money cheerfully refunded.

$10
West of Rockies $10.50

ALLEN EDMONDS Belgium, Wisc.

"Dear Dad: I AM SENDING YOU A DOPP-KIT"

FOR FATHER'S DAY

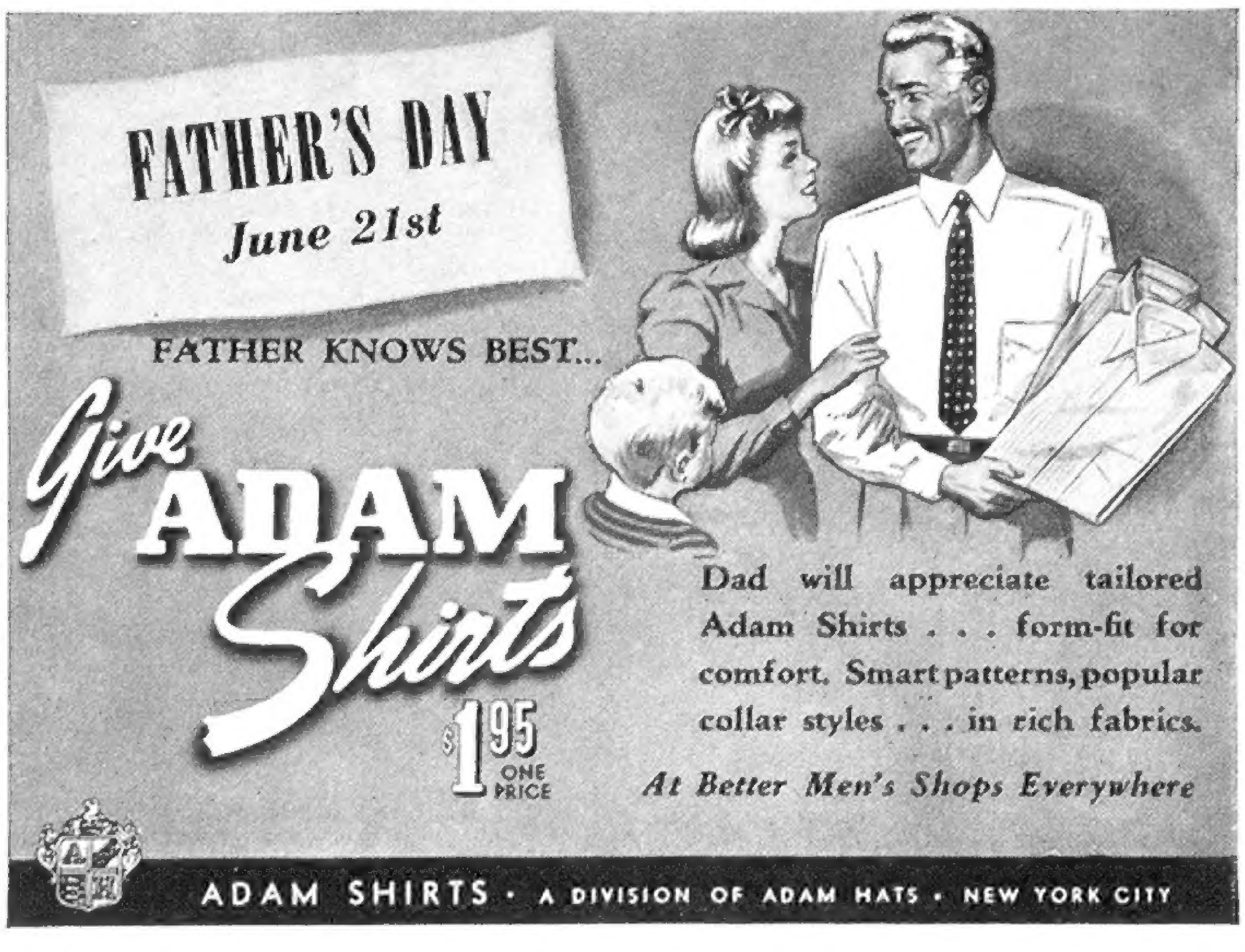
FOR father in his travels or son in the service DOPP-KIT is the most convenient, compact utility case for shaving and toilet accessories. It opens wide, stays open for easy use—and closes snug and flat. Its smart appearance satisfies the most discriminating—a splendid gift for any occasion. Exclusive. Patented.

For sale at better stores everywhere, priced from $3.25 up.

Send for illustrated folder

DOPP-KITS for the ladies, too, combining style with practical convenience. With or without fittings. As smart on the dressing table as they are useful in travel.

CHARLES DOPPELT & CO. Dept. E-62
412 Orleans St., Chicago



FATHER'S DAY
June 21st

FATHER KNOWS BEST...

Give ADAM Shirts

$1.95 ONE PRICE

Dad will appreciate tailored Adam Shirts . . . form-fit for comfort. Smart patterns, popular collar styles . . . in rich fabrics.

At Better Men's Shops Everywhere

ADAM SHIRTS • A DIVISION OF ADAM HATS • NEW YORK CITY

The Bride Wore White
...THE GROOM WORE
...PORTAGE

Well-dressed men and Portage Shoes are inseparable! Because Portage smartness keynotes a man's attire for business, sports, or dress occasions. Groom, best man, or Second Lieutenant... you'll do *better* with Portage—the extra-styleage, extra-mileage, extra-value shoe! See your Portage dealer, or write us for his name.

PORTAGE SHOE MFG. CO.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Model 6236
MAYFAIR
Ventilated two-tone tan calf
Model 6210
KENWOOD
Genuine white buck and tan wing tip

PORTAGE
Shoes $5.50 to $8.50

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 64-181

or wasn't, a valid one. Nevertheless, it is peculiar how many decrepit plays have in later years resulted from it, among them such as Margaret Mayo's *Behind the Scenes*, Hurlbut's *A Strange Woman*, Langley's *Farm of Three Echoes*, Winter's *The Shining Hour*, Catto's *They Walk Alone*, etc., etc. The difficulty lies, apparently, in concealing the obviousness of the theme in good writing, and in finding the good writing. *Guest in the House* is still another in the long succession that suffers from immature dramaturgy and from some of the most routine dialogue heard hereabout in weeks (which, in the New York theatre this season, is something of a time record).

One complaint voiced critically against the play, however, seems to me to be ill-taken. It has been alleged that one of its greatest weaknesses is that its central character, Evelyn, indicates no "development" during the course of the action. It is quite true that the character does not, but that is no sound argument against it. Some of the finest characters in all drama similarly show no development: they remain internally what they are at the beginning. Yet the point is often carelessly overlooked by those who parrot the criticism. Deterioration, not development and growth, is sometimes the mark of the protagonists of great drama. But the arbitrary howl for Horatio Alger characters still curiously persists.

IV

But surely, you impatiently protest, there must be something good amidst all this shambles, something that calls for sweet words; and you are right. That something is the trio of short plays by Saroyan and O'Casey produced by Eddie Dowling under the group title, *Life, Laughter and Tears*. Here, in this worst of all possible theatrical seasons, is up to the hour of reporting the one and only honestly meritorious and stimulating dramatic evening. (*In Time to Come* had its points, but there were not enough of them.) The first item on the bill is O'Casey's uproarious farce, *The End of the Beginning*, which I described in these pages some time ago upon reading the manuscript and which, dealing with the tribulations of a pair of Irish nitwits who try to run a household from which the wife of one of them has departed in pique, is one of the most hilarious roughhouses within late memory. The second item is Saroyan's *Hello Out There*, an infinitely moving plea for understanding and justice voiced by a man awaiting his doom at the hands of a lynch mob in a Texas jail and by the agonized little slavey who finds in her own heart and spirit the echo of his tragedy. The third item is the Armenian cyclone's *Coming Through the Rye*, a fantasy in which an assortment of men, women and children about to be born into the world already have taken on in protest the fateful character of their earthly lives.

In all three of these plays, beautifully acted, but in the first and second in particular, one encounters a freshness and dash of writing, a humor or an ache, and an unrestrained fulness of spirit that one all too rarely engages in this present theatre of ours. The third play might, with greater patience on Saroyan's part, have been developed much more tellingly; it here and there betrays its author's disinclination fully to think out his themes; but it is nonetheless drolly and touchingly suggestive and, even at its feeblest, a worthier effort than we have been getting lately from various of his eminent, painstaking, penny-polishing playwriting colleagues. His *Hello Out There*, which incidentally must surprise those who believe that he cannot work in the more conventional dramaturgical form, is a tidy example of the so-called "well-made" play and indicates how easily Saroyan could do that species of drama if he had a mind to. And despite its relatively short time span, it is a far more effective argument against mob violence than three-fourths of the longer plays written on the subject.

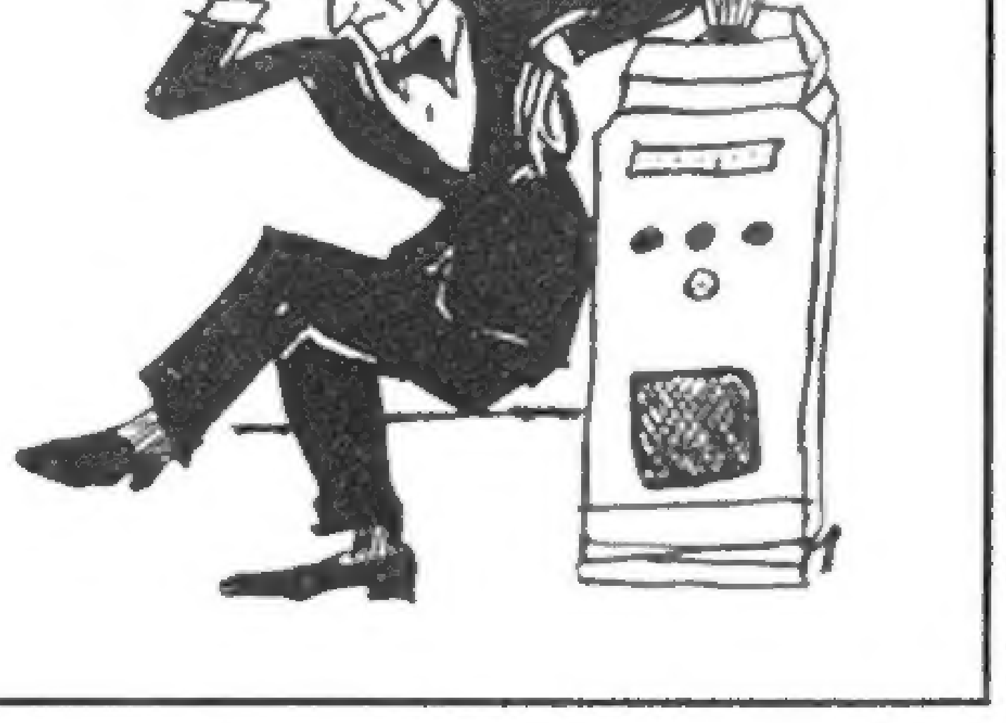
O'Casey's joyous contribution brings together paraphrases of his memorable Fluther and Joxer and testifies again to his genius not only in tragedy, as in the past, but in some of the grandest low humor that has come out of Ireland.

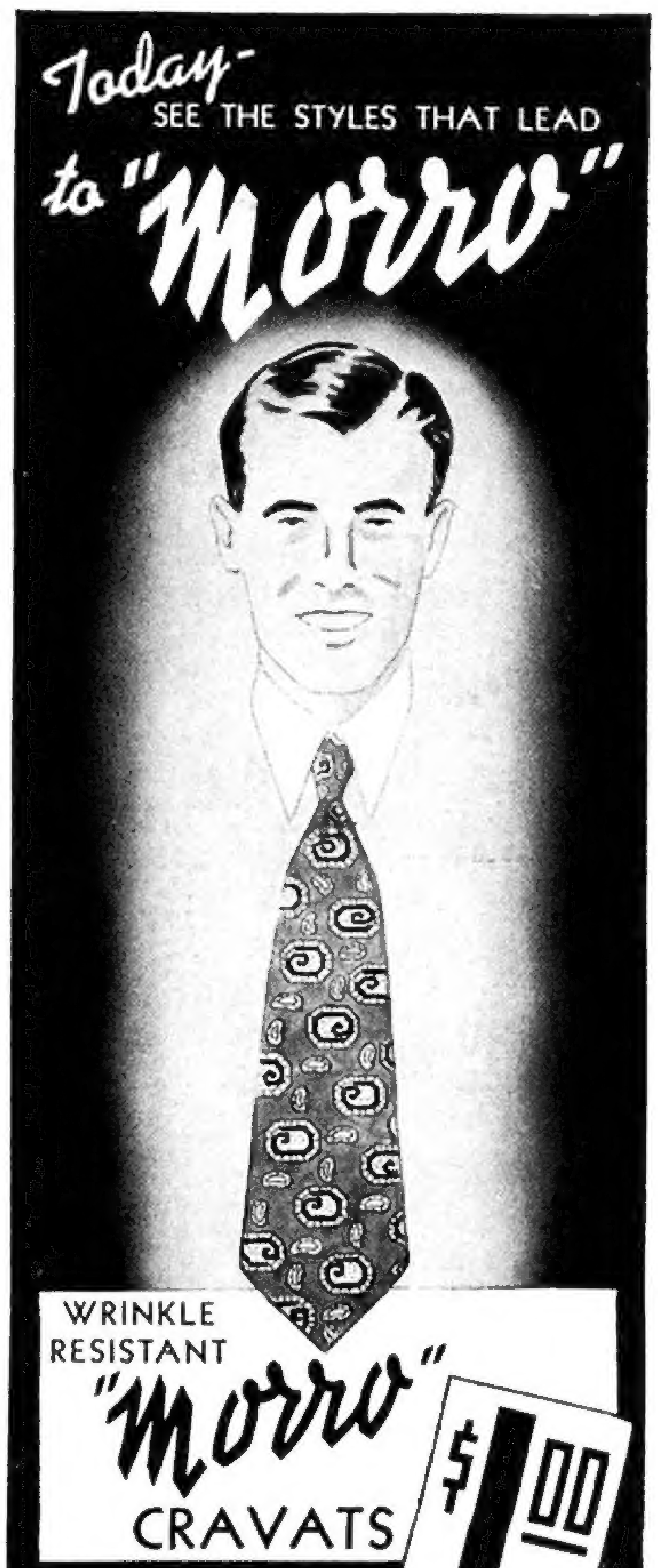
The evening, though reviewed in its still defective try-out state on the road and before Mr. Dowling's illness unfortunately cancelled the scheduled March New York opening, nevertheless provided a tentative silver lining for this season's otherwise darkest of clouds. #

Same Result

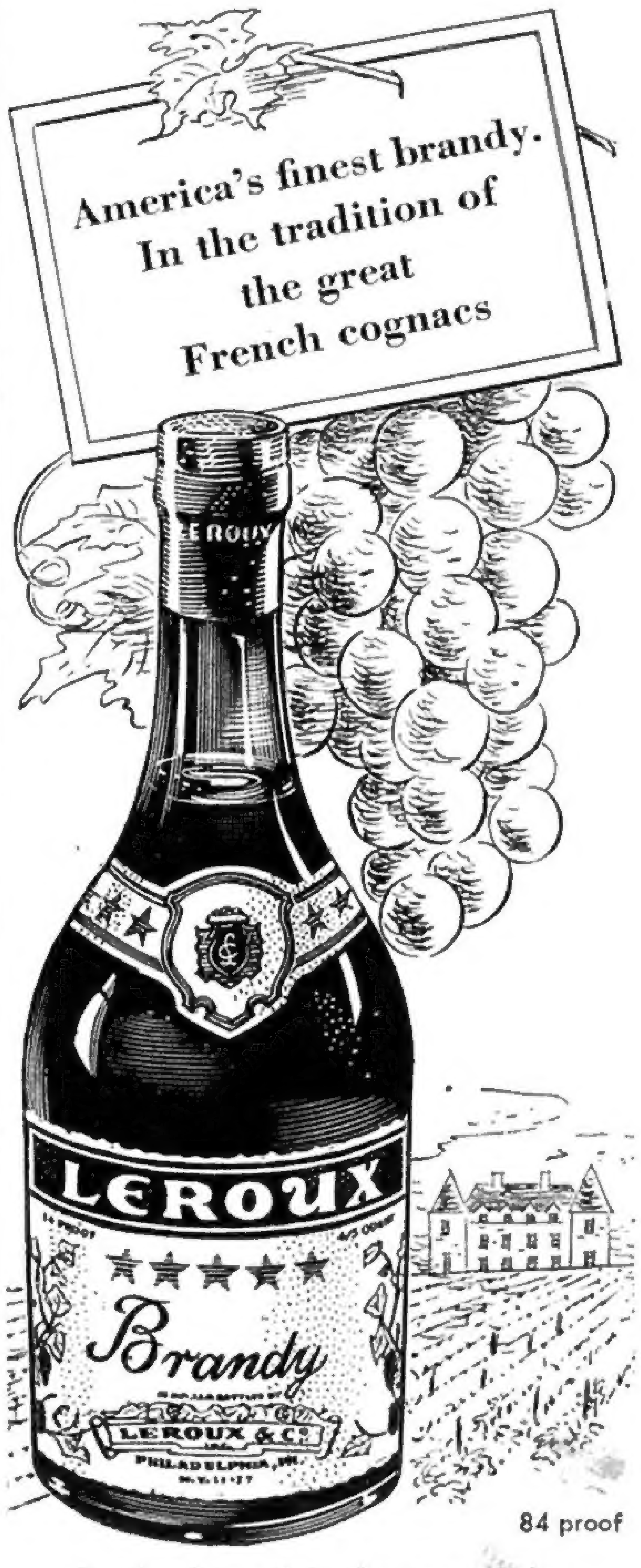
"My song is dying on its feet," complained songsmith Smith. "Nobody'll play it on the radio."

"They killed my song," wailed songsmith Jones. "They played it too much on the radio."



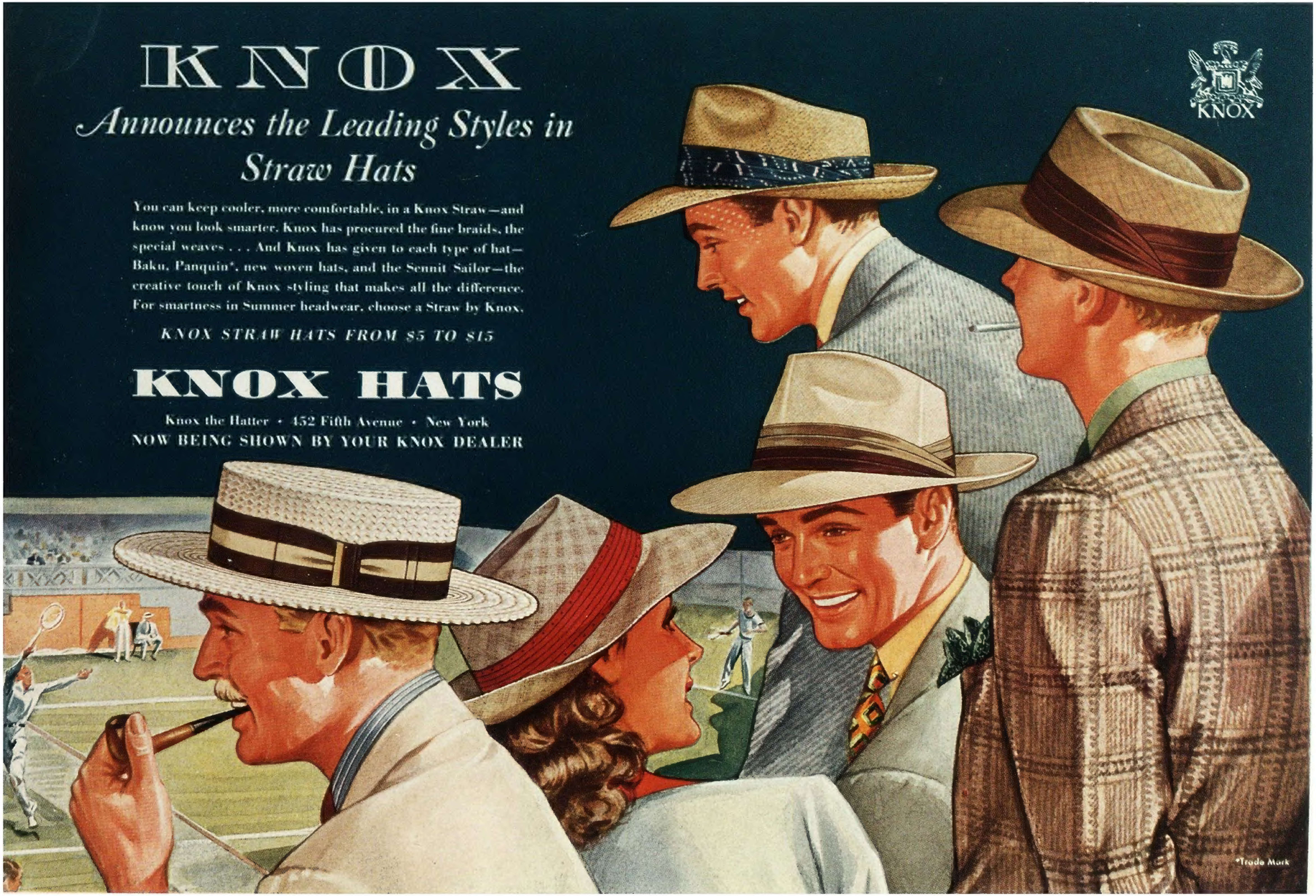


Right now, better men's wear shops everywhere are showing the newest "MORRO" wrinkle resistant cravats, in a distinguished assortment of patterns and colors. Ask to see "MORVAL" wrinkle resistant ties too.
ROSE NECKWEAR CO. Philadelphia, Pa.



Destined to attain the same eminence now enjoyed by only a few chosen cognacs of world fame.

LEROUX & CO., Inc., Philadelphia
New York City • Brussels, Belgium
Producers of LEROUX LIQUEURS — THE WORLD'S FINEST



KNOX

Announces the Leading Styles in Straw Hats

You can keep cooler, more comfortable, in a Knox Straw—and know you look smarter. Knox has procured the fine braids, the special weaves . . . And Knox has given to each type of hat—Baku, Panquin*, new woven hats, and the Sennit Sailor—the creative touch of Knox styling that makes all the difference. For smartness in Summer headwear, choose a Straw by Knox.

KNOX STRAW HATS FROM $5 TO $15

KNOX HATS

Knox the Hatter • 452 Fifth Avenue • New York
NOW BEING SHOWN BY YOUR KNOX DEALER

*Trade Mark

PRINTED BY
THE REGENSTEINER CORPORATION
AT CHICAGO, U. S. A.

"Let 'er Ride!"

**RODEO OR RANGE—
TOP-HANDS AGREE: "THERE'S
NOTHING LIKE A
CAMEL"**

GRAND CHAMPION ALL-'ROUND COWBOY FRITZ TRUAN also has a Saddle Bronc title to his credit. Cheyenne . . . Pendleton . . . wherever the riding is the roughest . . . you'll find Fritz in action—either on a sun-fishing saddler (*right*) or enjoying a Camel as above. "Yes, mildness counts plenty in my game," says Fritz. "And Camels are extra mild. I've smoked 'em for 10 years." Yes, Fritz, Camels *are* milder. There's less nicotine in the smoke *(see below)*.

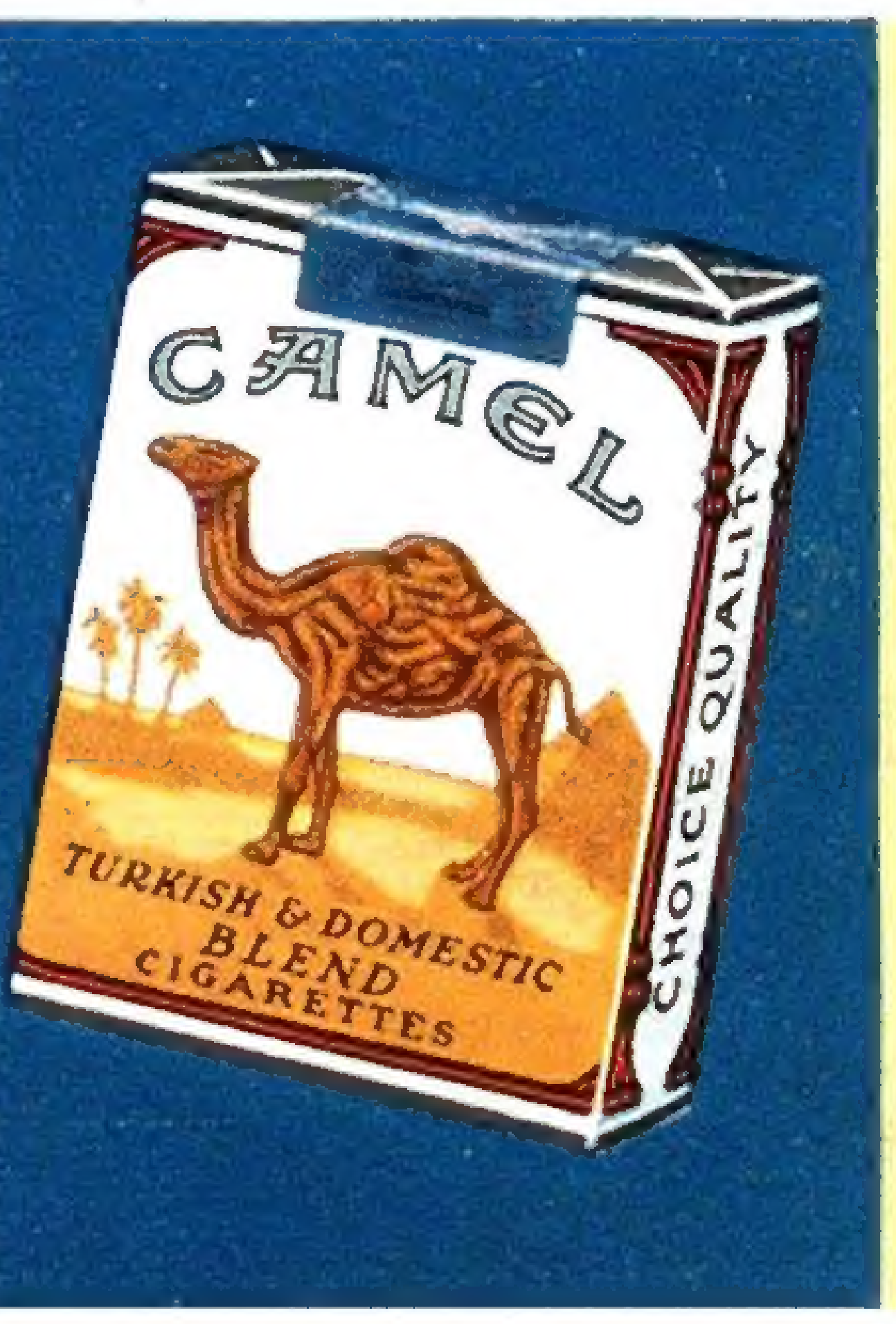
"AFTER A REAL TOUGH RIDE, believe me, nothing hits the spot like a Camel," says Steer-Riding Champion Gene Rambo (*below*). "That full, rich flavor is great—and no matter how much I smoke, Camels always taste swell. What's more, the extra smoking in Camels is mighty welcome economy."

"LESS NICOTINE in the smoke makes good horse sense to me," explains Bareback Bronc ace Hank Mills *(above)*. "*Camels* have the mildness that counts. They've got the flavor, too. I *like* Camels!" Everywhere you go, it's the same—for extra mildness, coolness, and flavor, *there's nothing like a Camel*—America's favorite.

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself!*



BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Camel

THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS